AEON TRESPASS

ODYSSEY

ONWARDS ODYSSEY

· EXPANSION ·

Contents

What is this Book? 4
Rules 4
Cycle I.5: Broken Patterns 7
Hub 1: Spiral Secret 8
Hub 2: Angular Truth 20
Broken Patterns Matrix Codas 28
Departing Crete 30
Cycle II.5: Broken Chains 31
Hub 1: Sins of the Past 32
Hub 2: Heirs to the Future 42
Broken Chains Matrix Codas 51
Departing Lakonia 54
Onwards Odyssey Timeline Sheet 55

Credits

INTO THE UNKNOWN STUDIO
Marcin Wełnicki, Konrad Rekieć and Mateusz Lenart
Idea and Worldbuilding: Marcin Wełnicki
Producer: Marcin Wełnicki
Creative Direction: Marcin Wełnicki
Game Design: Marcin Wełnicki
Lead Writer: Marcin Wełnicki
Art Direction: Mateusz Lenart
Writing: Marcin Wełnicki, Iain MacAskill, Sylvie Gorak
Graphic Design: Michał Teliga, Mikołaj Olejniczak, Marcin Wełnicki, Łukasz Bacherycz,
Compositor: Alina Mielnik
Cover Art: Piotr Słota
Game Art: Mateusz Lenart, Jan Różański, Seweryn Borkowski, Michał Teliga, Augustinas Raginskis, Bartłomiej Fedyczak, Sarunas Macijauskas, Fotis Kalialis, Michał Orzechowski Additional Game Art: Lius Lasahido, Rafael Dioli, Raul Tavares, Marcin Cecot, Tushank Jaiswal, Piotr Foksowicz, Gino Cruz, Ali Jalali, Luigi Terzi, Alessandro Depaoli, Piotr Gacek, Rakib Hasan, Mateusz Michalski, Łukasz Matuszek, Krzysztof Piasek, Azmend Undram, Alessandro Paviolo, Kamila Szutenberg, Piotr Kryński, Patryk Stefaniak, Damian Żukowski, Michał Motulewicz, Aneta Bielas
Test Lead: Stanisław Jakubaszek
Testers: Stanisław Jakubaszek, Przemysław Mróz, Antoni Polak-Warchałowski and Przemysław Gołębiewski

What is this book?

The document you're holding is the Onwards Odyssey, two mini-campaigns for Aeon Trespass: Odyssey that serve as epilogues to your epic voyage. The first, *Broken Patterns*, takes place after Cycle I: Truth of the Labyrinth. The second, *Broken Chains*, takes place after Cycle II: Abysswatchers. Each contains specific rules, Adventure Hubs and Special Events, but will also use the original Cycle Storybook, so keep that one handy, as well as your Argo Sheet – including your Choice Matrix!

How to use this book?

All the general rules for Aeon Trespass: Odyssey can be found in the Rulebook and appropriate Storybooks. All the new rules needed to play the Onwards Odyssey mini-campaigns will be found below. However, the first and most important rule of this book is: never read Onwards Odyssey unless you are clearly instructed to! This will ensure you don't spoil the story for yourself or other players. On that note, read only the paragraphs you've been directed to and try not to look at those around them.

Overview

You may play an Onwards Odyssey mini-campaign after you have successfully completed the appropriate Cycle campaign (I or II). Your goal in an Onwards Odyssey mini-campaign is to prepare for the challenges ahead, by recruiting Crew, replenishing your Titan stock, gathering supplies and repairing the Argo. You may even glimpse some secrets by expanding your Argo Knowledge or dreaming a Dream of Pharos! But beware: though the land is at peace and there is nigh no-one who could oppose you in the region, your thirst for exploration may be your worst enemy. Once the Onwards Odyssey Timeline runs its course, you will move to the next Cycle with the Argo statistics you have gained – which may be lower than the default you'd otherwise get!

General setup

The setup for an Onwards Odyssey is quite simple:

1. First, decide which of the two mini-campaigns you will play. **Remember:** you may play the Onwards Odyssey mini-campaign only **immediately after you have successfully completed** the appropriate Cycle campaign (I or II).

2. Once you've chosen a mini-campaign, collect all of your **explored Map** 2 tiles from the appropriate Cycle (I or II) and place them on the table, creating your known region map. Keep the rest of the Map tiles handy, they may come into play later.

3. Place the **Argo** 3 on the starting tile (indicated in the specific mini-campaign rules).

4. Transcribe your current Crew, Hull, Argo Fate, Argo Knowledge and Titan amount from the Cycle Argo Sheet to the new **Onwards Odyssey Sheet** 4, noting the new limits you can aspire to (indicated in the specific mini-campaign rules).

5. **Seed Rewards on the Map** 5**:** This is a new step of Setup used during Onwards Odyssey mini-campaigns. Take 3 Hull, 4 Crew, 6 Titan, 2 Argo Knowledge, 1 Dream of Pharos and 1 R&R Reward tokens and place them in an opaque container. One at a time, draw random tokens from the opaque container and place them on **Adventure** symbols on the Map, starting from the closest. Count distance just like you would on the Battle Board, i.e. orthogonally, never diagonally. Once you seed all the tokens from the container, you may remove the container from the game, it won't be used anymore. **These tokens will be your primary way of gaining supplies!**

6. **Create the Rewards Pool:** All the remaining Reward tokens create the **Rewards Pool** 6 you will use during your campaign to further seed the Map as you play.

7. You're ready to start your journey!

Preparations

Reward tokens

The Reward tokens represent opportunities to gain more Crew and Titans, repair Hull or go on an Inwards Odyssey, R&R or Dream of Pharos adventure. In the physical copy of Onwards Odyssey, these will be represented with new tokens. In the digital version, use the following tokens found in the Core Game:

Titan – Break token

Crew – Opening token

Hull – Fire token

Argo Knowledge (Inwards Odyssey) – Black token

R&R – Hope token

Dream of Pharos – Rouse token

Reward tokens (substitute and upcoming)

MODIFIED VOYAGE PHASE

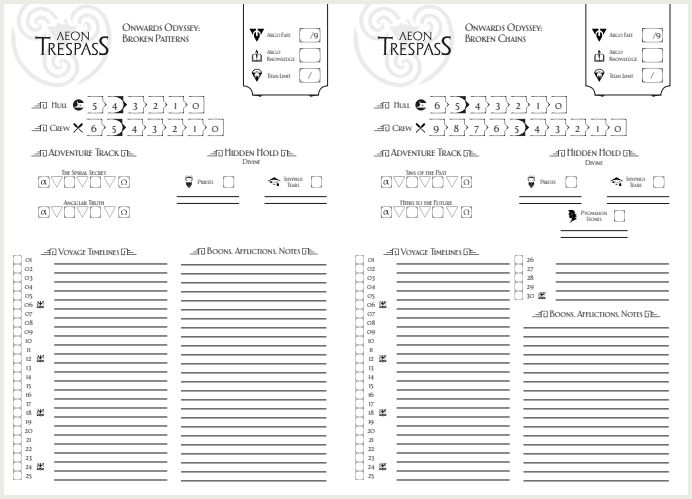
An Onwards Odyssey plays similar to a normal Cycle, but it's a pared-down experience, focusing on a sense of closure and building up your strength before the next big thing. You will travel around the Map, gaining bonuses and seeding new ones, going on adventures and closing loose ends. You won't be developing new Technologies, crafting Gear, gaining Resources or engaging in Diplomacy.

You will play according to the normal ATO rules, with the following exceptions:

Battle Phase

Battles are resolved according to normal ATO rules.

Note that there are no Battles on the Timeline, but there are Tides of Fate symbols there instead. This means that you gain the effect of the Tides of Fate, as if you fought a Battle, without fighting any actual Battle. Tides of Fate lower your Argo Fate by -2 for *Broken Patterns* and -3 for *Broken Chains*.



New sheet

Voyage Phase

During the Voyage Phase, skip all steps except the Movement step, Timeline step, Adventure step, Story step and End step. Note, this means there is no Gear crafting or Technology Advancement.

When you move onto a Map tile, ignore all Map symbols except Adventure symbols. When you enter a tile with an Adventure symbol, and there is still a Reward token on it, during the Adventure step:

1. Gain the corresponding Reward token.

2. Consult the Onwards Odyssey hub chart, choose one of the two hubs and mark one fate box in that hub. If it is a normal adventure fate box, roll a d10. 1-5 it's hub 1, 6-10, it's hub 2. Then, go on the next adventure from that hub, just like during a normal ATO Cycle, and afterwards proceed to 3 below. If it was a fate box, there is no adventure here, proceed straight to 3 below.

3. After marking a fate box in a hub, place a **Generic token** on that symbol on the Map, to note it cannot be **re-seeded with a Reward token** again. Remember to do the same if a Resource token is removed as the result of an adventure (see below)!

4. If you've collected an Argo Knowledge, R&R or Dream of Pharos token, add the corresponding adventure to the Timeline, one day from now. Note: You will find the Inwards Odyssey, R&R and Dream of Pharos adventures in the main Cycle Storybook. This is your chance to experience some of the adventures you're missing!

Revealing new Map tiles

Playing with a revealed Map allows you to better plan your Voyage, but nothing's stopping you from exploring those tiles that you have not visited during your original campaign! If you move to a previously Unexplored tile, place it as normal, but ignore all symbols except the Adventure symbol. If the tile does have an Adventure symbol, immediately seed a random Reward token there.

Adventure Phase

Adventures are resolved according to normal ATO rules. However, the structure of rewards and penalties varies greatly from those found in normal Cycles. Most adventures will not offer you straight rewards or penalties, but rather will give you an opportunity to seed new Rewards on the Voyage Map or, conversely, rob you of an opportunity to gather a Reward from the Map, depleting it.

Generic token

Seeding Rewards: When you are instructed to seed a Reward, take a corresponding token and place it on the nearest empty Adventure symbol on the Map that is not covered with a Generic token.

Depleting Rewards: When you are instructed to deplete a Reward, remove a corresponding token from the nearest Adventure symbol with that token from the Map and replace it with a Generic token. These tokens will return to the overall pool, and will be available for seeding in the future.

Important: Map tiles with Generic tokens on them will never yield Rewards or be seeded with new Rewards!

Gaining Mnemos Nodes
During Onwards Odyssey, you still gain Mnemos nodes from adventures, however, no Mnemos can go over 7 nodes. If you would gain a node, and you already have 7 nodes, ignore that gain. This means there will be no Katharsis events during Onwards Odyssey!

Matrix Codas

At the start of your Onwards Odyssey campaign, you will be instructed to check your Choice Matrix for a series of numbers. For each number you match, you will be instructed to place a Coda token on a corresponding tile. If you have not explored that tile during your original campaign, place it facedown near the Map and place the Coda token on it.

When you move to a tile with a Coda token, during the Story step, remove the Coda token and read the appropriate Coda passage (i.e. with the tile number) from the Coda section of your Onwards Odyssey campaign. If you're playing the digital version of Onwards Odyssey, instead of Coda tokens, use Modifier tokens.

Coda token

Example: Onwards Odyssey mini-campaign setup instructs you to check for Z3 – 'Z3 -> tile 54' You have Z3 marked, so you take a Coda token and place it on tile 54. If that tile was not explored, you would still place the token on it.

Ending an Onwards Odyssey mini-campaign

Once you arrive at the end of the Onwards Odyssey Timeline, day 25 for Broken Patterns or day 30 for Broken Chains, your mini-campaign ends. Note your current Argo statistics, you will later transcribe them to the new Cycle Argo Sheet. **These values will overwrite any starting values found in the new Cycle Storybook!** Other Campaign Setup rules and bonuses from the new Cycle should be resolved as normal. Finally, see the appropriate book paragraph for the final story passage!

BROKEN PATTERNS

SPOILER WARNING

This book contains spoilers for Cycle I: Truth of the Labyrinth.

STARTING STATS AND STATES

Starting tile: Knossos, tile 27.

New Argo Stat Limits: 5, 8, 15.

Special Setup: Use all Special Map tiles you've unlocked during your campaign **except tile 35. Use the basic version of that tile instead.**

Matrix Codas Table	
If you have Mazey	Map tile 051
If B7 is marked	Map tile 018
If B11 is marked, but K5 is not	Map tile 003
If D2 is marked	Map tile 079
If C2 is marked	Map tile 042
If E2 is marked	Map tile 071
If L2 or J7 is marked	Map tile 040
If N5 is marked	Map tile 033
If P5 is marked	Map tile 017
If P6 is marked	Map tile 022
If O7 is marked	Map tile 021
If L5 or P7 is marked	Map tile 059
If O5 is marked	Map tile 068
If O6 is marked	Map tile 009
If M5 is marked	Map tile 025

Hub 1: The Spiral Secret

α	Spiral Horizon	
1–2	Fathomless	☐
3–4	Sins Like Circles	☐
5–6	Poseidon's Chosen	☐
7–8	Deafless	☐
9–10	Beached	☐
Ω	The Spiral Secret	

α Spiral Horizon | *Fate*

Icy cold.

The midnight depths of the ocean are hauntingly empty, a rolling, barren plain of sand dunes far beneath the waves. Odd currents whisk up small puffs of sand and detritus, mostly decaying matter that has rained down from far above.

A shadow glides over the submarine desert. Immense fins cut through the water, while a graceful, sleek body effortlessly powers forward. Its low, sonorous moan echoes throughout, a mournful song exploring the contours of the depths.

The whale's deep, black eyes scan the underwater tundra, looking for any sort of prey or predator, but the near-lightless abyss is almost impossible to observe.

You feel rather than hear the pulsing sound escaping from the ocean giant, each click vibrating through your shells as, for the first time in what feels like centuries, you awaken.

Coiled shells and long, slender bodies begin to move under the sands, emerging into the open sea. Scaled skin glistens in the dim light, faint trails of luminescence running through powerful musculature. Dozens of bodies, hundreds perhaps, rising from the primeval silt, onyx eyes looking upwards as a lilting, alluring song begins to wash through the depths. The all-encompassing Sirensong. Communion between an entire species that conveys so much knowledge and thought in just a few simple notes.

The Conundrum has fallen, its insidious whispers fading from the waters. Long has the Spiral Pattern contended with its pervasive nature, preventing its spread beyond the shores where it found purchase. The perverted geometry of madness is pulling back, its last glimmers of light fading. Now, the Spiral calls once more. A different kind of madness altogether.

Choose:.

1. *Confusion muddles your mind. This Spiral Pattern, this primal directive that urges you, it is unknown, alien. You are loathe to serve an invisible urge without knowing more.* Resist the instinct of the Spiral Pattern. Seed ✕. **See 0001**.

2. *The instinctive drive is so powerful, all-consuming. You need to know more, just where it might lead you. Where the rest of your Siren kin are being called to. The possibility of knowledge is too tempting to give up…* Obey the call of the Spiral Pattern. Seed 🕮. **See 0002**.

1–2 Fathomless | *Curse*

Dark storm-clouds gather on the horizon, almost obscuring the black shape that surges up from underneath the waves. The lurching monstrosity is formed from strange metal, its musculature bold and hauntingly realistic, as if in some profane mimicry of a living thing.

The statue stretches into the sky, the body of a horse flowing into the serpentine tail. A Hippocampus, one of Poseidon's legendary steeds of the sea. Its eyes glare up at the sky, head thrown back in a challenge to the heavens as its hooves paw at the air. The thick, coiling tail wraps around a large rock, spiraling down into the water below.

As you draw nearer, you spot lights moving below the statue, sounds of activity echoing across the waves.

The water before you is full of rugged shoals, white-capped waves hiding a maze of threatening corals.

Choose:

1. *Those reefs look dangerous for a larger ship. It would be wise to keep the Argo at a distance, although it will mean that you and your people are cut off from reinforcements should things take a turn for the worse. Can you spare the extra time such caution would call for?* Leave the Argo out in the open water. Deplete ✕. **See 0013**.

2. *You do not know what, or who, to expect on the island. If things turn out badly, you will want aid to be close at hand. The Argo has endured worse conditions, and can be repaired. Your people's lives, on the other hand, cannot be replaced.* Take the Argo in close to the island. Deplete ◔. **See 0014**.

3–4 Sins Like Circles | *Family*

The Argo powers through the waves, cutting a course around the Cretan coast. Just as the sun begins to slip beyond the horizon, a cry of warning rises from your lookouts, and the city-ship is brought to a halt.

Bobbing uncertainly in the rough seas, the remnants of a septareme of Minoan design drifts aimlessly. The vessel is severely damaged, but you can see that it is far more ornate and robust than most. The prow is adorned with the Bull of Minos, its snarling visage challenging the deeps themselves.

The hull of this derelict has been punctured in several places, the damage is reminiscent of the shipwrecks you saw when you were first sailing to Crete. The wreck tilts to the side, leading you to assume it has run afoul of a reef or some rocky outcropping, but as you draw closer, you see no such footing. It's as if the septareme just lies on the still surface of the water. Taking to your launches, you approach the strange wreck.

You get to within a few meters of the derelict before your craft shudder, suddenly halted. The water around you is... strange. Thick, resistant to your oars, more like mud than seawater. You tentatively disembark, testing the oddly solid surface with wary feet. It holds, allowing you to stride upon it, but perhaps would not support the weight of a Titan. You leave your colossi behind while you and your crew approach the wreck.

Each Argonaut tests Courage or Cunning (7+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1 to your result.

Fail: *Clambering up the aged, moldering timbers of the vessel, you try to be cautious, but still put a foot wrong. The wood splinters under your weight, swallowing your leg up to the knee.* Gain +1 Ѧ.

0-1 successes: *The ship has been a victim of the harsh seaborne elements, and exploration is proving difficult. You don't really manage to pierce the interior of the craft, instead sticking to the upper decks.* Two Argonauts gain +1 Ψ. **See 0018.**

2-3 successes: *One of your number tries the wide hatch leading down into the vessel's main cargo hold, a flex of their muscles breaking the rusted locking mechanism and allowing you ingress.* **See 0019.**

4+ successes: *The ship is in a severe state of decay, but you are careful enough to avoid any mishaps, and find your way to a passage that leads deep below decks, into the heart of the septareme.* The party leader gains +1 Mnemos node. **See 0020.**

5–6 Poseidon's Chosen | *Gods*

Your search has led you to a hidden cove. There, on the cliffside, a temple of Poseidon is slowly losing its battle against time and sinking into the azure waters. It was built around a natural cave that in the past must've served as a small port for pilgrims and traders.

When you reach the pier, a pair of priests comes out of the structure to greet you. "We have not had visitors for a very long time," says one of them. "We'd be honored to have you as our guests," he adds, motioning you to come inside.

You are treated to a modest meal. You notice the priests have an impressive collection of sea shells and one of the large halls is decorated with the spiral motif. You share your reason for the visit.

"What is your stake in this affair?" asks the oldest priest curiously.

Once, the simplicity of the question would make you hesitate. When you arrived on this island, you were lost and directionless. Now, as you prepare to leave, the answer comes quickly: "We have the power to act, so it is our responsibility to do so."

"Is that so? I'm afraid we don't know much about the outside world," continues the oldest priest, dismayed at your reply. "After the Eschaton, we turned inward, to the study of the Great Works the gods have left to our care."

"The Great Works?" one of you asks, happy with the change of topic.

"Yes. Let me show you." She leads you to a large hall near the water's surface, where once celebrations to their divine patron must've been held. The cracked mosaic floor is covered by a slim veneer of rotting seaweed and murky water.

"Here we commune with the sirens."

Your crew grows quiet.

"You... talk to them?" You notice the bones scattered across the tiled floor.

"It's difficult, I admit. The Eschaton has driven them mad. Yet we know their purpose is not hostile. They were the custodians of the island, did you know that? Just before the Centimanes... The priest's glassy-eyed droning is suddenly interrupted by a gurgle from the water.

"Ah! One comes! Show your deference."

Choose:

1. *You will not indulge in the lunacy of these fanatics. Mortals who collude with, even worship, these monsters? The idea makes your skin crawl. You won't get caught up in their schemes.* Find a way to get out of here, leaving the priests to their madness. Deplete 🕮. **See 0024.**
2. *While the distant lights in the eyes of these priests unnerves you to no end, you need to know more. How do they communicate with the beasts of the depths? Lingering among them may be risky, but you need to know more...* Stay and find out just how these priests 'commune' with the Sirens. Seed 🕮. **See 0025.**

7–8 Deafless | *Heritage*

Word reaches you of another Siren colony exposed by the mazequakes, a cluster of coiling shells previously buried beneath Crete's surface. You muster your crew, arm up a couple of Titans, and set off to investigate.

The colony lies in the depths of a broad ravine, a scar cut through the island's crust by the writhing of the fallen Primordial Temenos. Dozens of spiral shells, some as small as a clenched fist, others larger than a house, all protrude from the ravine walls, captured here over many, many years of accumulating sediment.

As you walk through the chasm, you are powerfully aware of the unnerving emptiness of your surroundings, the vast silence that closes in around you.

If ▼▼ 5+, **see 0030.**
Otherwise, **see 0031.**

9–10 Beached | *Dream*

Word reaches you- a carcass has washed up on the shore nearby. While normally such news would not capture your interest, the nature of this corpse cannot be ignored. A tangled mess of spiraling tentacles and shell clusters, a Siren, most likely an adult specimen. Socratoares pushes for you to investigate, and you must admit that your own curiosity makes the decision to lead an expedition quite easy. One of your number joins with a Titan, ready to carry the corpse back to the Argo.

By the time you reach the secluded beach, the locals have already tried to scavenge the carcass, at their own cost. The beast is not dead, as was at first assumed. Several fishers who have dared to step too close to the massive spiral shell? Their fates are sealed, bloodied viscera hanging from its darkened aperture the only indication of their reckless attempt.

You don't fancy evisceration, so you will approach carefully.

You position your crew a distance away, surrounding the gargantuan shell from all sides.

Motion inside the aperture causes a shiver of alarm among your forces, but you keep your cool. A slender shape emerges, although you are hard pressed to fully describe it. Undulating flesh, moving in subtle ripples. Countless tentacles shift and slither across one another in a dizzying dance, constant coiling spirals that force the eye to continually move, unable to focus. And there, at the heart of the mass, the suggestion of... something. Is it a woman? A monstrous face? Something else, entirely inhuman? You get the feeling each of you would come away with a different description.

The creature looks up to the darkening sky. Then, at first subtly, then more powerfully, a keening note resounds, filling the night air. The Siren begins to sing, and already you can feel the pull upon your hearts. Your forces, mesmerized, stagger towards it. It is all you can do not to be enthralled yourselves.

Choose:

1. *The Siren's song is difficult to resist, but you cannot allow yourself to be drawn in! Your mesmerized crewmembers are already within reach of its tentacles, but you must take the more cautious approach and fight it from afar.* Remain out of reach, and bring the creature down with ranged weaponry. **See 0038.**
2. *The creature has your people enthralled, and they will march to their deaths if you do not act now! You'll be putting yourselves at danger, and your Titan too, but better that than to lose mortal life to the alluring song.* Run in and fight the Siren hand-to-hand. **See 0039.**

Ω The Spiral Secret | *Supernatural*

After a long hunt for the mad Alexandrian scholar, you've finally got a solid lead. She was seen heading for an old temple of Poseidon on Oikos Island, just off the Cretan Coast. Trader ships have gone missing around those parts, that can't be a coincidence.

As you approach the island, the helmsman sounds the alarm. Oikos Island is surrounded by an unnaturally strong circular current. You can see it with your own eyes, the sea churns white in a curving line. It's as if someone or something doesn't want you there.

As you watch the churning waters with cautious eyes, weighing up your next step, a figure emerges from the crowds on the Acropolis Deck, adorned with the garb of a Priest of Poseidon. You were not aware that a servant of the seas had graced the Argo's deck with their presence. But then again, you still know so very little of the ship and its crew.

If you have completed the adventure 'Sins Like Circles', **see 0043**. Otherwise, **see 0044.**

0001 *You pull away from the current dragging at you. The Pattern calls... but you will not answer. With a mighty effort, you break free, the sleek contours of your massive, curling shells easily moving through the waters as you each power your way upwards, out of the depths.*

Ahead of you, you can see the shadow of the whale, its bulky form thrashing the water as it ascends from the ocean floor. A long, sighing groan escapes from its throat, rumbling through your skulls. Then, almost too swiftly for you to react, a massive appendage sprouts from the darkness, a long, thick tendril of flesh. It catches the tail of the leviathan before you, wrapping itself around the fluke as cruel hooks sprout from dozens of suckers along its length to latch onto the whale's flesh. The tang of blood stains the water around you as, with an almighty heave, the

tentacle hauls the whale backwards, dragging it down into the depths. The last thing you see of the ocean giant before shadows swallow it is its wide, panicked eyes as a frantic moan of fear escapes its maw. Then, in a blink, it is gone.

You can feel it, deep below. Something stirs in the blackness, a vast presence awakening, its focus shifting, closing in on you. Primeval, hungering awareness catches you firmly in its gaze-

Deplete . **See 0003.**

0002 *The call of the Pattern is strong, more powerful than any living thought you could have. To defy it… no, you must obey. It is your purpose, your reason for existing. You rise from the thick silt, following the rest of your shoal as they ride the current that drags them deeper and deeper, beneath the abyss, into the darkness beyond.*

What little light there was now fades, the only flashes of illumination in the gloom coming from you and your kin, sparkles of green-blue light within your flesh mirrored by glimmers of iridescent teal bouncing off the thick, spiraling calcite that adorns each of you. The shoal moves deeper still, the pressure immense around you. Were it not for your densely built bodies and strong shells, surely you would have been crushed.

Then, at last, it appears ahead of you. A mountain of dark matter, its pure blackness a gaping void in the gloomy abyss. Taller than a mountain, broader at its base than the island of Crete. Immense, powerful, and aware.

"The fire grows."

It knows you are there, its focus closing in on your shoal as, with seeming puzzlement, it senses something, its attention growing more intense, then alarmed, then hostile-

Deplete . **See 0003.**

0003 *The four of you burst free of the Balaneion, gasping for breath. The cloying feel of the depths sticks to your skin, an irritable itch within your flesh as if the shadows, the pressure, and the icy cold still clung to you. The hairs of your flesh prick up as if you are being watched by thousands of subaquatic eyes, the denizens of the deep still lurking just behind your shoulder, their slithering scales threatening to brush against your shoulders.*

You tear yourselves loose of the attachments of the Balaneion, freeing yourselves as quickly as possible. The sooner you are out of the water, the better. Sharing a knowing look, understanding you have all seen the same vision, you look for the Old Priest, seeking him out in the Bridge Tholos. You find him speaking with Agripha, the commander of your Scouting Division.

The pair listen to your tale, their expressions growing dour as they hear the details, they glance to one another, then it is the young commander who steps forward, grim tidings on her lips.

These creatures you saw in the vision, the shelled beings of the abyss, the Sirens, have been spotted abroad in Cretan waters. They attack mortal fishers, foundering small vessels and crippling larger ones. Even naval craft are not safe from their wrath, many scuttled with few if any survivors.

"Forces awaken in the deeps." The Old Priest proclaims. "It cannot be a coincidence that this follows the fall of Temenos. Were they awaiting the Primordial's fall, to assume its territory, or have they been provoked by your victory over the Maze, seeking vengeance for the monster's demise?"

Choose:

1. *If the monstrous creatures are attacking mortals, then you need to protect the people! Crete is still recovering from the civil war, and the fall of Temenos, they must know their fishing fleets are safe.* Assign the Argo's fleets to protect the fishers of Crete. Deplete . **See 0004.**

2. *Acting defensively will cost too much time. You need to find the Sirens, hunt them down and put a stop to their attacks! They must have places they favour, locations where they come to the surface…* Send the Argo's fleets to scour the waters for any sign of Siren activity. Deplete . **See 0005.**

0004 *The naval fleet of the Argo disperses to guard the vessels of the people, forming defensive rings around the larger ports and creating havens for mortal vessels. No ships venture out of sight of home without an escort. While this task takes up much of the crew's time and focus, the people feel safer, able to engage in trade freely and to put food on their tables. Their gratitude is plain to see as they deliver some of their ocean harvest to the city-ship. Among the crates of fresh fish, a chest dredged up from a sunken wreck yields some surprising bounty- a piece of equipment fit for a Titan's frame!*

See 0006.

0005 *The people must fend for themselves, you determine grimly. After all, you will not be here forever, you cannot defend them from every threat. Instead of protecting the fishers, you engage in a thorough search of the Cretan coastline, your vessels scouring every inlet and cove for signs of the Sirens. While the monsters themselves seem elusive, the signs of their passing are clear to see. Day by day, you find more stricken vessels, ravaged villages, and forlorn traders weeping over the wreckage that was once their livelihood.*

See 0006.

0006 *As the Argo sets course, you come across a broad field of floating debris, the remnants of a Cretan flotilla. The waves toss flinders of wood about carelessly, the chaotic scene hauntingly quiet, few survivors to be found amongst the wreckage.*

Joining your crew aboard the smaller triremes of the Argo's salvage fleet, you help to pull a few soaked wretches from the foam-capped waters, the terrorized people sputtering and murmuring about shelled beasts, ravenous fangs, and a haunting melody carrying far on the wind…

An island emerges from the morning mist, its high hills filling the horizon with dark foreboding elliptical shapes. You've learned this place was a refuge for the scholars of Alexandria. Who better to help you in your search then them?

Suddenly, you realize those are not hills, but gigantic shells. Dozens of them, packed like a forest. Black as obsidian, smooth as silk. Their spirals go round and round, seemingly into infinity. The husks cut into the terrain as if moved there by force.

Of the settlement that stood there, there is no trace.

"Two hundred were supposed to live here," says the Old Priest ominously.

Choose a party leader and another Argonaut who junctions with a Titan (select a ***Weapon*** card). The rest of the Argonauts go on foot. Then choose:

1. *You never know when you might need more backup.* Anchor just outside the island. Seed .
2. *The ship is slow and cumbersome to steer, better not leave it in the shallows. That's how the Hekaton got on board the first time.* Instruct the Argo to sail into the open sea. Seed .

Note your choice and proceed.

You land on what might have been a small pier, all shattered wood and splintered stones now. You make your way uphill. There's a path here, though it's been somewhat overgrown. You reach the first few shells, roughly the size of sheep. You cautiously check the insides – the shells prove strangely heavy – but they're empty and dried up.

To cover more ground, you split up but stay within earshot. The Titan lumbers close to the center of your formation. Among the larger shells you notice stone foundations. So the settlement was here after all.

Each Argonaut on foot decides to either gain +2 or roll on the table below:

1: *Searching through the debris, you fall and trip on a broken shell fragment. It's razor sharp and cuts you almost to the bone.* Gain +3 .

2-3: *As you move closer to the giant shells, it becomes harder to move through the buildings' remains.* Gain +1 .

4-8: *You're cautious enough to avoid injury.* Gain +1 .

9-10: *Some of the buildings are more intact than others. A thorough search reveals a journal. It's weathered and mostly illegible, but the later part seems to be dominated by drawings of spirals. There's an annotation on the bottom: "Jaw missing, cover ears."* Mark C1.

Finally, **see 0007.**

0007 *You move among the giant shells and lose sight of one another. Even the Titan briefly disappears behind the mollusk husks.*

Then you see her. A woman in a torn blood-stained tunic, kneeling on a makeshift altar of stone and wood, before the largest of shells. She's drawing a spiral pattern in the sand with a stick. There are animal remains here, but some of the bones look suspiciously long.

"To secrets etched into the shells… No! You cannot be here," She says when you approach. "Trespassers. You will ruin everything…"

"What?"

"Quick, before everything is lost." You notice blood dripping from her ears. "Make an offering! Only a giant death will satisfy his giant appetite." You hear an ear-splitting moan coming from inside the shell. "Do it, lest we are all doomed."

Choose:

1. *There is no time. Make an offering to appease the entity.* **See 0008.**
2. *The only gods you'd bow to are long dead. You refuse to fawn over some alien monstrosity.* You order your crew to ready their weapons. **See 0009.**
3. **Only if C1 is marked.** *Forewarned is forearmed.* You order your crew to cover their ears and ready their weapons. **See 0010.**

0008 *You draw a little blood from your hand and order your crewmembers to do the same. Yet the woman continues to stare at you.*
"This will hardly be enough."

Before you can answer her, you hear a deafening roar coming from the mainland.

Deplete . Mark F9.

If the Argo is anchored just off the island, *you hear a mournful song echo from below. When you look in the direction of your ship, you notice several large black shapes moving around the deck, trying to rake your crew like leaves and throw them into the water. They do not succeed, for your people have been tried and tested, though the stories will spread nonetheless.*

Deplete .

When you look back, the woman is already gone. The patterns on the ground seem to twirl,

making you dizzy. Something bad is happening... The island starts to shake and reveals a terrible secret: underneath the thin veneer of earth lies a mound of shells. The whole island is a siren graveyard. You scramble downhill towards the coast, hoping the Argo notices the tremors and sends a launch.

Each Argonaut makes a **Fury or Endurance** test (7+). If Argo was anchored just off the island, add +2 to your result.
Success: You reach the ship unharmed.
Fail: You get injured on your way down, gain +1 Ⱥ.

You board the Argo just as the island sinks beneath the waves, the spiral shells returning to the sea that birthed them. You are left with questions. What happened to the Alexandrian scholars? What did the half-crazed woman attempt to do back there? The consequences of your choice haunt you. You will look for the woman and for the sirens. You will *learn the Spiral Secret.*

Seed . If any Argonaut has the *Siren Survivor* Mnemos card, they gain 1 node for it (though not above 7, see Onwards Odyssey rules). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0009

Nothing could've prepared you for what was to come. With swiftness belying its giant size, a creature emerges from the shell. Half-man, half-mollusk to rival a Titan. It's body a twirling, twisting, tapestry of spirals. Its lower jaw has been crushed, so the fabled siren song comes out like a garbled scream. Less a seducing call, more a sonic tsunami. You fall to the ground, bleeding profusely from the ears. Only the Titan reacts: it clashes with the monster just when it was about to stomp on you.

The party leader distributes 4 Ⱥ among the Argonauts. Gain +2 . The Titan makes a single attack (6+) against 2.
Wound: See 0011.
Fail: See 0012.

0010

The monstrous siren emerges from the shell, but you are ready. You're unfazed by the scream and proceed to a counterattack. The Argonauts cannot hope to kill the creature, but they sure can create an opening.

Gain +2 . Seed . The Titan makes a single attack (4+) against 2.
Wound: See 0011.
Fail: See 0012.

0011

The siren, now also missing an arm, reels from your Titan's blow, with a fearful shriek "Typhon!" and hides in its shell.

The Argonaut junctioned with the Titan gains +1 Ω. Mark D7.

When you look back, the woman is already gone. The patterns on the ground seem to twirl, making you dizzy. Something bad is happening... The island starts to shake and reveals a terrible secret: underneath the thin veneer of earth lies a mound of shells. The whole island is a siren graveyard. You scramble downhill towards the coast, hoping the Argo notices the tremors and sends a launch.

Each Argonaut makes a **Fury** test (6+). If Argo was anchored just off the island, add +2.
Success: You reach the ship unharmed.
Fail: You get injured on your way down, gain +1 Ⱥ.

You board the Argo just as the island sinks beneath the waves, the spiral shells returning to the sea that birthed them. You are left with questions. What happened to the Alexandrian scholars? What did the half-crazed woman attempt to do back there? The consequences of your choice haunt you. You will look for the woman and for the sirens. You will *learn the Spiral Secret.*

Seed . If any Argonaut has the *Siren Survivor* Mnemos card, they gain 1 node for it (though not above 7, see Onwards Odyssey rules). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0012

You miss, but the siren doesn't. Its claws leave deep cuts on the Titans chest. They go blow for blow, while you try to take cover and don't get stomped. Suddenly, the siren stops, as if it heard a faraway call, and makes it for the sea at a frightening speed.

The Argonaut junctioned with the Titan gains +2 Ⱥ. Mark E10.

During the confusion, the scholar disappeared. The patterns on the ground seem to twirl, making you dizzy. Something bad is happening... The island starts to shake and reveals a terrible secret: underneath the thin veneer of earth lies a mound of shells. The whole island is a siren graveyard. You scramble downhill towards the coast, hoping the Argo notices the tremors and sends a launch.

Each Argonaut makes a **Fury** test (6+). If Argo was anchored just off the island, add +2.
Success: You reach the ship unharmed.
Fail: You get injured on your way down, gain +1 Ⱥ.

You board the Argo just as the island sinks beneath the waves, the spiral shells returning to the sea that birthed them. You are left with questions. What happened to the Alexandrian scholars? What did the half-crazed woman attempt to do back there? The consequences of your choice haunt you. You will look for the woman and for the sirens. You will *learn the Spiral Secret.*

Deplete . If any Argonaut has the *Siren Survivor* Mnemos card, they gain 1 node for it (though not above 7, see Onwards Odyssey rules). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0013

In such treacherous waters, you cannot risk the safety of the Argo. You prepare a small squad to accompany you, and board one of the launches.

The moment you pass the boundary of the reefs surrounding the island, the sea becomes incredibly fierce. Waves like mountains surround you, the razor-sharp shoals just below the surface. One large breaker surges up and strikes the side of your ship, hurling it into a chaotic eddy that flings your crew from their feet. Too late, you hear the anguished cry of one of your people as he strikes the railing at the edge of the deck, and tumbles over into the roiling black waters below. You rush to help him, but the fierce currents have already pulled him under.

If 4+: each Argonaut gains +1 Ⱥ, the party leader gains +2 Ⱥ. **See 0015.**

0014

You don't want to leave yourselves exposed to attack without some kind of backup. You bark an order to your helmswoman, praying that the Argo is sturdy enough to withstand the roiling waters.

The massive vessel cuts through the waves, making straight for the island. As the Argo lurches past a particularly large reef, you hear a terrible scraping noise from below decks. A quick glance over the side shows a jagged hole in the hull, which your crew hurriedly rush to patch up whilst bailing the water that threatens to flood the lower decks. The Argo is tough, and remains afloat, but you know the damage is severe. You can only imagine what grim fate might have befallen a smaller vessel.

If 4+: each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ, the party leader gains +2 Ψ. **See 0015.**

0015

You make landfall, and circle around the base of the monolithic sculpture, noting the mechanism that seems to fill its heart. From the back of the Hippocampus, a massive chain runs down to the water's edge, then plunges into the sea. Each link of the monstrous chain is twice the size of a full-grown mortal, made from the same black metal as the statue itself. You find yourself wondering what the chain is meant to be affixed to.

Your thoughts are interrupted as a cluster of figures emerges from within the base of the statue, marching towards you with purpose. Your crew tense as you notice the robes they all wear, patterned with geometric shapes that are easily recognised. Former cultists of the Labyrinth, why are they here?

"Ah, the Argonauts." Their leader, a woman of many years, speaks up. "Have you come here seeking purpose, or do you seek Truth?"

"What is this place?" You demand, still wary of the cultists.

"An ancient wonder, a tool of great power." The cultist indicates the statue. "The chain attaches to something in the depths below."

"Attaches to what?"

"We cannot say." She admits. "We suspect the sirens have affixed it to something in the depths, a secret they thought to keep hidden."

"What need do the sirens have of the surface world?" You ask sarcastically. "What do you know of these creatures?"

"We all had our prior lives." The woman rubs at her forearm, where a geometric pattern twists eerily. "We seek to activate the mechanisms inside, and draw up whatever hides beneath the waves. Your mighty creatures," She indicates one of your Titans. "may be able to activate the machinery."

"What do you intend?"

She gives you a piercing look.

"To seek Truth, wherever it may be found. The Labyrinth... left many of us wanting. It promised to open our eyes, but after the Great Melodious One's fall at your hands... we must seek our answers elsewhere. The secrets of the sirens are much older."

Choose:

1. *The Labyrinth preyed upon the desperate, the desolate, and the depraved. It found the causes of their loss of hope, and exploited it. Just because Temenos is gone, does not mean that the hopelessness, or the follies it may spawn, do not linger. These former cultists need to learn to let go of their quest, rather than have it consume them.* Encourage the former Labyrinthians to leave the statue alone, and find new, safer ways to bring hope and purpose into their lives. **See 0016.**

2. *These people are lost, directionless, and that desperation has pushed them to reach out to forces they don't fully understand. And yet... you cannot fault them for feeling such a deep, primal need for an explanation, answers to where they stand in the world. Maybe this statue and its secrets will give them some fulfilment.* Help the recovering Labyrinthians to pull in the chain, and see what waits at the end of it. **See 0017.**

0016

"Some things are meant to stay hidden." You declare. "Whatever secrets the Sirens, or whomever built this place, hid away, we would be wise to let them lie eternally. Abandon this place and do not return."

The Labyrinthians hesitate for a long moment, the smile of their leader turning brittle as uncertainty enters her eyes. Then, with a sudden lurch, she sags, a weary, grief-filled sob escaping

her lips. You step forward, offering her a comforting pat on the shoulder. They just needed a reason to let go.

Relinquishing control of the statue, the former cultists begin to disperse. Some return to Crete, invigorated by your encouragement to seek new lives, to move on from the hollow meaningless that drove them into the cult in the first place. Others find a place among your crew, looking for new adventure beyond the horizon. The last of their number, including their leader, make a different choice, instead taking a trireme. If the statue will not be the source of their Truth, then they shall set out across the Great Sea in search of knowledge and purpose elsewhere. You wish them the best, wondering maybe if their quest for Truth shall cause them to cross paths with you in the future.

As the Argo departs the statue lunging from the sea, you spare a glance back, a hesitant curiosity lingering withing you. What was the purpose of the facility, and what lay at the end of that chain? Was it really wise to leave such knowledge untouched?

Mark N7. Seed ✕. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0017 *The leader of the group smiles a gap-toothed smile at you as she gestures excitedly towards a large doorway in the base of the statue, large enough even for your tallest Titan to pass through.*

Inside, you see an enormous winch mechanism. Gears larger than a mortal lead up to a vast drum around which the heavy black chain is wrapped. You order your Titan forward, and it puts its shoulder to the mechanism, beginning to turn some of the gears. There is a long, low groan, then finally the gears give way and begin to turn. Above, the massive chain begins winding in.

After a few moments, the chain suddenly goes taut. The Titan lets out a grunt of confusion as it pushes against the machine, to no avail. Before anyone can react, something pulls on the other end of the chain with immense power. The Titan struggles against the machine, but another sudden jerk casts the creature from its feet. There is a terrible sound of ripping flesh and crunching bone, and the spinning gears gleam with the scarlet of fresh viscera. Not the Titan's…
The surviving Labyrinthians scatter in terror, running for their boats or throwing themselves from the rock into the waves below. Their leader sits down and starts laughing and crying maniacally.

The chain continues to thrash for a long moment, before going slack. You rush outside to see what has happened and see, washed up on the shore, the shorn-off end of the titanic chain. Whatever it was once attached to is now gone.

You are left with questions. What force could do this? Numb from what you just experienced, you turn your focus higher within the sculpture's interior. As you clamber through the hollow of the statue, you realize that the construction is ancient, aged even by the standards of the ruins of Crete. This place is old beyond imagining. Did it once belong to the Sirens, or a people far more ancient?

Mark N6. Seed ⛢. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0018 *You explore the upper deck of the septareme, treading carefully across the groaning, splintering planks. The timbers are stained, black moisture flowing across them as rot worms its way through their heart. And yet, some of the ship remains untouched by the ravages of decay. The further towards the stern you move, the more intact the ship appears, as though frozen in a long-gone moment. Most curious…*

Seed ♟. **See 0021.**

0019 *You work your way down into a broad, gloom-infested hold, a dingy pit where light is hesitant to go. You spy a few of the crew, or what is left of them, slumped across the deck, their features long desiccated. They seemed to be scrambling towards a series of chests in the hold, large crates that, once you open them, are revealed to contain dozens of weapons. Mortal xiphe, bronze chestplates bearing the royal coat of arms of Minos, and aspides of finely wrought iron.*

Seed ☕. **See 0021.**

0020 *The interior of the septareme is murky, the air thick with cloying dampness and the retched smell of decomposing seaweed. Bodies litter the ship's interior, many of them bloated beyond recognition, their skin waxy and pale from exposure to the sea. Was the ship beneath the waves at one point? What brought it back to the surface?*

Deep within the sepatreme, you begin to feel a strange, yet familiar, sensation. A creeping wrongness in your gut, a seeping sense of oddity clinging to the air. It is the exact same sensation you've felt before, when delving deep into the Labyrinth. Or when you've explored the depths of the Argo. Are they connected, somehow?

Seed ⛢. **See 0021.**

0021 *One of your number calls out, summoning you all to the very stern of the ship. There, an ornate door hangs open, its broad entryway inviting. The captain's cabin, you wonder?*

When you glance inside, you realize how mistaken you are. This was no officer's quarters, but rather a decadent place of rest for a truly precious cargo.

Ornately decorated, with thick aquamarine cloth draped across the walls and golden trinkets littered around the central focus- an enormous sarcophagus cast from pure gold and decorated with lapis, onyx and other fine details. A coffin fit for a king. Reminiscent of… Ariadne's. At its foot, a plaque has been placed, carved with a simple message.

"Here lies Androgeos, prince of Crete and most cherished of his people. He travels to return one last time to his beloved Knossos and lie beneath the gaze of his King and father. Long may his peace last, and gentle his days in the fields of Elysium."

Androgeos, the son of Minos. This was the ship that was meant to bear him home from his doomed encounter with Theseus at Marathon. What happened to the ship, how was it so diverted?

Something else has been scattered across the floor of the cabin. Calciferous fragments, all bearing the swirling spiral pattern that you have come to recognize in recent days. Sirenshells. As the four of you move into the room, you realize that the sarcophagus is covered in a thin film of something… a shimmering sheen of dark, semi-solid material. You think of the slime left behind by slithering creatures such as snails, slugs… or mollusks.

You have no more time to inspect the cabin, however, as the derelict ship suddenly lurches, listing erratically to one side. You glance backwards, and see several massive shapes slither over the railings, their hunched outlines glimmering with the primal sludge of the deep ocean. Eyes glistering with coal-black malice. Teeth behind narrow lips, sharpened fangs, weapons ready to pounce. They do not move to attack, but you feel that it would take very little for them to strike. Their purpose here is clear- they have come for the casket of Androgeos.

Choose:

1. *You don't want the living to die for the dead. The Sirens stand ready to fight, but they haven't attacked yet. If you stand down, leave the ship, they will permit it, but you'd be allowing the casket to be lost to the waves once more.* Leave the ship without the casket. Deplete ⛢. **See 0022.**

2. *The mollusk-creatures may be dangerous, but your crew are hardened. You could fight your way out, and take Androgeos' casket with you. The Cretan people would no doubt be overjoyed to have their prince's remains returned.* Retrieve the casket, and fight your way out. Deplete ✕. **See 0023.**

0022 *One of your crew reaches for her xiphos, but you grab her arm, shaking your head grimly. Keeping your gazes locked on the shelled creatures, you order a retreat. The Sirens watch you in silence, dark eyes unblinking, impossible to read.*

As you disembark the septareme, the Sirens disappear in the cabin. You strain to see past their bulbous shells.

There is a sudden lurch, and the derelict begins to sink, a loud, ugly burbling filling the air as the waves swirl and churn, eager to swallow it. The last glimpse you have of the funeral ship of Androgeos is the glimmer of the golden casket plummeting into the depths, the dark shapes of the Sirens swiftly swimming away from it.

As the septarime finally sinks from view, you feel a shift in the air, a sudden lifting of a pressure you'd not noticed before. The dark fog that had been building in your minds suddenly clears, and you can think once more. You can't put it into words, but the vanishing of the sarcophagus, much like the defeat of Temenos, has taken a great weight from the world. You can only hope that the people of Crete will see things the same way…

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0023 *You reach for your weapons, the crew at your side doing the same. The Sirens, sensing the shift in your posture, begin to growl hungrily.*

One of you takes a step towards the casket, and it is as if a floodgate has been unleashed. The Sirens loose terrible shrieks from their throats, toothy maws opening unnaturally wide as they unhinge their jaws. But you are ready for this, clamping your hands over your ears to drown out the despairing chorus. Dismayed, the creatures rush towards you!

It is a brutal fight, and more than a few of your forces fall to the lumbering monstrosities, but you are skilled warriors all, and soon enough the shelled beasts are in retreat, leaving you free to retrieve the casket before, with a loud groan, the derelict begins to sink, its timbers finally giving way.

You return to the Argo. The Cretan leadership will want Androgeos's sarcophagus as soon as possible. But, that does not mean you won't examine it. The Last Academy are quick to take it into their care, poring over its secrets. It is, they deduce, largely unremarkable, but the slimy coating has some lingering properties, almost a weak AT-field. And… it is empty.

You make for the nearest port, the locals eager to take the sarcophagus from you. As it is finally offloaded from the city-ship, you notice a change in the air. A sudden lifting of a pressure you had not noticed before. Almost like on the day that you defeated Temenos…

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0024 *Your nervousness rising to unprecedented levels, you step away from the water. The priests look up at you with unfocused, hazy eyes.*

You gain nothing by fighting and you will not take part in this blasphemy. Let the Poseidon priests commune with the sirens if they wish, they may all jump from the cliff straight into their

maws for all you care.

The oldest priest protests. "Please, they told us you would come! We are so close to learning the Spiral Secret! Stay!"

But your mind is set. Sticking together, you turn to leave, but the holy men are closing in around you. Their eyes are dead, empty voids, lost in some kind of spinning, unfolding darkness…

You don't want to resort to bloodshed, but will if absolutely necessary. However, before you draw your weapons, perhaps talking your way out is an option…

Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Will (8+). You may gain +1 Ψ or ᐱ to add +1 to your result.

Fail: *The words of the priests coil in on themselves, looping logics that confound the mind and entrap your thoughts. You can feel the lunacy of the Spiral tugging at the edges of your consciousness…* Gain +2 Ψ.

0-2 successes: *You try your best to negotiate with the fanatics, but you cannot pierce the veil of their delusions, and soon you are backing away, the noose of their trap closing around you. You draw your weapons, and soon blood is shed, but not willingly.* Random Argonaut gains a Fated Mnemos. **See 0026.**

3-4 successes: *The circling thoughts of the priest and her cloister are insidious, but the Argo has something they cannot counter- Hope Logic.* Seed . **See 0027.**

0025 *You decide to play along for now, although you discreetly order your crewmembers to take strategic positions on both sides of the room and near the entrance. Something emerges from the turbulent waters.*

If D7 or E10 are marked, **see 0028.** Otherwise, **see 0029.**

0026 *You fight your way out, the priests closing in around you. They are everywhere, and their grasping hands slither across your skin. Their fingers are so cold, and slimy, and everywhere they touch you, a series of spiraling marks appear, little rings like the suckers of an octopus…*

Finally, your weapons stained with scarlet, you emerge from the temple, fleeing back to your launches. At last, you have made it to safety, and the fanatics cannot follow.

You pause, struggling for breath, but you only have a moment to spare before yet another clamor fills the air. You glance back to see the temple… be dissected by angular lines. Like tentacles, rising from the water, wrapping around the pillars in symmetrical patterns. The Labyrinth's mark, but shaky, uncertain, as if drawn by the hand of a dying mortal… a last desperate attempt. Its climb stops abruptly, its will extinguished. Yet the damage is enough, and the temple slowly crumbles and falls to the sea.

You do not turn back to help the priests, they've chosen their fate.

Deplete . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0027 *You try your best, and at first you feel as though you are making no headway, the female priest countering your every argument against her collusion with the Sirens. In her own, twisted way of thinking, she manages to undermine every logic, every fact.*

But, when you look to her followers, you do not see the same conviction. Instead, you see the spark of something you yourselves only recently learned to clasp hold of- Hope. Many of these priests, in the absence of their Dead Gods, had been foundering for a new anchor point, and found it in the promises of this 'Spiral Secret'.

By the time you are done talking, many of their numbers nod along with you, and the oldest priest's cult is greatly weakened. You manage to walk out of there, unscathed, and more certain of your purpose in this world. The Argo is a beacon, a great pharos of Hope to people like these lost priests. Not all will see or accept that guiding light, but you do this for those who can be helped.

Mark N9. Seed ✕. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0028 *Fleshy tendrils rise from the water, latching onto any surface where their muculent suckers can find purchase. They tense, hauling a great weight up from the depths. First, the humped curve of a shell emerges, and then you see the hideous visage of a creature you've already encountered. The disfigured beast you found on the Siren graveyard island. Is it a coincidence that it is here, or has it followed you?*

It looks to you, fury in its gaze, and looses the wild, soul-piercing scream from its ruined maw.

The priests scatter, fleeing the creature's wrath, while their leader merely laughs a maniacal, lost shriek of joyous rapture.

"Yes! I have brought them to you, as promised! Now, the Secret shall be unveiled!"

She has no time to say anything else, as a fleshy tentacle smacks her, hurling her aside like chaff on the wind. She hits the temple wall with a wet thud and slumps to the floor, dead.

The creature, meanwhile, turns to you, ready to charge!

Each Argonaut tests Fury or Courage (8+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1 to your result.

Fail: *The writhing tentacles lash out, coiling around your legs and pulling with fierce might. It is only thanks to the quick intervention of your comrades that you are not dragged towards the creature's disfigured jaw.* Gain +2 ᐱ.

0-2 successes: *The fight goes poorly, with you and your crew barely holding their own. Your weapons bounce off blubbery, thick hide, while the beast inflicts many grievous wounds before, eventually, it is driven back, slithering into the water with a vengeful but frustrated shriek.* Deplete ✕.

3-4 successes: *Some may call it folly for mortals to face such a massive creature without the aid of your Titans, but you are the Argonauts, and you beat the odds every day. Today is no different, as the four of you, surrounded by your crew, press in around the monster and, through careful co-ordination, strike a fatal blow!* Seed . Mark B2.

Regardless of the result, y*ou leave this wretched place behind, having your Titans dismantle the last supporting columns of the edifice first. As the temple slowly slides into the watery abyss, so it can never become a haven for wayward sects, you ponder on the essence of blind fate.*

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0029 *Dozens of small shapes emerge from the water, curled shells moving about on top of amorphous masses of flesh and slime, their many tentacles dragging them across the tiled floor. Some are as small as the palm of your hand, while others swell to the size of dogs.*

The lead priest steps among them, tracing a hand across the shell of one large specimen. Her features twist in a warm, almost endearing smile, were it not for the glassy light behind her eyes. She moves among them, interacting with them as if they were her… pets? No, not pets, but children. You feel the icy shiver slither down your spine at the realization.

"Look, Argonauts!" She glances up to you. "Carriers of secrets! They trust me, and soon, they will open my eyes - and yours too. But, all truths come at a cost…"

The slithering creatures all turn as one, their gaze locking upon you, and you become aware of just how penned in you truly are. The priests crowd in the passages behind you, blocking off any escape, while these… things swarm you from the front. Then, with the shrieks of the damned, the shelled creatures lunge forward, and you are besieged!

Each Argonaut tests Endurance or Will (8+). You may gain +1 ᐱ to add +1 to your result.

Fail: *The shelled monstrosities are everywhere, their weight of numbers almost sure to drag you down. One latches onto your back, and you feel gnashing teeth chew through your armor and begin to gnaw on flesh. You flail until the beast is knocked free!* Gain +2 Ψ.

0-2 successes: *The fight is truly grueling, the creatures wearing you down, but you hold fast, shattering shells and chopping at slime-encrusted appendages. Eventually, you are forced back, retreating from the chamber and into the passages, where the priests await you. What follows is a slaughter as you carve your way out. You escape, but you've left a lot of bodies in your wake…* Deplete ✕.

3-4 successes: *You fight for all you are worth, massacring the creatures around the water's edge. In no time, the tiled at your feet are slick with strange, bluish blood, and the priests gaze on at you in horror. The head priest kneels among the carnage, clutching at shattered shells and weeping. You leave her to her madness, and turn to leave, the rest of this Spiral cult parting before you without a fight. They may hold to an insane belief, but they are not so crazy as to stand in the way of the Argonauts, not after this display…* Seed . Mark N9.

Regardless of the result, y*ou leave this wretched place behind. As the temple slowly vanishes from view, you wonder if the priests will come to their sense. You doubt it. Blind faith has gotten them this far, and nothing you did truly disproved their ideas. And you… you of all people know, you cannot force anyone to change, that needs to come from the inside.*

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0030 *The arrow whistles down out of nowhere, striking the dirt just in front of you. The deadly shaft vibrates furiously, a puff of dust arising around it as you draw your weapons, turning to stand back to back with your crew.*

All around you, the sirenshells suddenly sprout mortal-sized inhabitants. Camouflage! A motley array of warriors clad in simple leather armor, bows trained on you, your crew, and your Titans. Maybe thirty of them, if you had to estimate. While not a significant threat for you, or your giants, they do have you surrounded.

Deplete ✕. **See 0032.**

0031 *One of your Titans grunts, although whether that is the giant's own response, or a warning from the Argonaut joined with it, you cannot say. It tilts its head to one side, and you follow the gesture to see a flicker of motion. Figures move among the sirenshells, some hiding in their recesses, others using their deep coils to hide their movement. They are trying to spread out around you, but forewarned you are able to prevent a trap from being sprung!*

You draw your weapons and loudly announce yourselves, challenging the skulkers in the shadows.

Seed . **See 0032.**

0032 *A figure emerges from amongst the strangers, an older man with sharp eyes and a sternly maintained beard. His wrists bear gold and bronze bracers, each engraved with symbols of the Cult of Ares. A former adherent, perhaps? It was not uncommon before the Eschaton for soldiers to dedicate themselves*

to the God of Battle and Bloodshed...

The stranger introduces himself as Hesperos, leader of the Deafless. He gestures to his comrades, explaining that their mercenary outfit specializes in hunting beasts, both the mundane and the extraordinary. They had come here, expecting to find Sirens, but instead found only this ancient graveyard.

Understanding that these strangers are no threat to you, and seeing perhaps a chance to trade knowledge of the art of fighting creatures no mortal was meant to face, you lower your weapons, approaching the mercenary.

Hesperos eyes each of you, then his gaze turns to the towering Titans, measuring each of them with an impressed glare.

"I'd heard the iron ship had a menagerie of tamed giants..." He muses. "Never thought I'd get a chance to see them up close."

He urges you to follow him back to their camp, eagerly telling you about some of his band's exploits. Sirens hunted down before they can ravage fishing villages, rampaging harpies culled before they can threaten a polis' livestock, even a few untamed giants that have been steered away from the more populated areas of the island.

Hesperos then goes on to tell you of some news he has just received, rumors of a Siren further inland. The story strikes you as strange, as the normally aquatic creatures do not stray far from the shore, so this sighting far from any water is... unusual. He was just about to investigate, but your timing here is fortuitous.

"Maybe this is a chance for my boys to see the Argonauts in action! Perhaps learn a thing or two from how you wrangle those giants!"

Choose:

1. *You don't really know the full measure of this man yet, so maybe allowing him to observe your Titans and the way you control this is not the best idea.* Suggest that the Deafless take the lead on this hunt, so you might learn from them. Deplete . **See 0033.**

2. *While these mercenaries are an unknown to you at this point, teaching mortals how to deal more effectively with colossi such as your Titans could prove to be a boon. After all, once you leave, your Titanokinigos teams won't be around to capture any that are left...* Agree to take the lead on this hunt, and show the Deafless how the Argo gets things done. Deplete . **See 0034.**

0033

You reason that it is better that Hesperos leads this hunt, as his people know the area better. He nods, accepting your advice, although he remains hard to read. The man is clearly a veteran of many hardships, and has learned to hide his thoughts and opinions well.

And so you set off, the Argo's contingent following the Deafless. You observe how this band of misthios operate, the smooth co-ordination between them, the regimented way they march. Each man in this company has learned to work as part of the unit, and they move as one. Some of them carry spears and small, rounded aspides, marching in step with one another as a united phalanx. You can imagine that this formation is effective against a charging beast, each man drawing strength from the allies at his sides, their spears a deadly hazard to impale any threat that approaches them. There is much that this band can teach you...

Seed . **See 0035.**

0034

You agree to take the lead, relishing the idea of sharing the Argo's training and wisdom with other mortals. Hesperos eagerly agrees to follow your lead, summoning his men to gather and move out.

And so it is that you lead the way, following the rumors further inland. You can feel the watchful eyes of the Deafless upon each one of you, and especially on your Titans. Not a single detail misses their gaze, and you are confident that they will take any lessons you have to share with them to heart, becoming stronger, more ferocious warriors for it.

Mark U5. Seed . **See 0035.**

0035

The expedition moves into the Cretan uplands, far from the shore, until at last you catch a whisper of activity ahead. In the ruins of an old temple to long-dead Poseidon, you see figures moving. Not the slithering forms of Sirens that you had been anticipating, but of ordinary men and women.

You observe for a little while, unseen by these strangers, as they approach the center of the temple, where a massive spiral shell has been placed on the long-forsaken altar. They seem to be... worshipping it? No, offering it, like some enormous marine sacrifice, but to whom?

That is when you see it. Sprouting around the shell, spreading across the tiled floor of the temple, the geometric patterns you learned to dread. The Labyrinth! And yet, something is not right about it... the lines are not perfect, as if drawn by shaking hands. Once they spread more than a few meters from the shell, they begin to decay into curling, twisting spirals. This is no renewed seed of the Maze, you realize. Just a guttering flame of its fanaticism.

"Damned Labyrinthians!" Hesperos spits.

Deafless at your side, you surround the cultists, bracing for some kind of resistance, but when they catch sight of you, there is no fight left in them. They simply surrender, too weary from their hopelessness to push back. Hesperos is ready to execute them for the crimes of their Truth, but you stay his hand.

"Hope Logic only works if people are allowed to change," your leader says firmly.

"And have they?" Hesperos asks impassively.

"They have," you say and point to the Siren shell, curious if the Deafless leader will see it.

He has. "They brought the shell here to negate the Labyrinth, not appease," he says. "Impressive thinking. But one deed is not enough."

"No. So why don't we allow them to perform more?"

Choose:

1. *Time and again, these people have lost their support nets, their very world was torn down around them. What they're doing here, now, its not malicious. It's blowing on embers of life past. You can give them a home, a community, and a purpose.* The cultists will go with the Argo. **See 0036.**

2. *These Labyrinthians found their cult thanks to a loss of drive, a despair that came from the destruction of their old lives. Perhaps a new life among these misthios, a life of structure and purpose, will give them what they need.* The cultists will go with the Deafless. Gain +1 . **See 0037.**

0036

You take the former Labyrinthians into custody. At first, it is hard to read their expressions, as the somber, weary air that hangs around them clouds any emotion. But, as you lead them back to the city-ship, parting ways with the Deafless, you start to notice some of them moving with a lighter step, their gazes rising to the horizon. Hope sparks anew in their eyes. Hope of a brighter, more fulfilling future.

Seed . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0037

Hesperos begins barking orders, having his new charges form up in columns and preparing to march. At first, you think that maybe this was the wrong choice, that the harsh methods of the grizzled warrior will be too much for them to bear, but then you begin to see some of the former Labyrinthians looking about with a more alert air, as if snapped out of a trance. Perhaps the strict realities of the mercenaries will be just what they need to find their purpose once more...

As you part ways with the Deafless, one of their number approaches you, asking to join the Argo. Once a priest of Ares, he'd fallen in with the misthios band while looking for his purpose in the world. Maybe, he says, that purpose can be found while travelling with the mighty iron ship to the cradle of his former god: Sparta.

Seed . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0038

Javelins in hand, you bellow to those of your crew still in possession of their wits to attack, firing on the creature without mercy.

Each Argonaut tests Fury or Courage (8+). You may gain +1 to add +1 to your result.

Fail: *You take aim at the creature, but the sirensong is too powerful, too pervasive, and you find your aim drifting, your mind beginning to fill with a haze that you cannot think through...* Gain +1 .

0-2 successes: *You hit the creature a few times, and its song hitches a little, the suggestion of a pained shriek in its words, but it does not let up, the melody continuing until, at last, its victims stagger within reach. Tentacles lash out, wrapping around limbs and throats, dragging the screaming crew towards the shell's opening. The crunching sounds that echo from within will haunt you for some time.* Deplete .

3-4 successes: *Your weapons aim true, a dozen barbed projectiles piercing the creature as it shrieks in agony. That momentary hitching of the melody, the slight change in tone, is enough to snap your crew out of their trance, the afflicted shaking their heads and realizing the danger they had been about to walk into!* Seed .

Regardless of the result, *you keep peppering the slimy flesh until, with a gasp of agony, the creature collapses, slithering partway out of its shell, landing on the sand with a pathetic, wet slap. Stillness fills the air, the numb aftershock of the battle still sending blood pounding through your ears.*

See 0040.

0039

You rush in, xiphe drawn and ready to attack. You cut off the entranced crew, preventing them from wading into danger. At the front of your charge, the Titan you'd brought with you races ahead, raising its fists. The Siren lets loose a shriek of... fear? Anger? It is hard to tell.

The Titan makes a single attack (6+) against 4.

Fail: *Your giant lands a few good hits, but the Siren is larger, and its tentacles strike viciously. The ccolossus moves closer, looking for a key part to grab hold of, something vital to crush, but the formless mass gives it no purchase. Before you can order it to retreat, the Titan finds its arms pinned to its sides, and a thick tentacle coils around its throat. There is a sharp motion, and a loud crack, and the Titan falls, dead.* Deplete .

Wound: *The Titan and the Siren clash, fist meeting tentacle. Two colossal creatures, locked in a grim struggle. Fleshy tendrils lash at your giant, hooks hidden in the suckers tearing at its flesh. The Titan groans, but perseveres until, with a mighty grunt, it launches a powerful fist into the heart of the fleshy mass, where it finds a vital spot. The Siren screams in pain, releasing your giant!* Seed .

Regardless of the result, *as you pull back from the beast, circling it warily, the Siren looses a defeated sigh, slithering free of its immense shell. With a wet slap, it collapses on the sand before its calcified refuge, barely strong enough to move.*

See 0040.

0040 *You approach the creature, still pulsing and writhing, nursing countless wounds. It just lies there, helpless, isolated from its kind, barely living. Among the flopping tendrils of flesh, a lump of slimy hide shifts oddly, giving the impression of an eye staring straight at you. There is intelligence in the midst of that twitching mass of tentacles, a thinking mind. And there, deep amongst that alien, twisted consciousness, you see it, something far more familiar to you than you'd like to admit. Despair, desolation, the absence of purpose. The same thoughts and emotions that had once threatened to take hold of each of you, and had held Crete prisoner for such a long time.*

Once upon a time, perhaps the crew of the Argo would have slain this creature without hesitation. But that was in the days before you'd discovered the Hope Logic. Now, you've learned to look at the world in a far broader scope, and see the plight of your foes and rivals through the lens of, if not compassion, then at least understanding. You see the fear that grasps hold of this creature, the despair that clutches at its mind like a maddening veil, and you see a being to be pitied, not feared.

The question is, how will you allow this realization to guide you?

Choose:

1. *Despair drove so many on Crete to truly reprehensible depths. And yet, you found your way through the Labyrinth of hopelessness, saving many in the process. Perhaps, in spite of its wrongs, this creature just needs the same chance you were given.* Spare the Siren. Seed . **See 0041.**

2. *Pitiful or not, it doesn't change what the beast did. This thing, this… monster, has killed already, and there's no telling how many others it might slay, given the chance. The risk to mortals is too great.* Kill the Siren. Seed ✕. **See 0042.**

0041 *The most wrathful among you steps forward, weapon raised, ready to strike… and you can't deliver the blow.*

You feel the creature's attention passing over you, and a recognition of the choice being made. The flicker of something, deep within it. A spark of Hope.

Turning your back on the creature, you order your forces to retreat, telling the locals to keep away until the Siren has left. Already, you can hear the faint whispers of Sirensong coming from the waves beyond the beach. The other Sirens are coming for their wounded kinfolk.

Mark P9. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0042 *Your leader steps up, a growling fury in your throat. Raising a weapon, you spare a single glance down at the beast at your feet.*

You can feel the attention of the Siren upon you, a resigned weariness and acceptance of the impending Fate. The creature is defeated, and it knows there is no escape, and so it allows its despair to take it fully.

The weapon falls, and a wet sigh escapes the newly forged Siren carcass. There is a change in the form of the ocean-dwelling creature, a loss of cohesion. As if the animating intellect behind it is no longer holding it together. Or, perhaps, the lower pressure above the waves means that it is losing form.

Your philosophers gather samples from the carcass, the analysis of the lingering remnants certain to prove useful. With that, you depart, assuring the locals that the creature is no longer a threat.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0043 *"The memory of Poseidon lingers here. The maelstrom surrounds our destination, yes? Someone is playing with forces beyond their control. We cannot turn back now."*

The priest's words seem innocent enough, but you cannot help but feel a surge of caution. After all, was it not the Dead God of the Deeps who sent the Cretan Bull, the same beast that was the undoing of Minos' son, Androgeos?

The swirling currents of fate move in puzzling patterns, especially where Poseidon's influence is concerned…

You dismiss the priest, eager not to have one of Poseidon's Cult aboard your ship. The Old Priest is quick to follow your orders, ushering him away.

Seed ✕. Note 'Spiral Perspective', and **see 0045.**

0044 *"The memory of Poseidon lingers here. The maelstrom surrounds our destination, yes? Someone is playing with forces beyond their control. We cannot turn back now."*

The priest's words, while cryptic, speak the truth. Something stirs here, ancient and divine energies that have recently awoken into a frenzy.

You order the priest to be found a berth on the Argo, knowing his council will likely be useful later. The scowling Old Priest sets about the task, albeit with seeming reluctance.

Seed . **See 0045.**

0045 *The Argo draws nearer to the roiling chaos that surrounds the remnants of Oikos Island. The roar of the twisting, churning maelstrom is almost deafening as you gaze ahead at a sight that would drive most sailors mad.*

The sea girdles the island with a spinning confusion of gnashing waters and razor-sharp reefs. There, at its heart, Oikos Island rises above the groaning depths, although you have a hard time judging whether it has actually been thrust upwards, or it is merely the waters that have dropped.

Below the waterline, ancient structures once hidden to the world now lie exposed, a bewildering grid of geometric edifices, piled many layers deep. The entire island… it is constructed of these rigidly shaped forms, the square-edged passages plunging downwards, far beneath the waves. What the locals know as Oikos Island is only a veneer on the surface, a few meters of dirt and a series of mortal structures that are generations, aeons younger than what lies beneath.

As the Argo's prow moves close to the boiling chaos, you spot shapes moving in the waters. Coiling shells of Sirens, sleek grey bodies of cetaceans, and even a few frantically floundering Titans, their massive limbs thrashing the water as they try to overpower the current. A tide of larger creatures, all fleeing the island's vicinity. Something has them spooked…

If you have completed the 'Fathomless' adventure and N6 is marked, **see 0046.**

If you have completed the 'Fathomless' adventure, but N6 is not marked, **see 0047.**

Otherwise, **see 0048.**

0046 *As you ponder this, you see it. A massive, grey-green pseudopod, unfolding from the very depths of the water, snatching a Titan from the churning madness and dragging it below.*

Something lurks, far beyond your gaze…

Seed . Note 'Deep Secrets', and **see 0048.**

0047 *The flood of larger fauna streams past the Argo, a tide of creatures escaping some grim fate. Your crew begin to shout, calling for aid down in the lower docks. A flailing Titan has scrambled onto the Argo, clasping to the iron ship desperately. What it is fleeing, you can only guess…*

Seed . Note 'Deep Secrets', and **see 0048.**

0048 *The Argo turns, moving just along the very rim of the maelstrom. You gaze down into the bowl of the spiraling waters, the maze of gnashing white foam and knifelike rock a truly intimidating sight to behold. Navigating this will be a challenge.*

Choose:

1. *The iron ship can withstand the wrath of a Primordial, it can surely survive this chaos.* Take the Argo into the maelstrom. **See 0049.**

2. *You can't endanger the Argo like this. Better to take your launches, and protect your home from harm.* Anchor the Argo and send smaller ships. **See 0050.**

3. (Only available if C1 is marked). *You have the ranting scrawlings of the journal you found in the Siren graveyard. Many of the rantings in there talk of a phenomenon like this. Perhaps you can use them to find a way through…* Try to decode the journal and use it to navigate. **See 0051.**

0049 *You have never seen the likes of this maelstrom. The seas roar around you, a ravenous beast whose fangs gnash on the flanks of your home. The Argo will not come out of this unscathed.*

Deplete . **See 0052.**

0050 *The smaller ships are completely at the mercy of this roiling turmoil. You steer as best you can, but you won't come out of this without casualties. Many of your triremes buckle under the strain of the conflicting currents, while others are dragged down to watery fates beyond your sight.*

Deplete ✕. Note 'Argo at a distance', and **see 0052.**

0051 *The journal's frenetic etchings are… challenging to read, to say the least. You can see some semblance of a pattern in there, but your eyes seem to fight against your efforts to focus.*

The party leader tests Wisdom or Cunning (7+). You may gain +1 to add +1 to your result. Other Argonauts may gain +1 to test Wisdom (5+). If successful, they will add a +1 bonus to your result.

Fail: *The insane sketchings are beyond mortal comprehension, the idle images of a mad mind. Impossible details refuse to line up, and while you are lost in trying to decipher the journal, the Argo slams into more than a few rocks, taking plenty of hits before it finds its way through.* Deplete .

Success: *At first, you want to give up, the coiling scrawlings too complex, your eyes begging to be released from this madness. But then, finally, you see it! A path through the chaos. You shout out to your helmsman, steering the Argo through.* Seed ✕.

Regardless of the result, **see 0052.**

0052 *You pass through the maelstrom and arrive in a circular bay of Oikos Island. Ahead of you lies the remnants of the hill that the Temple of Poseidon once stood upon. The outer shell of stone and soil has been scoured away, although you cannot tell by what. Perhaps one of Temenos's mazequakes caused*

the outer layers of the island to peel away, or maybe the strange maelstrom you just endured scoured at the loose segments. Regardless, what lies before you now is the truth of the island, its hidden heart.

Perfectly square passages flow downwards, creating a termite's nest of intersecting hallways and chambers beneath the island. Script covers the exposed stonework, glyphs you've seen elsewhere, their strict geometry unmistakable.

is 'three'

"The Centimanes..." One of you breathes. "This whole island... its all built on top of one of their ruins!"

Choose one Argonaut who will junction with a Titan for the duration of this expedition. The rest of you will travel on foot. Then, if you have completed the 'Deafless' adventure, **see 0053.**

Otherwise, **see 0054.**

0053 *A figure clad in leather armor approaches you. The spiralshell pauldrons of the Deafless mercenary gleam in the darkening light of the day.*

He delivers his report, able to draw you a rudimentary map of the island, along with a few key pathways leading up towards the ruined Temple.

"No sign of Sirens here right now." He grunts. "But plenty evidence they've been here, tracks in the mud, some discarded shells. We've set up camp on the other side of the island, and will keep an eye out for any beasties that show up.

Seed . Note 'Deafless Backup', and **see 0054.**

0054 *With no other leads to follow, you clamber up the shattered hillside, taking the most intact path you can find to lead you up to the forgotten Temple to Poseidon. The ancient ruin stands out on the highest point of the island, the white bones of its pillars shining in the last moments of daylight. At first, you think that maybe this position was chosen so supplicants could see it from as far away as possible, a beacon to draw them in to perform their rites for the Cult of the Sea God. However, a more cynical part of your mind points out that, from such a high point, the temple could keep watch on a greater area, the Dead God's eyes fixed on any who found themselves in his domain...*

You walk up the steps of the ruined temple. Here, on the exposed cliff, you feel the strong winds lashing the island. Even the clouds above seem to swirl, making you dizzy. You hastily enter the building. The spacious halls of the pantheon are empty and deserted, but the walls are covered in scribbles of the spiral symbol. You feel an unknown dread grip your heart, as if the spirals were drilling into your very souls.

If you have completed the 'Poseidon's Chosen' adventure and N9 is marked, **see 0055.**

If you have completed the 'Poseidon's Chosen' adventure and N9 is not marked, **see 0056.**

Otherwise, **see 0057.**

0055 *A lifeless figure awaits you, at the temple's heart. Sprawled out over the tiled mosaic, the Alexandrian scholar lies dead, a pool of blood still drying around her body.*

You feel a swell of pity at the sight of the wretched corpse. She followed her fanaticism here, and it ultimately brought her to her doom. Although, the question of why she had to die for her beliefs remains. As you move to investigate, you see something clutched in her hand. A leather thong, upon which dangles a spiraling seashell.

As you kneel next to her, the pooling scarlet finds its way into the cracks between some of the tiles, moving around her in a twisting, coiling pattern...

A swell of unease rises in you, a sense of dread that you have to stamp down. You should leave.

Seed . Note 'Fanatical Insights', and **see 0058.**

0056 *In the midst of the Temple, the central atrium, you find a scene of carnage. Bodies lie everywhere, scattered about haphazardly. You know these figures. Priests from the other Temple of Poseidon you visited recently. The Spiral Fanatics. You thought you'd seen the last of them, but seemingly they have been drawn here, to this place. Were they following the scholar, like you? Or were they perhaps answering a deeper, more insidious call?*

The question makes you feel a momentary unease. Can you really be sure that you chose to be here, or are you similarly drawn onwards by an unseen imperative? Are you just traversing a route already laid before you?

A swell of unease rises in you, a sense of dread that you have to stamp down. You should leave.

Seed . Note 'Fanatical Insights', and **see 0058.**

0057 *The Temple is hauntingly empty, the winds whistling through it summoning forth a mournful dirge that cuts deep into your very souls. You are reminded, just for a moment, of the razorlike tone that followed Temenos wherever it went, the dread lilt that caused even the strongest warrior to crumble.*

Spiral patterns spread across every surface in the temple, their dizzying patterns painful to behold. Somebody was here, drawing this imagery, but they have moved on now. And so should you, if you wish to clasp a hold of your sanity...

Lose -1 . **See 0058.**

0058 *You move through the temple until you emerge onto a large balcony overlooking the slopes downwards, offering you an unparalleled view of the island. The sun has set, and the moon slowly crawls up from the blackness of the sea, casting its faint white light over the waves, far below. Shimmering shapes emerge next. Coiled shells, glimmering with an odd luminescence, immense and heavy, dragged up the beach by pulsating masses of flesh that extrude from them.*

Sirens. The sight sends a shock of revulsion through your guts, matched only by the spark of curiosity in your chests. The creatures ooze across the sand, beginning to move in a strange procession, enclosing Oikos Island in a spinning ring of slime-encrusted shells. They move as one, an alien dance that is almost mesmerizing to behold. And then, the singing...

You remain transfixed for a moment longer before shaking yourselves free of the Sirensong's grasp, lucidity returning to you slowly. You need to take a closer look at... whatever it is that the these creatures are doing.

In your hurry back through the temple, you almost miss the scrawled patterns on the wall, clumsy coiling markings in charcoal tracing their way down one seemingly innocuous passage. At its end, the hallways dips into a steep staircase, heading down deep beneath the temple.

Choose:

1. *You've followed the patterns this far, maybe it is worth following them a little further. Perhaps, rather than focusing on what the Sirens are doing, you might learn* why. Follow the spiral patterns under the temple.. **See 0059.**
2. *The shelled creatures must be here for a reason. Even now, you hear their song, and you know that your answers lie in investigating what they are up to.* Descend to the beach so you might observe the Sirens. **See 0060.**

0059 *You descend down the staircase, plunging into darkness as fine white marble gives way to rough, worked stone, before finally surrendering to bare rock, an ancient passage carved by endless years of water dripping its way downwards. Underfoot, sharply defined steps are replaced by uneven footholds, and your descent becomes quite treacherous. As you go lowed, the walls around you fall away, and you find yourself in the heart of a sprawling network of ruins, the center of the Centimanes remnant you briefly observed from the outside.*

As you near the bottom of this ancient staircase, rotting seaweed coats every step, making your progress grow more and more treacherous. Finally, you reach flat, solid ground, finding yourself in a massive chamber. At its heart, a pool of water ripples, a quiet opening whose salty scent tells you of its connection to the open sea. At its very edge, a familiar figure awaits you.

If N9 is marked, **see 0061.**

Otherwise, **see 0062.**

0060 *Leaving the temple behind, you clamber down the hillside, moving carefully from one rocky outcropping to another in an effort to stay hidden. The Sirens continue their shuffling dance, the droning lilt of their song heavy on your ears. You can feel its reverberations, deep inside your skulls. An almost maddening cacophony, one that you must fight to keep from taking hold of your minds.*

If B2 is marked, **see 0067.**

If D7 is marked, **see 0068.**

Otherwise, **see 0069.**

0061 *The priest of the Spiral Fanatics you had encountered before mutters to herself, strange and looping chants that seem to mirror the rising and falling notes of the Sirensong, still audible even this deep inside the island. She kneels, scratching looping spiral patterns on the stone all around her. As you draw close, her eyes snap to you, a venomous hiss on her lips.*

"No! You cannot be here," She yells when you approach. "Trespassers. You will ruin everything..."

"What?" You blurt out, before realizing that you've said this before.

"Quick, before everything is lost." You notice blood dripping from her ears. "Make an offering! Only a giant death..."

You know how this ends.

"No more deaths." You declare firmly. "The sirens will need to find other lackeys."

If F9 is marked, **see 0063.**

"You must not resist!" She pleas, a desperate light in her eyes. "Poseidon wills it, lest Crete be doomed to nothingness!"

There is something about the way she speaks the words, the same words you once heard from the Alexandrian scholar, now dead in the temple above you. Does the priest truly know what she is saying, or is she trapped in a current not of her own making?

There's a gurgle of displaced water, followed by the squelch of wet flesh. A massive shape emerges, rising to haul itself onto the stone floor of the cavern. The priest prostrates herself before it.

"They come! At last, the Secret shall be unveiled to me!"

If you have completed the 'Beached' adventure, and P9 is marked, **see 0064.**

If you have completed the 'Beached' adventure and P9 is not marked, **see 0065.**

Otherwise, **see 0066.**

0062

The Alexandrian scholar mutters frantically as she draws shapes on the slime-encrusted rock of the cavern floor, tracing endless spirals all around herself. Her voice, while by no means musical, still manages to match the pitch and tone of the Sirens' song, its melody still audible to you even this deep in the heart of the island. Her gaze shifts to you as you approach, a furious fire burning in her eyes.

"No! You cannot be here," She yells when you approach. "Trespassers. You will ruin everything..."

"What?" You blurt out, before realizing that you've said this before.

"Quick, before everything is lost." You notice blood dripping from her ears. "Make an offering! Only a giant death..."

You know how this ends.

"No more deaths." You declare firmly. "The sirens will need to find other lackeys."

If F9 is marked, **see 0063.**

"You must not resist!" She pleas, a desperate light in her eyes. "Poseidon wills it, lest Crete be doomed to nothingness!"

You've heard these exact words before, the same ones the scholar used at your first meeting. Is she merely parroting the words at you, or is she compelled by some other force? Has this scholar, so lost in her quest for the secrets of the Sirens, caught herself in the currents of something far larger, unable to escape its pull?

There's a gurgle of displaced water, the squelch of wet flesh. A massive shape emerges, hauling itself up onto the stony floor of the cavern. Has it been summoned by the scholar's scrawlings, or is it merely coincidence that it has come here?

The scholar, rapt in her fanaticism, calls out jubilantly, prostrating herself before it.

"They come! At last, the Truth of the Spiral is mine!"

If you have completed the 'Beached' adventure, and P9 is marked, **see 0064.**

If you have completed the 'Beached' adventure and P9 is not marked, **see 0065.**

Otherwise, **see 0066.**

0063

She looks at you in disbelief. "But it has already happened. You drew blood for the spiral! What was done cannot be undone!"

You feel old wounds opening, as if someone just cut you across your palms. The Titan who has come with you howls, clutching at its antikratos helm.

The Argonaut junctioned with the Titan tests their Will (8+). Other Argonauts can gain +1 Ψ to add +1 to the result.

Success: The Titan resists the Spiral Call, and the Argonaut gains a Mnemos Node, although not if that would put their Mnemos higher than 7 (see Onwards Odyssey rules).

Failure: The antikratos helm shatters, the screaming Titan tearing at its skull as it descends into a fatal madness. The junctioned Argonaut awakens in the Balaneion. Deplete .

Each Argonaut gains +1 . **Return to previous paragraph.**

0064

An immense Siren hauls itself into view, approaching you with the inevitable weight of a mountain. As it draws close to the Fanatic, tendrils of flesh spill from the shell's opening, tentacles covered in scars. The roiling flesh pulsates, merging into the mimicry of a face for just a moment, and you feel the creature's awareness look to each of you. It pauses, and you get a sense of... familiarity. It hesitates just a moment, looking to you, then to the prone fanatic, before turning away. You get the feeling of a choice being remembered.

The fanatic, however, is not satisfied, wailing and gnashing her teeth as the shelled creature slithers back to the water. There will be no answer for her this day, no Secrets unveiled. You leave her weeping, surrounded by her mad scrawlings.

Seed . Note 'Siren Familiarity', and **see 0072.**

0065

The gargantuan shell of a Siren heaves across the sand, amorphous mass of muculent flesh oozing its aperture. It comes to a halt before the fanatic, and for a moment you see something recognizable in the writhing tentacles. The suggestion of... a face? It is hard to say.

The creature regards the prostrated figure, then looks to you. You feel the awareness fixate on each of you in turn. Then, swifter than a heartbeat, that awareness fills with malice. Fury burns in the Siren's core, a resentment for a slight endured, a decision made that must be avenged.

A tentacle snaps out from the roiling mass, wrapping around the fanatic's throat. There's a swift motion, and a loud pop. The body of the fanatic falls to the cavern floor, limp. She didn't even have time to cry out.

Just as you think that maybe the Siren will turn to attack you, it pauses. Beyond the cavern, the Sirensong's pitch has changed, a beckoning note entering its ululations. The Siren, as if a puppet on a string, turns from you, slithering back to the water. The song is almost at its crescendo.

Seed . Deplete . Note 'Siren Familiarity', and **see 0072.**

0066

The massive creature oozes closer, the wet squelch of its tentacles as they slide across one another a sickening noise in your ears. It pauses in front of the fanatic, an utterly alien mass of living matter, unreadable in every way.

The fanatic rises, opening her mouth to speak, but has no time to utter even a single word as a forest of tentacles snap out to grasp her, retracting with frightening speed into the shell. There is a short, cut-off shriek, and the crunch of snapping bones, followed by a wet chewing noise.

You hold back, keeping your hands hovering over your weapons, but the Siren seems to have had its full, turning to slither away to rejoin its kin.

See 0072.

0067

You reach the sands of the beach, the Sirens either not noticing you or not caring about your presence.

If you completed the 'Beached' adventure, and P9 is marked, **see 0070.**

If you completed the 'Beached' adventure and P9 is not marked, **see 0071.**

0068

A hoarse, grating shriek echoes around you. A noise you've heard before, and one that sends shivers down your spines. Not the lilting, alluring call of the other sirens, but the sonic scream that only a broken maw could create.

There, clambering over the rocks with pointed determination, the Jawless Siren approaches, spittle and bile pouring from what passes for its ruined mouth. It lurches towards you with deadly intent. Its wounds from your last clash still hinder it, but nonetheless is closes in on you, hungry for revenge.

If you completed the 'Beached' adventure and P9 is marked, **see 0074.**

If you completed the 'Beached' adventure and P9 is not marked, **see 0075.**

Each Argonaut tests Fury or Endurance (8+). You may gain +1 to add +1 to the result. Add +1 to your result if C1 is marked. Each success adds +1 token. Add +1 if P9 is marked. Add +1 if 'Siren Familiarity' is noted. Then, the Titan makes a single attack (7+) against 4.

Success: *Your Titan leaps at the Siren, a snarl echoing forth from behind the antikratos helm. The two giant creatures clash, a brutal exchange of blows before, with a roar, the Titan plunges its fist into the heart of the writhing mass of tentacles, ripping out something soft and pulsating. A heart maybe? Whatever it may be, the loss of it causes the Siren to shriek before falling over dead, a limp pile of flesh.* Seed .

Fail: *The colossus charges the shelled beast, the pair meeting in a fierce flurry of blows. At first, it seems as though the Titan has the upper hand, but the Siren is canny, a thick tentacle wrapping around the giant's legs and sending it sprawling. With speed you would not have credited the beast with, it lunges at the Titan, landing on its back. You hear the crunches of several fierce bites. Then, suddenly, the Siren goes rigid, falling over dead. The Titan beneath has also perished, but not before plunging its mighty fist deep into the Siren's guts, crushing some vital organ or another.* Deplete .

Mark B2. Regardless of your result, **see 0073.**

0069

The soul-rending shriek is enough to shatter the hearts of any stern warrior, although you manage to hold onto your wits as you look to the source of the noise. There, clambering over the rocks to your left, the immense form of a Siren approaches. Where its maw should be, a ruined, ragged opening, a shattered excuse for a mouth left behind by some grievous wound.

The Jawless Siren howls again, its scream a far cry from the melodic harmony of its kin, and it charges right at you!

If you completed 'Beached' and P9 is marked, **see 0074.**

If you completed 'Beached' and P9 is not marked, **see 0075.**

Each Argonaut tests Fury or Endurance (8+). You may gain +1 to add +1 to the result. Add +1 to your result if C1 is marked. Each success adds +1 Token. Add +1 if P9 is marked. Add +1 if 'Siren Familiarity' is noted. Then, the Titan makes a single attack (8+) against 5.

Success: *Your Titan leaps at the Siren, a snarl echoing forth from behind the antikratos helm. The two giant creatures clash, a brutal exchange of blows before, with a roar, the Titan plunges its fist into the heart of the writhing mass of tentacles, ripping out something soft and pulsating. A heart maybe? Whatever it may be, the loss of it causes the Siren to shriek before falling over dead, a limp pile of flesh.* Seed .

Fail: *The colossus charges the shelled beast, the pair meeting in a fierce flurry of blows. At first, it seems as though the Titan has the upper hand, but the Siren is canny, a thick tentacle wrapping around the giant's legs and sending it sprawling. With speed you would not have credited the beast with, it lunges at the Titan, landing on its back. You hear the crunches of several fierce bites. Then, suddenly, the Siren goes rigid, falling over dead. The Titan beneath*

has also perished, but not before plunging its mighty fist deep into the Siren's guts, crushing some vital organ or another. Deplete .

Mark B2. Regardless of your result, **see 0073.**

0070 *Among the shifting hulks of the Sirens, you spot a shell whose pattern you recognize. The markings, the twist of its spiral, the scarring on the tentacles that protrude from it… this is the same Siren you encountered washed up on the beach, wounded. It has returned to its kind, but does it recall the mercy you granted to it?*

You watch the shifting tide of shells for a while longer, observing how they interact with one another, reaching out to brush each other's shells, leaving traces of their own slimy residue on the calciferous exterior. The entire swarm is in constant communion.

If you do anything to affect the spinning current of their communication, what kind of impact might that have?

Seed . Gain a Sisyphus Tear divine resource. Note 'Siren Familiarity'. **See 0073.**

0071 *You crouch behind a large outcropping, hiding from the shelled creatures for a little while longer. You watch them, taking note of how they interact with one another, as well as how they navigate their surroundings. After facing and slaying the Siren on the beach, you know that your understanding of these creatures is lacking, and you'll take any chance to better understand them, and how to fight them.*

Seed . Seed . Resolve this Dream of Pharos from the Cycle III Storybook. Note 'Siren Familiarity'. **See 0073.**

0072 *Leaving behind the cavern and its open, inviting pool, you move through the depths of this Centimanes ruin, this ancient remnant of a people's long past. Familiar details begin to stand out to you, text etched into sealed doorways, monolithic structures, the neat arrangement of every stony edifice… this is a tomb city, a necropolis, hidden away from mortal eyes for Dead Gods know how long. Did the priests of Poseidon know what their temple sat atop?*

means 'five'

As you delve further, you feel a gust of fresh air across your faces. The pathway you are following leads back out, and towards the still-singing Sirens. And yet, their song has changed. It swells with… urgency? A crescendo approaches, and you feel as though you should witness whatever it is meant to achieve. You hurry onwards until, at last, you emerge onto the sands of the beach, spilling out of a narrow spill out of a narrow cave mouth onto the sands of the beach.

See 0073.

0073 *The coiling melody of the Sirens hitches, rising suddenly in pitch. The more shrill notes scrape their way down your spines, like fingernails on a writing slate. They seem to exude a sense of… sorrow, loss, void. A directionless despair. Something is gone from the world, and with it, the purpose that was once so certain. You can feel every rise and fall of the sinuous lullaby, the swelling of these emotions, and their fading. Everything moves in cycles, looping in on themselves again and again. They call for something, deep beneath the surface. No… far in the past. Maybe both? It is hard to decipher such alien thoughts and emotions as those carried by the song. They're reaching for something, calling to it…*

The sour note suddenly rises, piercing through all other ripples of the chorus like a rusted knife. Something is answering the Sirens, although its voice is far more coarse, ugly. The Sirens suddenly cease their singing, some of the shuffling shells flinching back… was it fear? One emerges from their ranks, a massive creature, its shell covered in blackened slime, rotting seaweed, and a forest of barnacles. It's greyed, ancient, its hoary features defining a long, trying lifetime. It slithers towards the nearest outcropping of the Centimanes ruins.

There is a sudden crack, like thunder breaking. Stone shatters as an enormous fist emerges from the nearest wall, followed by another, and another, hundreds of hands, of all sizes, flail and writhe as they drag an immense mass from the heart of the rubble.

A Hekaton! And yet… this one is different to any you've encountered before. The geometric patterns of the Labyrinth that mar its flesh are struggling against spiraling sigils, coiling images searing themselves into the dried-out, ancient body. The creature moves with an unmatchable ferocity, its hands clenching and unclenching as it twitches, the energy of madness infusing its every motion.

The Spiralized Hekaton slams into the old Siren, casting it aside as easily as your Titans might hurl a mortal. The thousands of fingers rustle together, their vibrations creating a sound that is almost like the roar of a vengeful ocean, the hiss of waves crashing on an endless shore. And there, deep beneath this sound, the echo of a voice, malicious and damnable.

You know there is little time to react, and you quickly spring into action! Three of you race to return to the Argo to join with your Titans, while the last of your number will keep the beast busy, buying enough time for you to formulate a plan.

If 'Argo at a distance' is noted, the previously junctioned Argonaut gains +2 Ʌ as they hold off the Hekaton until the others can bring their Titans.

Choose:

1. *You've learned through your struggles with Temenos that not all battlefields are physical. This creature emerged from whatever despair and dread the Sirens felt as they sung their spiral melody. Perhaps you can inspire them to resist that darkness, and drive the Primordial back through strength of will.* Stand between the Hekaton and the Sirens, defying it with your resolve! **Note**- this will call for great determination and unity! **See 0076.**

2. *Temenos may be dead, but Primordials like this one remain. You must eradicate them wherever you find them!* Call the Argo in to shore to support you as you fight the Spiralized Hekaton. **Warning:** this is a tough fight. Undertake it at your own risk! **See 0077.**

0074 *The Jawless Siren looses another gurgling scream, but this time it is answered. A smaller shelled beast slams into it, knocking the massive creature off balance. A Siren whose shell patterning you recognize, the scars on its tentacles a vivid memory.*

The Jawless Siren howls at the creature you spared on the beach, the pair facing off. The Siren from the beach is far smaller than your Jawless foe, but its presence is just enough to make an opening for you to exploit!

Seed . Gain +1 Sisyphus Tear divine resource. Note 'Siren Familiarity', and **return to the previous paragraph.**

0075 *The Jawless Siren may have surprised you, but you've learned a lot about Sirens in recent days. You've faced others of its kind, and you have become more proficient in facing the shelled creatures of the deeps. You think back to the Siren you slew on the beach, the way it moved, how you countered it, and you know you can face this foe with confidence!*

Seed . Note 'Siren Familiarity', and **return to the previous paragraph.**

0076 *The Hekaton screams again, the forest of limbs swaying as it casts its gaze about looking for a target. Around it, the Sirens keep back, maintaining a distant circle, their motives impossible to decipher.*

Waiting, perhaps.

The Hekaton turns at your approach, sensing in you everything that it despises. Courage. Determination. Hope. It screams the scream of the damned, and rushes towards you.

You stand firm, fending off the storm of incoming blows, but you do not strike back. Your thoughts race back to the final revelation of Temenos at Knossos. This is no battle of might, but rather a struggle of the soul. Instead, focusing on blocking each incoming fist, you turn your minds to your adventures here in Crete, the choices you have made, the determination in the face of near-certain failure you were forced to exhibit, and the philosophy you discovered here- the way of Hope. You hold this tenet firmly in your minds, pushing back against the insidious pressure that the Hekaton's presence tries to exert upon you. Around you, the Sirens watch on.

Each Argonaut tests Courage or Will (12+). If P9, B2, N7, E2, C2, I4, H3 or L7 are marked, add +1 for each. If F9, J1, C3, M2 or J7 are marked, subtract -1 for each. Add +1 for every other Argonaut who succeeds.

Success: *The Hekaton exudes an aura of despairing hopelessness, its creeping tendrils looking for purchase in your minds, but you give it no place to take root. You thrust the fear and resignation from your minds, and cling to your Hope, clutching hold of it as surely as you can.* Gain a Mnemos node, as long as it does not raise a Mnemos above 7 (See Onwards Odyssey Rules).

Fail: *The pervasive dread of the Hekaton casts a deep, dark shadow over your minds, its worming influence digging deep. You cannot fight it, you cannot find any way to escape it, and slowly, it begins to win influence over you…* Gain a Fated Mnemos.

And then, you hear it.

The Sirens raise their voices together as one, a rising hymn of thousands. The Sirensong begins anew, but this time it has a different quality. A delicate breeze after a storm.

The Hekaton flinches back from the rising chorus, retreating as if burned. Another shriek tears loose from its core, but it is drowned out. It begins to flail, but its motions are becoming weaker, slower. Then, at last, it collapses, the connections between the myriad limbs disintegrating as the core of the beast dissolves into black sludge.

The Hekaton is dead!

See 0085.

0077 *The Spiralized Hekaton screams, a mouthless mouth giving vent to so much pain, anguish and fear. The shrieks of the damned echo in your Titans' ears as you square off with it. Behind you, the Argo stands ready to give its support, a mountain of metal at your backs.*

Proceed to the Ambush Battle on p. 112 of the Cycle I Storybook. The Spiralized Hekaton is a Level 4 Hekaton with the Spiralized Trait (see below) and the Starfish Trait (see Level 5)!

Spiralized: Each time a Titan uses Ψ to re-roll 1 or more dice, place 1 token on the Fist for a Fist Trait.

If you have learned the Fate of the Centimanes (you'll know), you win automatically! **See 0078.**

Before combat begins, read each of the following that applies:
If 'Deep Secrets' has been noted, **see 0080.**
If 'Spiral Perspective' has been noted, **see 0081.**
If 'Fanatical Insights' has been noted, **see 0082.**
If 'Deafless Backup' has been noted, **see 0083.**
If 'Siren Familiarity' has been noted, **see 0084.**

Battle Victory: **See 0078.**
Battle Defeat: **See 0079.**

0078

The Hekaton falls back, one of your Titans leaping upon its broad body. The rest of your surviving Titans surround the creature, grasping at flailing arms as you try to pin the beast. A forest of fists flies at the aggressive Titan, trying to swat it away, but a sudden presence is all around you. The sirens move in, their tentacles snapping out to grasp at the thicket of hands. Hundreds of fleshy appendages hold the Primordial fast, leaving it exposed. The Titan astride its form raises its weapon, the drum-heart of the creature lying open, vulnerable. You swing, and strike true! The Hekaton perishes with a scream of torment, its body going limp.

Gain +1 . **See 0085.**

0079

Your last Titan falls, the Hekaton unleashing a vicious flurry of strikes that reduces it to pulp in a blinding moment. As you awaken back in the Balaneion, you race to the edge of the Acropolis Deck, to look for the monster. Fear surges in you. Without your Titans, surely the beast will now turn its gaze towards the city-ship…

The Hekaton bellows a vengeful shriek, the myriad arms turning this way and that as it looks for a new target. Sure enough, it turns towards the Argo, and yet it has no time to attack before a tide of shelled forms swarm towards it. The sirens flood it in an endless wave of coiled, flailing bodies.

The Primordial roars furiously, its multitude fists swatting at the tentacled creatures, but it is a frantic gesture. There are too many of them, and only one of it. The beast staggers, falls, and is swallowed up by the flood. The sounds of crunching, wet chewing echoes on the still night air as the Spiralized Hekaton falls silent.

See 0085.

0080

The Hekaton lets out a rustling growl, a strange and alien sound coming from the heart of those clustered hands. You look up at it through your Titans' antikratos helms, seeing the patterns of movements in those myriad fingers, swaying like kelp fronds under the sea, moving in waves that mimic the ocean currents. And there, at its core, a malevolent consciousness. There are others like it, in the deeps. Like whatever lay at the end of that immense chain. All are connected, in the spiral current…

Ignore the Starfish Trait. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0081

You march towards the Primordial, the blood pounding in your Titans' ears as they flex their muscles, ready and hungry for this clash. One of your colossi moves slightly faster than the others, eager to unleash its fury. As you race towards the creature, you stumble, your giant's immense foot slipping on a slick surface. You look to it. A siren's shell, buried in the sand. No, a shield. "Use it," you hear your own voice, but as if it was coming from far far away. "And change their fate. But when you come to Delphi you must…!" The voice cuts off abruptly.

For this Battle only: Gain the Shellusalem Gear card (Secret deck 8, card number 95). **Remember, return this card to its deck as soon as this Battle ends!**

Return to the previous paragraph.

0082

The Hekaton lowers itself, broad body expanding as the thousandfold arms clench and release, a sick mimicry of a living beast's bellow. There are some on Crete who fell to fanatical worship of such monsters, but not you. You've learned to see through the bedazzling wrath of these beasts, and instead you only see a monster that you know very well how to kill. Time to put those insights to use…

Place a -1 token in the Kratos Pool. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0083

As your Titans move to surround the Hekaton, your minds recall the few moments shared with the Deafless, the lessons their commander had shared with you, the insights he gave you on how to bring down a monster far larger than yourselves. He was talking about mortals hunting giants, but surely the same principles can be applied here, where your Titans face a Primordial…

Gain Wise Providence. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0084

The massive fists that serve as the primary support of the Hekaton, its 'forefeet', pound the sand with thunderous power. On their wrists, the spiraling pattern twists and spins, pulling at the eye. But you have faced creatures bearing this pattern before, and you will not be mesmerized by the twisting imagery!

Ignore the Spiralized Trait. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0085

Silence hangs over Oikos Island, the night's dark brooding closing in around you with alarming suddenness. The sirens, with no recognition of your presence, slither back into the sea. In moments, the beach is empty once more, the only evidence of its strange visitors being the spiral trails in the sand.

You gather up the remains of the Hekaton for further study, although you're not sure what new insights it might grant. As the Argo makes ready to leave, the maelstrom cutting Oikos off from the rest of the world now notably absent, you cast your gaze back. The island is crumbling, as if an influence that was holding it up has now vanished. Soon, Oikos will vanish beneath the waves, and all remnant of the strange place shall be gone.

Just what happened here, you're still not sure. The Spiral Secret, whatever it may be, remains beyond your reach. But, you feel like you have made some impact, your defiance of the Primordial sure to be remembered in the currents of the sirens's endless communion. Will this maybe be remembered for the better?

In the coming days, news reaches you from the rest of Crete. The sirens are gone, their attacks ended. Where they have vanished to, you may never know.

Seed a chosen bonus from: +1 , +1 , +1 or +1 . Then, **see 0086.**

0086

That night, as you lay your head down in your chambers, you are yet again visited by a dream. The depths close in around you once more, your coiling shells and sleek, amorphous bodies shift hither and yon on the abyssal currents. Around you, your shoal mates move in similar patterns.

And then, you hear it again, the call from the Abyss, the alluring song of something ancient, primal, massive. The blackness at the heart of the deeps hungers.

"The fire spreads."

At first, you feel the compulsion to go to the source, to answer the call. But then, as if to challenge the summons, your own song rises from your throats, matched by the rest of your shoal. The song of defiance, and of hope.

Your shoal turns away swims to the surface. Below, the black flames surge like wildfire.

Important: If you gained a temporary Gear card in one of the paragraphs (you'll know), it's time to return it from whence you took it!

Then, mark J4, and **return to the Voyage Phase.**

Hub 2: Angular Truth

α	**Doomsayers**	
1–2	**Pirates of the Labyrinth**	☐
3–4	**Justice**	☐
5–6	**Blessing**	☐
7–8	**Tithe**	☐
9–10	**Afterlives**	☐
Ω	**The Maw**	

α Doomsayers — *Voyage*

Seagulls squawk overhead, their shrill cries echoing far on the crisp, salt-scented air. Below, the polis of Zakros bustles with activity, its people rushing about to attend to the tasks of the day. The rebuilding of Crete following the ravages of the Labyrinth and its Primordial parasite, Temenos, is well underway. One could say there is a sense of… hope in the air.

The Argo sits at anchor in the wide bay before the polis, looming over the harbor, its hull scarred but unbreached. Dozens of triremes flit back and forth between the city-ship and the land, shuttling supplies to the iron behemoth in anticipation of its upcoming journey. Soon the city ship shall embark on the next leg of its voyage, heading for unknown waters.

If K5 or O4 are marked, **see 0001.**
If L5 or P7 are marked, **see 0002.**
If O6, O7 or N5 are marked, **see 0003.**
If O5 or P6 are marked, **see 0004.**
If M5 is marked, **see 0005.**
If P5 is marked, **see 0006.**

1–2 Pirates of the Labyrinth — *Crime*

The wreckage bobs erratically across the tips of the waves, tossed about like so much meaningless detritus. You look over the devastated fishing fleet with a grim twist to your lips as the last of the survivors are pulled from the water, shivering and looking about with wild eyes.

It takes some time to calm them, but eventually you manage to get a straight account from one of them – pirates. A fleet of marauding vessels plaguing the Cretan coastline, their sails dyed black, their hulls marked with sprawling geometric patterns that are hauntingly familiar to you.

"The pattern sends a message, inspires fear, but that doesn't mean the people on those ships truly hold to the Truth of the Labyrinth." The Old Priest observes.

"Either way, we need to put a stop to this." Your party leader insists. "The people of Crete have suffered enough. These raids end, one way or another."

As one, you turn your eyes to the coast, to a towering cliff-face directly ahead of the Argo. Narrow, unnaturally straight clefts have been gouged into it, tight canals that delve deep inland. Remnants of the Labyrinth trying to wrestle the island into its image.

"No way we're getting the Argo in there." One of you states.

Choose:

1. The more direct approach is usually the most effective. You can take your auxiliary fleets in there, flush the pirates out of whatever den they're hiding in, although the risk to your own troops will be higher… Enter the mazed canals and chase down the pirates. Deplete ✕. **See 0035.**

2. You should be cautious. In there, the enemy have the advantage, and you'll be vulnerable. But, they have to come out sometime. The Argo can lie in wait, catch them trying to emerge from their hiding place. Wait and ambush the pirates when they emerge from the mazed canals. Deplete ☾. **See 0036.**

3–4 Justice — *Deed*

The massive bronze doors loom tall above you, easily twice as tall as your lankiest Titan. A workshop of Daedalus, lost among the twisting canyons of Crete. You could hardly believe your luck when the scouts reported the find.

Now, the lost site lies before you, found once more, the impressive carved façade of the threshold depicting the deeds of Herakles, scenes from the Typhon cullings, and other, stranger visions you do not recognize. One-eyed giants

locked in war with lean, grey-skinned colossi, gargantuan ships cresting the horizon, a vast vessel that eclipses even the sun…

You pull yourselves away from the odd carvings, instead focusing on the doors themselves. They are immense, heavy, and barred shut. It will take a lot of work to pick the locks and release them…

Choose:

1. *You don't have time to waste meddling with odd contraptions. Your giants can break down any barrier, and the sooner you're inside, the better.* Seed . Deplete . **See 0037.**

2. *If you have learned anything from your dealings with the Labyrinth, it is that the creations of Daedalus can be… temperamental. Better to wait, and have Alkibiades and his teams tease the doors open.* Seed . Deplete . **See 0038.**

5–6 Blessing — *Gods*

Legend has it the magnificent Daskala library of Crete has been haunted since its abandonment during Theseus's War, but once you get to the city, you discover that's far from the truth. The edifice stands tall among the small buildings scattered around it. Even though both time and tragedies of the post-Eschaton era left marks on the once gilded façade, its beauty is still undeniable.

"Those heretics profane the holy halls of the Gods!" says Myron, a disgraced priest of Zeus, who was one of its former caretakers. His eyes are wild and become even more so when he learns you intend to enter the library. He spits. "Scrawling their markings over the walls, pawing through the ancient texts… animals, all of them! They should be hunted down as such!"

He pushes for you to storm the building, root out the lingering remnants of the cult with all the ferocity your troops can muster. Only then will he aid you in exploring within. However, you are hesitant to commit to such a show of force. These people have lost their prophet, their God, their drive… they are desperate and rudderless, like this Myron might have been just after the Eschaton. Maybe a softer touch is in order…

Choose:

1. *You need the priest's aid, and the longer you wait, the more damage these lingering cultists could cause. Better to root them out swiftly.* March on the library in a show of force. Deplete . **See 0048.**

2. *While the priest could be useful, you also need to think about the welfare of the people lured in by the cult. They need a gentler, more measured touch. Maybe they can still be reasoned with, if approached slowly and calmly.* Send some emissaries to speak with the cultists, and try to negotiate with them. Deplete . **See 0049.**

7–8 Tithe — *Heritage*

As you move through one of the coastal towns of Crete, securing supplies before the Argo embarks on the next leg of its voyage, you find yourselves caught in the midst of a heaving throng, a tumultuous gathering in the heart of the main square. There, you see a man standing on a stack of crates, holding himself with a very officious air, an unfurled scroll clutched in one hand. His expansive belly heaves as he bellows over the clamor of the people.

"The Labyrinth scourge has passed, but it has exacted a heavy toll upon Crete!" He proclaims. "Each and every one of the island's peoples, and all transients passing through, must pay their fair share to shoulder the burden. It is the only way we shall rebuild what has been so grievously damaged!"

A tax collector, you realize, possibly sent by the island's newly empowered leadership to exact levies from the locals. You know such fees can be hefty, often driving people to desperation to settle their debts to the government, and yet at times they are necessary. Without them, roads cannot be built, an army cannot be fed, and trade would disintegrate into an unregulated maze, something which the islanders have had quite enough of lately. You shake your heads, moving to turn away, but soon find yourselves caught by the tax collector and a few of his more heavily muscles guards.

"Ah, the Argonauts!" His voice oozes like honey, waiting to trap any curious flies. "I knew as soon as I laid eyes upon you, you had to be the legendary heroes!"

You are cornered, unable to avoid the profusely sweating officiant. He continues to speak on, finally getting to his point- the Argo, like any merchant or mercenary company, has dues it owes to the island. He lists a few ways the debt can be settled, smoothly outlining a vast fortune of wares he expects you to simply part with.

Choose:

1. *It rankles you to be so extorted by a petty bureaucrat. After all, are you not the heroes of this island, the saviors of Crete? But you realize that you must set an example for the people. If one is seen to dodge their debts, then others will follow, and the system will break down.* Pay the tithe. Deplete . **See 0053.**

2. *You don't care who this man represents, he cannot just squeeze you for funds like this. You are the Argonauts! You won't submit to a stylus-pusher's demands.* Refuse to pay. Deplete . **See 0054.**

9–10 Afterlives — *Tragedy*

The agora pulses with tense energy, a massive crowd gathering before a large platform, behind which the towering edifice of a temple of Poseidon looms. As you approach, curious, you see a vividly garbed priest stride out, dragging behind him a woman bound at the wrists, her head bowed wearily. Geometric lines worm across her flesh. The priest steps up, beginning a carefully rehearsed speech.

"After the Eschaton, this woman stopped performing her spiritual duty as a priestess of Poseidon in this very temple." He looks at her with pity. "Maeona turned to the maze, seeking solace there. She found none. Now that Crete is rising from the abyss, her crimes need to be addressed."

"What we were doing here in the name of Poseidon was wrong." The woman, Maeona, speaks calmly, but there is a subdued anger behind her every word. "We were abusing our power. We were hurting those who came to us for succor. How is that helping people? We forced them to live in misery, to dedicate their lives to something that didn't even save us in the end. We tricked them into wasting their devotion, their lives, on empty promises from worthless beings."

The priest remains oddly quiet for a second, his gaze unfocused, as if parsing through ancient memories and not liking what he found there. "Was your Labyrinth any better?" he finally asks.

"In the maze, I sought shelter from our blistering faith in the Olympians, but all cults are the same, in the end. I reject the Labyrinth as I rejected Poseidon."

"That is… that is good. I can… I can forgive you for your divine transgressions. Still, the crimes you are accused of are secular in nature and there needs to be a secular punishment." The priest says with a heavy sigh. "Minoan laws are clear as to that. Death."

"So be it." She manages to stand up. "What will happen, will happen."

The priest orders the temple guard to step up and take her away to face her fate. But does she really deserve it? The fanatics of the Labyrinth were drawn to the cult for myriad reasons, some quite understandable. That was what made it so poisonous, so tempting. Are you to punish every former cultist for following what their despairing hearts led them to believe? Are our sins etched into our souls as eternally as those maze tattoos mar the flesh? Is there no redemption possible?

Choose:

1. *Cultist or not, Maeona is a mortal woman, with the same drives and inclinations as any one of you. She saw enough pain and suffering to lead her to give up, and walk into the waiting arms of the Labyrinthians. She deserves a second chance, no matter what sins she may have committed in her dark despair.* Break Maeona out of her imprisonment and save her from execution. Seed . Deplete . **See 0055.**

2. *The Labyrinthians are a dangerous sect, and they sow chaos. If Maeona committed crimes in the name of the maze, she should be judged for them by the people. They need to see order has been restored and the fate of the island is in their hands, not Minos's, Theseus's, the Labyrinth's. Or yours.* Do nothing, and allow Maeona's execution to go ahead. Seed . Deplete . **See 0056.**

The Maw — *Fate*

All of your investigations have led here- a nondescript stretch of Cretan coastline, utterly unremarkable. And yet, the desperate remnants of the Labyrinthian cult flock here, drawn by an irrational need. The Maw of the Labyrinth you have heard whispers about. Is it a re-emergence of Temenos? A ruse? A pipe dream of those who still cling to the 'Truth'?

You'll soon find out…

The cliff-face opens abruptly ahead of you, a sudden rift gouged out of the hard stone. Seawater flows in through the narrow opening, roaring into the tight confines of the ravine. You have a hard time saying whether it suddenly appeared, or you were merely not looking at things in the right way…

If you completed *Pirates of the Labyrinth* **see 0016.**
If you completed *Tithe*, **see 0017.**
If you completed *Justice*, **see 0018.**
If you completed *Blessing*, **see 0019.**
If you completed *Afterlives*, **see 0020.**

Your flotilla makes its way into the cleft, working your way through unnaturally straight waterways with sheer, perfectly aligned walls towering far above you on either side.

If C2 is marked, **see 0021.**
If C3 is marked, **see 0022.**

0001 *While you would be the last people to indulge in any kind of nepotism or exploiting your connections for profit, you have to admit that having one of your former comrades sit on the throne that Minos left vacant has its advantages. Your old ally has ensured that your ship receives the best that Crete has to offer, including a few pieces of valuable tekne that you will be able to put to use on your odyssey.*

Gain Temenos Scale Shield Cycle II Gear card. **See 0007.**

0002 *Standing upon one of the docks of the polis, you watch as the fleets of supply vessels scuttle back and forth. As the wind shifts, your gaze drifts to the open waters nearby, where other ships sit at anchor, observing you with wary eyes. The blue and white sails of the Athenians is hard to ignore, a near constant presence wherever you go in the new Crete you helped to create. The Symmachy certainly wasted no time in cementing power here, firmly establishing their proxy rule. "Is progress such*

a bad thing?" asked your Symmachy friend when you shared your misgivings. Indeed, their presence here has been good for the Argo, providing you with many useful materials for your ongoing voyage to Sparta.

At the start of Cycle II, Symmachy: Diplomacy +1. **See 0007.**

0003 *The Minoan hierarchy left behind by the Bull King holds strong on the island, buoyed up by your support of their leadership. While your time in Crete may have uncovered some of their shortcomings, forcing them to adapt and evolve, some of the old structures remain in place. Perhaps it is for the best, to ensure stability in the face of unusual times.*

Regardless, your connections to the dynasty of Minos has earned the Argo many favors, including a bounty of supplies, ambrosia, and even a few sturdy shipwrights who work night and day to repair damage to the city ship's hull. The Argo is more seaworthy than ever, and ready for the next step in its journey.

Gain +1 . **See 0007.**

0004 *While initially chaotic and ill-organized, the Hornsworn regime has swiftly gained control over Crete, securing power in the face of lingering pockets of Minoan loyalists. The resources may not be as evenly distributed as you'd hoped, focus still being put on supplying the locations of more strategic value rather than the farming communities and the regions worst hit by the recent strife, but at the same time the people feel more motivated, more empowered. You helped shift power from the elite to the common folk, and now they work for themselves, striving to make a better Crete together. Your actions have inspired many, and more than a few former Hornsworn warriors wish to join the Argo on the next part of its voyage.*

Gain +1 ✕. **See 0007.**

0005 *You strove to avoid picking sides in the conflict, refusing to play favorites, and in the end you helped Crete to shape itself into a new being, one led by a conclave of equals from all layers of society. Former Minoan loyalists, ex-soldiers from the Hornsworn movement, even a few Labyrinthian cultists who managed to reclaim their lives and forsake the movement's tenets, all working together for a better future. Now, the people of the island walk tall, as if a burden is lifted from their shoulders. There is something… intangible here, something hard to grasp, a feeling… a feeling that you've started something new, something bigger, something truly unique for the aeon of mortals.*

The fledgling government, deeply grateful to you for your aid, has been keen to shower you with rewards, fully supplying the Argo and its warriors for the journey ahead.

At the start of Cycle II, gain +2 Humanity. **See 0007.**

0006 *A hero turned monarch, Theseus was slow to take up the mantle of rulership, and yet perhaps that reluctance is what makes him ideally suited to lead. The people adore him, the military is fiercely loyal, and even the Minoan remnants find value in supporting the Hero-King's rule. Stability and peace reign over Crete.*

Knowing you will leave soon, Theseus himself has come to Zakros to oversee the resupply of the Argo, ensuring you receive the best that Crete has to offer.

Gain any chosen Argo-bred Titan you do not currently have in your stock. **See 0007.**

0007 *"Repent!" The piercing cry grabs your attention, drawing your gaze towards the small stack of crates in the heart of the harbor, where an… eccentric figure stands proud. Her robes are adorned with hastily daubed patterns, an attempt at geometry and the designs of the Labyrinthian Cult, but clumsy, inaccurate. Scarcely a straight line can be found in her designs. She has even taken the time to paint the pattern upon her face, drawing it with the reckless abandon of a child. "The end approaches!" She shrieks. "The Great Temenos will have her vengeance upon the faithless, and the Labyrinth will consume all!"*

Jeers and mockery rises from the crowd around this spokeswoman, people dismissing her words out of hand.

"You laugh now, but your fate is already sealed!" She proclaims. "The Great Iron Ship shall be sundered, and the Maw of the Labyrinth will open to devour all!"

That last threat catches your attention, drawing you closer. You know better than to ignore any implied danger to your home, no matter how unreliable the speaker may seem. You push your way through the crowd, but by the time you reach her makeshift pulpit, she is gone. You look to the crowd, spotting the harbormaster among those shaking their heads despairingly.

"Who was that?"

"Hmm?" The harbormaster grunts. "Oh… Kephinia. She's always been a mourlos, but after she fell in with those Mazetouched zealots… yeah, she's just got even more crazy."

"She still holds on to the truth of the Labyrinth?"

"Some rats will insist on clinging to the deck of a sinking ship, even as it drags them down to the bottom." The harbormaster shrugs. "There's a whole bunch of 'em. They show up around town every day, give their sermons, then vanish just as quick as they appear. Some of 'em head off into the hills, but the others… not sure where they scurry away to."

You glance back to where you last saw the Labyrinthian doomsayer preaching, a troubled feeling in your guts. Something about the way she spoke, the sheer belief she exemplified… it bothers you.

Choose:

1. *You don't have much time before you're due to depart Crete, and you cannot afford to delay your voyage, but you also don't want to leave the island facing any lingering threats. The most expedient path would be to seize one of these 'Doomsayers', to question them directly.* Capture and interrogate one of the Labyrinthian fanatics. Seed ✕. Deplete . **See 0008.**

2. *If some of the fanatics have been seen coming and going from the hills around the polis, maybe there is a settlement or hideout you could find there, if you feel that you can expend the time and men to mount an expedition.* Explore Mazed segments of the island to find more information. Seed . Deplete ✕. **See 0012.**

0008 *You wait a day for a Doomsayer to appear. You are not disappointed. Before the sun has even arisen over the rooftops of the buildings to the East of the polis, Kephinia arrives at one of the many squares, screeching her baleful prophecies.*

You move to detain her, but she is alert, and sees you coming. She tries to slip away in the crowds, weaving her way into the back alleys and streetways of the town. As you pursue her, you become aware of a change in the air around you. A dull silence, the noise of the crowds fading behind you. Graffiti appears on the walls, hastily painted in blacks and reds, endless lines of mazelike geometry that fills you with apprehension.

If D2 is marked, **see 0009.**
Otherwise, **see 0010.**

0009 *The Labyrinthian somehow manages to keep ahead of you, her scurrying feet carrying her on an erratic path through the web of pathways. You begin to feel your head spin, losing track of the route you've taken. Did you already see this tholos? You could have sworn you passed that oikos several turns back…*

A growing dread seeds itself in your minds. Is this fanatic carrying the Maze with her still? Does the Conundrum of Temenos persist? Suspicion and anxiety mounts within you.

As you arrive at a crossroads, you look to either side, uncertain where your quarry went, until a sudden cry reaches your ears. You follow it to find Kephinia pinned to the ground by a familiar figure – Baerios of Crete, the former Hornsworn general whose life you saved. He nods to you, keeping the cultist held firm. "Argonauts." He grunts. "You here for this madwoman, too? Come to see what she knows about this 'Maw' they keep talking about?"

Kephinia sags in his grasp, defeated. You nod your thanks to Baerios, the former general joining you as you take your prize back to the Argo.

One of you gains a Mnemos node for the Mnemos card they have the least nodes for. **See 0011.**

0010 *You pursue Kephinia doggedly for some hours, the fanatic always seeming to keep one step ahead of you. At one point, you begin to suspect that the streets of the polis itself are turning against you. Familiar locations turn up again and again, and always there is another series of twists and turns to slow you down and confuse the mind. Is the Labyrinthian maybe carrying the Maze with her, trapping you in an endless puzzle of her design? Worry and suspicion flood your minds…*

The sun is high in the sky before, finally, you are forced to give up. Kephinia is gone, and you have no way of tracking her down. Anger fills you, frustration at your prey escaping your grasp. You were so close!

As you are venting your frustration over the lost time, a figure emerges from the streetways, moving furtively to approach you. He glances back over his shoulder frequently, his hood falling away to reveal his marked skin, the remnants of the Labyrinth's corruption clinging to his flesh. Not the crude recreation of Kephinia, but the actual twisted affliction spread by Temenos.

He identifies himself as Enesthos, a former acolyte of the Labyrinthian Cult, freed with the fall Temenos and the departure of the Punished. He has been observing this new Cult for some time and wants to help you bring them down.

Relieved your endeavor was not a total loss, you take the former cultist back to the Argo for further questioning.

Gain +1 of Ares. **See 0011.**

0011 *You take your Labyrinthian informant back to the city-ship and question them about this new cult emerging. The reborn fanatics of Temenos, still mourning the loss of their 'God' and their foremost prophet, are looking for a new structure to give them meaning. The cult seems to have developed an obsession with something they call the 'Maw' of the Labyrinth, and they believe it will open soon, and unleash some terrible fate on the island and on the city-ship that dared oppose Temenos. This opening will happen in a matter of weeks, and these Labyrinthians gather to witness it.*

"It is as it has been in the Olympian Age," says the Old Priest with a sigh. "You can open their eyes, but there is not much you can do if they forcefully avert their gaze. Abandoning this 'Truth' can only be a choice."

You turn in for the night, only to be awoken in the small hours by a terrible clamor. You rush

to the lower decks, to the quarters assigned to your informant, only to find the two guards you had posted slain, the door broken open, and your informant gone. They swooped in and snatched them from your midst, almost effortlessly. Clearly, this cult is not to be underestimated. You need to find the 'Maw', and put a stop to their activities.

Seed . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0012 *You return to the Argo and from there mount an expedition to the hilly highlands of Crete. While a journey inland may take more time, you know it will be better to look for the base of the Doomsayers, rather than snatching their proselytes off the streets. The people of Crete are tense enough without needing to fear that the Argonauts are abducting citizens at will.*

If J7 is marked, **see 0013.**
Otherwise, **see 0014.**

0013 *As you crest the ridge, you stop in astonishment. You swear your eyes deceive you. There, in the valley below, you see the unmistakable ruins of the City of the Bull, of the city you know you found elsewhere. It looks as if it was… dragged, no,* reconfigured *here. Was this what would happen to the world if you let the Labyrinth have its way? An otherworldly upheaval of reality itself?*

In silence, you descend to the city. Its streets are hauntingly empty, the twisted structures stripped of all metal of value to leave bare wooden bones and stone foundations. Scavengers have taken their fill of Minos' Folly, picking the abandoned polis clean. The alleys warp and bend in ways that seem unnatural, a lingering effect of what happened here, but by far the biggest relic of the Primordial's presence is the immense sinkhole that occupies the city's heart. Like a gaping wound, the tear in the land's surface plunges deep underground, exposing passages of the maze, like veins and arteries in a severed limb. Was the City of the Bull everted through this hole?

Suddenly, you see some movement and realize that the place is not as abandoned as you had first thought. Labyrinthians still wander through the twisting metropolis, searching for meaning after losing their leader and their deity. It is almost as if the exposed viscera of the Maze in the wound brings them comfort, of a sort.

One of you gains a Mnemos node for the Mnemos card they have the least nodes for. **See 0015.**

0014 *Your expedition ventures far inland, clambering up into the hills of Crete in your pursuit of these 'new' Labyrinthians. Eventually, you find a protrusion of the Maze, lost in a tight ravine. Passages erupt from the earth, cancerous growths that part the soil and spread like the roots of a weed across the surface. There, you find a small group of people clinging to the surface of the Labyrinth like a remora affixing itself to an ocean giant. They seem to draw a kind of peace and security from being close to their precious Labyrinth, harvesting resources from it and bathing in the stagnant aura it exudes.*

The outcropping has unearthed something else too: symmetrical ruins of cut stone, similar to the maze in many regards, and yet made with tools and toil, by a giant's hand: a village of the Centimanes. One of the megalithic walls is adorned by an engraving… is that a two-head wolf holding a sword?

is four.

See 0015.

0015 *Adorning yourselves in ragged clothing, you infiltrate the Labyrinthian community, walk among them and listen to their conversations. While much of it is ruminations of people who have lost everything and themselves to despair, you do manage to pick out a few useful pieces of information. There is a growing fervor about something called the 'Maw of the Labyrinth', and how it will open soon, allowing them to go beneath the surface and unleash the Truth on the iron ship and its followers. You wish to learn more, but the Labyrinthians, wary of strangers in their midst, begin to notice your lack of maze markings. Eyes harden, and improvised weapons are drawn.*

"We are not your enemies," you proclaim, though you doubt they will listen, they have been lied to all their lives.

Yet, before it comes to blows, an abrupt tremor knocks everyone down to their knees. A mazequake? You have slain Temenos, surely the Labyrinth is dormant? As if to mock that very thought, the ground begins to splinter beneath the encampment, soil and sand spills down into hollow below. A few people shriek as they plummet down into the darkness, while others turn and flee. Still more remain on their knees, accepting their fate.

You grab those you can save and make your escape, glancing back at the chaotic scene. The Labyrinth, dormant or active, is still a threat hiding beneath Crete, and the cult that follows it remains a danger. You need to address both, somehow. If you can find out more about this 'Maw of the Labyrinth', maybe there will be something you can do…

Seed . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0016 *The small fleet of former pirates follows the iron ship closely, their craft almost lost in the wake of the behemoth. The information that they have been able to provide your scouts with, knowledge of hidden inlets and deceptively deep passages that even the mighty Argo can pass through, have been invaluable in your efforts against the newborn cult, guiding you in your efforts to stop the fanatics' influence spreading.*

Note 'Pirate Backup', then **return to the previous paragraph.**

0017 *A refitted war trireme of the Horned Guard joins you, paid for by the levies raised from the local population. Sometimes taxes do work, this is something you may still have to wrap your minds around.*

Maybe the Persia described by the tax collector truly is a paradise on earth?

Note 'Horned Guard Support', then **return to the previous paragraph.**

0018 *Your thoughts slip back to the vault you found on Crete, the automaton that lurked within, seeking to make judgment upon you. You know that you are worthy, no matter what Daedalus' creation's estimation of you might be. Briefly, you think about the people whose trail you are following, the desperate cultists clinging to the tenets that once gave them fulfilment, even if it was hollow and harmful. How would the automaton have measured them? Are you not placing yourselves in the same position as that artificial creation by pursuing and trying to put a stop to this resurgent cult?*

Note 'Judgement Endured', then **return to the previous paragraph.**

0019 *Socratoares and his philosophers have been working to analyze the phenomena you discovered in the Daskala Library, unearthing several insights into the nature of the Labyrinth and the way it warps and twists the minds of those it comes into contact with. It has been helpful in understanding the thinking process of these zealots you're hunting, and given you a few edges in tracking them down.*

Note 'Daskala Secrets', then **return to the previous paragraph.**

0020 *Your experience at Maeona's Trial has given you many insights on what pushes a normal man or woman to submit themselves to an insane creed like that of the Labyrinthians. The people were already damaged by the rule of Minos and the Olympian cults, long before the Eschaton. The emergence of Temenos and its twisted following merely gave people already in pain a beacon to flock to, a cause and structure to cling to. You will need to bear this in mind as you chase down these new cultists. They are not an evil to be eradicated, but a wounded and desperate populace to be healed and redeemed.*

Note 'Labyrinthian Understanding', then **return to the previous paragraph.**

0021 *The Marathonian cuts through the waters next to the Argo, the vast Athenian craft still dwarfed in the shadow of the iron behemoth. You are glad to see that Militiades's ship endures after the chaos that engulfed Crete. You'd had your qualms about the Symmachy, but maybe they truly are mortalkind's best bet in these dangerous times.*

"Most people come around," says Militiades with a self-satisfied smile. "You seem… half-way there."

"And if they don't?" asks the Old Priest, looking to the horizon, almost ignoring Militiades. "You coerce them?"

"Convince them. In a variety of ways, some more agreeable than others. It's all for the greater good, in the end." The Symmachy archon looks to the sea. "There's a small matter up north we could use your help on. A prolonged conflict that's in dire need of resolution. One hand washes the other, and all that…"

Ah, so this help from the Symmachy does come with some strings attached. Still, you were going to sail north anyway, might as well oblige. You've slain Primordials, ending a mortal war shouldn't take long.

Seed . Note to gain +1 **at the start of Cycle II**, as soon as you get the Story 1A card. **See 0023.**

0022 *A small fleet of Cretan vessels follows the Argo, miniscule specks compared to the iron ship. While not as impressive a force as you had maybe hoped to muster for the task ahead, this is all who were able to answer your rallying cry, a ragtag flotilla of repurposed cargo vessels, former Hornsworn raiding sloops and a few ships carrying the Bull of Minos as their figurehead.*

Seed . **See 0023.**

0023 *Finally, you emerge from the narrow canal to find a broad, flat plain ahead of you, an expanse of tiled mosaic spreading across the ground, geometric patterns worming their way across its surface like a fungus. The Labyrinth erupted from beneath the land here, and spreads to the very edge of the water, a few errant mazetiles flaking away to sink into the azure.*

The cult is already here. Or, rather, the errant scraps that remain. They gather before a massive pair of heavy bronze doors, covered in a bas-relief of utter madness. Impossible geometric shapes folding in on themselves, squarely circling around images of mortals and other creatures.

At the first sight of the Argo, a clamor of fear rises on the still air, with many of the ragged

fanatics hurling themselves at the doorway. They're trying to pry them open, you realize, using tools, weapons, even their bare hands. Such desperate effort to break in… but even a Titan would have a problem to make these megalithic slabs budge.

What could this vault contain? By the desperate action of the Labyrinthians, you'd say nothing save their Truth itself or a gateway to that Other Place, where the horror that started it all resides.

Then you feel it. The surge of despair rippling through the crowd, more than a little of that anguish finding root in the hearts of your own crew. A surge of fatalistic dread, shining like a beacon. "You will always fail," it seems to whisper, "and then you will fall into darkness, alone."

There is a rumble in the earth, and the mazetiles of the mosaic shift. Bursting open like a slimy mushroom bearing its rancid spores, the center of the tiled expanse swells upwards, breaking apart to reveal a glistering opening in the world. You feel a chill race down your spines, for you have seen this portal before.

Sure enough, a massive shape crosses the shimmering threshold. The broad spread of horns, the bronze hide, the Labyrinthauros is unmistakable. It steps out of the rapidly closing tear, shaking its head from side to side as it looses a monstrous grunt from deep within its internal machinae.

And yet… there is something off about this creature. Its motions are stiff, juddering. The gears of its tekne shriek with every move, sparks flaring from every joint. The belly plates do not mesh fully, and ichorous black seeps from within its guts, spilling across the white mazetiles.

The beast turns from side to side, looking about as if in a daze, before its eyes lock on the bronze doorway, and the cultists clustered before it. The beckoning call of their despair has brought it forth, and now it hungers for that gloom.

With a roar, it charges blindly, the cultists scattering. The massive horns clash against the bronze doors, sundering the metal in a single blow, revealing a long tunnel of Centimanes stonework. Completely empty. The irony is not lost of you.

The Primordial turns, its bronze head in shreds, fleshy pedunculated eyes looking for prey.

Choose:

1. *This beast seems… odd. You have a hard time putting your finger on why, but it moves with an uncertainty you're not used to. Perhaps the fall of Temenos has harmed it, somehow? You could try to take it on, although you know all too well that a wounded animal can be the most vicious.* Fight the Last Labyrinthauros. Warning: this is a tough fight. Undertake it at your own risk! Seed . Deplete ✕. **See 0024.**

2. *This monstrosity was drawn here out of hunger, desperation. The sweet scent of the fanatics' fear was too much for it to ignore. It will kill every last one of them. You need to lure it away, starve it.* Lure the Last Labyrinthauros into the newly-opened tunnel. Note: This will require all of your resolve! Seed . Deplete . **See 0025.**

0024 *You do not hesitate, immediately turning to your forces and bellowing orders. They will keep the Labyrinthauros occupied for the moment while you rush to the Balaneion.*

The metal-skinned monstrosity looses another furious roar, the spears and arrows of your warriors doing little to harm it, only serving to keep its gaze away from the yawning doorway and the cultists scattering away from its feet. It charges towards one half of your troops, then races towards the other. Most of your warriors dive out of the way, but a few do end up trampled or gored.

You won't allow more to die today. You dream the dream of power…

Proceed to the Ambush Battle on p. 112 of the Cycle I Storybook. The Last Labyrinthauros is a Level 5 Labyrinthauros!

Keep this page open as you resolve the Battle and if any of the following conditions are met, see the corresponding paragraph.

If 'Pirate Backup' is noted, **see 0026** the first time a Titan dies.

If 'Horned Guard Support' is noted, **see 0027** the first time a Critical Hit is dealt to the Primordial.

If 'Judgement Endured' is noted, **see 0028** the first time a Titan is Knocked Down.

If 'Daskala Secrets' is noted, **see 0029** the first time the Primordial makes a Trample Response.

If 'Labyrinthian Understanding' is noted, **see 0030** the first time a Labyrinth Terrain tile would be placed on top of a Titan.

Battle Victory: See 0032.
Battle Defeat: See 0031.

0025 *There's no time to spare! The beast is looking around hungrily, and it will surely take out its fury on the Labyrinthians if you do not intervene. Knowing this, you bark orders to your crew, laying out a hasty plan. A long shot, but you've beaten the odds before. Surely you can do it again here.*

You draw the Labyrinthauros's attention, exposing your most inner fears: of not belonging, not being good enough, of the uncertain future and your place in the world. Then, quickly, you move into the Centimanes passage, and the monster follows. Inside, it will be just you against the beast, Truth of the Labyrinth against Hope Logic.

See 0033.

0026 *The Labyrinthauros rears up on its hind legs, hooves the size of wagons pawing at the air as a blast of cold light surges from its nostrils. It prepares to bring them down on your prone Titan- then stops, and stumbles.*

The stamping hooves just miss your Titan's head, and you look up to see figures standing atop a nearby cliff, defiant against the monster from which they would have once run away in fear. You've emboldened them, and now their very presence shudder the hold of the Labyrinth.

Ignore this death, your Titan is knocked down instead.

0027 *Your weapon pierces the monster's bronze hide, a shriek of tearing metal echoing forth from within as vital pieces of tekne rip themselves apart. The Labyrinthauros screams, although whether it is in fury or pain, you cannot tell.*

Before the beast can retaliate, there is a loud twang, followed by another tearing sound. A massive ballista bolt plunges into the opening you just made, shunting deep inside the Labyrinthauros. You glance up to see your Horned Guard escort, holding back on their ship, loading another bolt into their giant deck-mounted ballista, once a weapon they may have brought against your Titans.

Deal an additional Wound!

0028 *As you stumble, the gaze of the Primordial is on you. Immense weight presses in on your mind, a despairing sloth that would crush you into the dirt. Give up, that weight says. Just lay down and die.*

At first, it feels like you cannot resist the impulse, your knees giving way as your feet want to come out from under you. But then you recall the automaton of Daedalus, the lumbering Judgement in its cave. No matter what it had to say, you are worthy in your own eyes, and those of your comrades. This steely determination fills you, and you resist the downwards impulse of despair. You rise back up, whole and ready for the next attack!

Immediately stand up, and place 2 Break tokens in the Kratos Pool.

0029 *The Labyrinthauros races towards you, unearthly light flaring from its mouth and nostrils. You have no time to dive out of the way, and instead drop and roll, trying to evade its hooves by some miracle.*

As the beast's bulk passes over you, you spot the gaps in its belly plating, the seeping ooze dripping from its guts. Memories of what you saw in the Library of Daskala flash through your mind, the insights you gained there.

You may ignore the Trample!

0030 *The ground around you begins to shift, walls suddenly sprouting from the tiled floor. The winding passages of the Labyrinth emerge to entrap you.*
Your thoughts go to Maeona, the former priestess turned Labyrinthian who in the end saw a way out. You, too, must clear your gaze. Shaking your head, you look to the walls again: its tricks of illusion and despair will find no purchase in your mind.

You may either ignore the Labyrinth X keyword (not place the Labyrinth tile) or, alternatively, place them anywhere on the board.

0031 *The last of your Titans falls, the Labyrinthauros raising one of its massive hooves and stamping down on the already buckled Antikratos helm with a loud, sickening crunch.*

And yet, its victory is cut all too short as, with an abrupt shiver, its entire body goes tense, the joints locking in place for a long moment. Then, with a groan, it sags. Black fluid seeps from its torso and spills forth in a foaming flood, and the bronze hide splits in a few places, revealing its glowing innards, slowly fading into nothingness.

See 0034.

0032 *The Labyrinthauros staggers from the last blow, shards of fractured bronze raining down across the flat plain as jets of liquid ambrosia spurt from ruptured veins and mechanisms, the body of the Primordial beginning to fail. It looses a bellow of indignant confusion, head tossing back as it belches cold light into the sky before, with a finality as certain as the setting sun, it collapses, a terrible clamor of rending metal and grinding gears matched by intense hissing and ticking of cooling tekne.*

Silence falls across the plain, your Titans shudder and sag, the rush of battle leaving their veins. You have won, the Primordial is no more.

Gain +1 . **See 0034.**

0033 *The Labyrinthauros races after you through the passage. So far, you have kept ahead of it, but it's on your heels. Then, you arrive at a wall, a half-excavated hall, as if the Centimanes who worked it suddenly gave up and stopped. And so you stop too, and turn back to face the Primordial.*

It has slowed its gait, maybe to savor this moment, its alien gaze slipping across you like a disembodied tongue, cold and wet with hopelessness.

In that moment you feel helpless and alone, and you realize you can never truly kill fear, only overcome, and that the struggle is eternal.

Each Argonaut tests Courage or Will (12+). Add +X to the result, where X is equal to the sum of

every Diplomacy bonus from Cycle I. Add +1 for every other Argonaut who succeed before you.

Success: *Your Titan groans in fear, but does not move. For a moment, Argonaut and Titan are utterly united in purpose.* Your Titan survives.
Fail: *You succumb to despair and so does your Titan. The colossus you are junctioned with falls to its knees, flooded with an ancient fear of unknown origin, then dies from fear.* Your Titan perishes.

After every one of you have performed your test, continue:

The Labyrinthauros looses a primal roar, its metal legs pounding the carved floor of the tunnel as it hurls itself towards you… and then it stops. The last thing you see before you lose the Triskelion connection, is the Primordial keeling to the side, as if struck dead.

Each Argonaut that has passed the tests gains a new ability (note it on their Argonaut Sheet): The first time you would die from gaining the Fear or Dread Condition card, suffer knockdown instead. **See 0034.**

0034

"What happened?" The party leader asks, when they come to in the Balaneion. "Did we win? Did we kill it?"

"You cannot kill fear." The Old Priest says, helping you out of the emerald waters of a Triskelion Junction pool. "But it seems you can starve it. You have brought the light of hope to Crete, and in its brilliance despair cannot blossom.

That battle used up everything the Last Labyrinthauros had left, you realize. That is how lasting your victory over Temenos is. Pride and joy fill you.

In the aftermath of your confrontation, you round up the last of the Labyrinthians, the few scant figures who clung to their 'Truth'. Among them, you find the distraught Kephinia, the same Doomsayer you had encountered in Zakros. The young woman now sags in the dirt, her eyes hollow as she looks down at her empty hands. "Gone, all gone…" She mutters dazedly, wearily. "The Truth is gone, the Maze sealed to us forever… what was it all for?"

You know full well what it feels like to be at such a loss, unsure of what life holds for you, if anything at all. This is how it felt like when you emerged from the Mausoleum.

"The Labyrinth never held the answers, Kephinia." One of you reaches out to squeeze her shoulder. "It only fed your despair and preyed upon your fear for its own growth. I know letting go of something you believed in so fully is no easy thing, but a faith that drags you down does not have your best interests at heart."

She nods quietly, slowly. You know full well that the scars that led her to the cult will not fade overnight, but maybe she'll have a chance to heal in the coming years. She lifts her head, watering eyes glancing to you. "What will happen to us?" She asks. "The Labyrinthians, where does our fate lie?"

"Only you can choose to leave the Truth of the Labyrinth behind and move forward, so just know this: there is a world beyond it, a life worth building."

A few days later you stand atop the Acropolis Deck of the Argo, surveying the waters ahead, colored crimson, like the setting sun. Behind you, the island of Crete rests atop the waves, peaceful, safe. You have done much for the island, saved them from all kinds of threats, and now they stand ready to rebuild themselves, to create a stronger, better Crete than they once had. You feel a swell of pride at knowing the part you played in this, but you also know that you must recognize the efforts of all of your allies, of every Cretan who was willing to stand up and fight for their home. The spirit of the Argo is reflected in the people you fought alongside, the civilians you saved, the damaged souls you helped to redeem. The island will thrive now, you are certain of it.

With a sigh, you turn your gaze towards the horizon once more. The time to leave Crete nears, the land of Lakonia calls to you…

Seed a chosen bonus from: +1 ✕, +1 , +1 or +1 . **Return to Voyage Phase.**

0035

The scouting vessels launch from the lower bays of the city-ship in much the same way that a vast tree would scatter its progeny on the wind. Before long, you have left the open waters behind you, delving deeper inland along the mazed waterways. The walls of the strange canals loom high on either side, the impassive granite covered in sprawling patterns endemic to the Labyrinth. The scars of Temenos run deep on Crete, and you know it will take time for the people to heal them, but you are confident you've given them a good start.

Before long, your forces engage the Labyrinthian pirates, the ships hastily painted with murals mimicking the patterns of the maze emerging from side channels to flank you in an ambush! You fight them off, there is no will behind them, no ruthless leader or preternatural force, you have knocked those teeth out with Temenos.

At last, the pirates rout, and you chase them back to some kind of fortified hideout deep in the twisting passages. There, their backs against the walls, they stand little chance, and are soon subdued. Sure enough, they are no fanatics of the Cult, no Stewards of the Labyrinth, merely people who lost most of their livelihood to the civil war, and now struggle to make ends meet. Such desperation is understandable, but you know it cannot go unpunished. In the end, you come up with a compromise — under the stern guidance and oversight of your allies, the pirates will work off their debt to Crete, their ships merged into the depleted defensive fleets of the island. In the meantime, their goods are seized, among them a pair of caged colossi that are taken back to the Argo for taming and housing in your Stoa.

As you make to leave, handing the captured pirates over to the local authorities, the fishermen and traders of the region shower you in praise and gratitude. You've made Crete that much safer, and the people will prosper for it.

Seed . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0036

The Argo positions itself overlooking the rifts leading into the mazed canals, your troops assembled on the deck to watch with bated breath. Time marches on, days passing with no sign of the raider fleets until, finally, under the cover of darkness, a clutch of black-sailed ships, their hulls daubed with patterns mimicking those of the Maze, slip out into the open waters. Cries of alarm rise from your scouts, and soon a pitched battle is engaged between your forces and those of the pirates, it's outcome more than certain.

The pirates prove quite maneuverable on the open waves, getting in close to the Argo in spite of your best efforts. A few deck mounted weapons score loud hits on the iron hull, but are unable to make a dent. So outclassed. "There is no force in the world that could match the Argo," one of you says boastfully.

Soon you overwhelm them, foundering each and every ship. You set about salvaging what you can from the waves, pulling survivors to safety and gathering the scraps that remain of the pirate ships and their cargo.

The drenched raiders kneel before you, staring down at the deck in sullen silence. As you walk among them, you realize a truth — these are no fanatics following a Cult. They are desperate opportunists, looking to survive, who used the iconography to their advantage. But they acted out of fear and grave need, their homes and lives destroyed by the island's civil war.

The pirates defeated, their ships destroyed, you decide that there is only one fitting punishment — service aboard the Argo. They will work off their debt among your crew, serving on the scouting and salvage fleets, their local knowledge and skill will be put to good use.

Hearing they will not be killed or enslaved, but rather fed, clothed and given purpose, they cheer. A just punishment indeed.

Seed . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0037

Your Titans hammer on the massive bronze doors, the metal bending and twisting under their immense fists as easily as clay deforms under the potter's hand. In no time, they reduce the doors to scrap, and the darkness of the vault beyond awaits.

See 0039.

0038

You leave to marvel at the carvings and Centimanes glyphs, while Alkibiades and a few of his shipbreakers are summoned from the Argo, the crew setting to work examining and dismantling the locking tekne until, with a booming clang, the lock falls open, the doors swinging wide to reveal the yawning darkness beyond…

 is four.

See 0039.

0039

You step into the workshop, treading cautiously as one of your Titans lifts up a massive torch, more like the beam of a trireme with its end dipped in pitch set alight, to light your way.

The chamber beyond is huge, perfectly circular, its vaulted ceiling far above your heads. The floor is covered in a mosaic of the Goddess Dike, a pair of measuring scales in her hand.

As you walk into the center of the room, motion catches your gaze, a flittering shift on the very periphery of your vision. You look up to see a dark shadow flitter among the arching supports of the chamber, a shifting blackness in the gloom. Six arms and two legs, all ending in long, clawed digits, move spider-like to clutch the worked marble, supporting the sleek yet large figure. A shape reminiscent of that of mortals, aside from the extra limbs. Far larger than any of you, larger even than your Titans.

It scuttles down the wall towards you, finally alighting upon the tiled floor with surprising grace. As it moves closer, you begin to hear the clanking, the whirring, the groan of Makina. It emerges from the gloom, and you see that atop its shoulders sits, not a single head, but rather a chaotic amalgamation of different shapes, covered with a variety of masks, not dissimilar to those of actors in the theatre. Each mask is contorted in a different way, expressing a different emotion. "Mortalssss…" The hissing voice seems to come from all the mouths at once.

"Who- what- are you?" One of you asks, stepping forward to confront the false being.

"I am Judgement." It states flatly. "Minos required all to face justice before his eyes, and yet he was only gifted with two. Daedalus fashioned me to be the infallible scales of justice in this domain, to pass sentence on the unworthy, and reward the sufficient."

"And yet you've been locked down here…" another of you murmurs.

The machina steps forward, misshapen head tilting to look at you. "So… shall you be judged? With what metric shall you find merit?"

Choose:

1. *You're the Argonauts! You don't fear any kind of challenge. You know you're more than a match for this… creation's test.* Agree to take part in this Makina's tests. Seed . **See 0040.**

2. *You're the Argonauts! You won't be prodded and pushed by some enigmatic piece of Makina.* Seed . Refuse to be tested. **See 0047.**

0040

"We will meet your challenge, and show the true worth of the Argo!" You step forward, submitting to the giant automaton's evaluation. The towering being crouches down, long, spindly legs folding underneath it as it brings the immense head down to your level, its eyes glowing brightly as it studies you for a long, quiet moment.

"Offspring of the Argo," it chatters, almost mockingly. Can a machine mock you? "We shall see if you are worthy. Show your best quality, and you shall be weighed!"

The party decides how many shall step forward to be tested. Each player may choose not to participate in the test to give a +2 bonus to one of their comrades. Once the participants have been chosen, choose how you will be tested:

1. *You're mighty warriors, and you're confident enough to show it.* Face a Test of Endurance. **See 0041.**
2. *After the twisting madness of the Labyrinth, no test could confound you.* Face a Test of Cunning. **See 0042.**
3. *No matter the odds, you do not give up.* Face a Test of Will. **See 0043.**
4. *No foe has withstood your battle prowess, you're confident you can face anything this creature might throw at you.* Face a Test of Fury. **See 0044.**
5. *You didn't buckle in the face of Temenos, you're not about to buckle now!* Face a Test of Courage. **See 0045.**
6. *With everything you have seen and experienced, all the challenges you have overcome, you know you can face any challenge!* Face a Test of Wisdom. **See 0046.**

0041

The massive head of the machina bends towards you, one mask among the others drawing closer, a stern face, eyes narrowed as the lips turn downward at the corners. Cold, impassive, evaluating.

Each participating Argonaut must test Endurance (12+). You may gain +1 to add +1 to your result.

No Successes: *The automaton eyes you for a long moment, a surge of emotion seeming to swell within it. Disappointment? It is hard to say.* **See 0047.**

1+ Successes: *"You have endured much on your odyssey, survived grave dangers, faced impossible odds. Like ever-swift Atalanta, you push onwards, enduring the exhaustion that would claim the souls of many others. Worthy! May you endure the cruel lessons to follow..."* One non-participating Argonaut gains +1 permanent Endurance. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0042

As the immense creation shifts its bulk to examine you more closely, one of the masks seems to glow with increased light, as if more aware than the others. A face nursing a sly grin, and eyes creasing at the corners with mockery.

Each participating Argonaut must test Cunning (12+). You may gain +1 to add +1 to your result.

No Successes: *The automaton eyes you for a long moment, a surge of emotion seeming to swell within it. Disappointment? It is hard to say...* **See 0047.**

1+ Successes: *"Your cunning and wit has granted you victory time and again, ever putting you ahead of your foes, like Perseus himself when he fought the Medusa! Worthy! May you pierce through the gilded mirage..."* One non-participating Argonaut gains +1 permanent Cunning. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0043

The automaton shifts its bulk, kneeling on the floor to regard you. One mask among the clutch moves closer to you, an expression with a grim, straight line for a mouth and unreadable, stoic eyes.

Each participating Argonaut must test Will (12+). You may gain +1 to add +1 to your result.

No Successes: *The automaton eyes you for a long moment, a surge of emotion seeming to swell within it. Disappointment? It is hard to say...* **See 0047.**

1+ Successes: *"Your will is indomitable, your determination a fortress untouchable, like that of Penelope, tempted from her path so many times, but always remaining true. Worthy! May you remain true when truth means so very little..."* One non-participating Argonaut gains +1 permanent Will. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0044

As the lumbering artificial creature leans down to inspect you, one mask among the forest of faces seems to take on more life than the others, its eyes glowing brighter. A fearsome expression, one of snarling wrath and hate-filled eyes.

Each participating Argonaut must test Fury (12+). You may gain +1 to add +1 to your result.

No Successes: *The automaton eyes you for a long moment, a surge of emotion seeming to swell within it. Disappointment? It is hard to say...* **See 0047.**

1+ Successes: *"You find worth in martial might, in the glory of battle, and the swell of victory over your foes, like Achilles! Worthy! Maybe too worthy."* One non-participating Argonaut gains +1 permanent Fury. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0045

As the creation looms over you, one of the masks tilts slightly to regard you, its gaze fixing directly on you. The light within those eyes glows brightly behind features that are strong, noble, reminiscent of the heroes of old.

Each participating Argonaut must test Courage (12+). You may gain +1 to add +1 to your result.

No Successes: *The automaton eyes you for a long moment, a surge of emotion seeming to swell within it. Disappointment? It is hard to say...* **See 0047.**

1+ Successes: *"Such bravery in the face of the unknown, like courageous Bellerophon taming the Pegasus. Worthy! May you find courage in yourself to not look back to better days..."* One non-participating Argonaut gains +1 permanent Courage. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0046

The automaton sits on the floor before you, its massive, misshapen head leaning in close as it brings one of the masks in to look at you more thoroughly. A bearded, aged expression, like those of the philosophers and priests of old Hellas. Its mouth turns upwards slightly, a kind smile and warm, rounded eyes full of thought.

Each participating Argonaut must test Wisdom (12+). You may gain +1 to add +1 to your result.

No Successes: *The automaton eyes you for a long moment, a surge of emotion seeming to swell within it. Disappointment? It is hard to say...* **See 0047.**

1+ Successes: *"Hmm... you place thought and reason over physical might, like the Great Inventor himself. Such careful consideration will be key on your voyage ahead. Worthy! Although not as worthy as He is, never forget it."* One non-participating Argonaut gains +1 permanent Wisdom. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0047

The automaton straightens and once again towers far above you and your Titan. The eyes seem to blaze with renewed power, as if bolstered by... fury? Frustration? You have a hard time reading the unmoving masks, each locked into the rictus of its carved expression. "So it must be, mortals. Unworthy. Delphi draws away!" The condemnation thunders from its myriad mouths, striking you with the force of a rockslide. For a moment, you think that maybe the automaton will attack you, but then the light in its eyes is suddenly extinguished, and it goes utterly still. A few heartbeats of time pass as it stands there, a silent statue, before it sags forward, falling to the floor with a crash.

You watch it cautiously, but it shows no further sign of motion. Eventually, you conclude that its internal fire has gone out for the last time, and bring it back to the Argo for further examination. If nothing else, its tekne can be put to good use.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0048

Myron responds with a great deal of enthusiasm when you agree to his plan. There is little resistance once you are there, a few destitute individuals clinging to what little they can find after the fall of their twisted sect. You wonder if maybe being so forceful was really the path to take, if perhaps you could have helped these dispossessed victims if you had approached them less aggressively, but once they see your armor and xiphe bared, the time for talk is long past.

You secure the library, clearing out every remnant of the Labyrinthians, and set to exploring further into the aged, dusty vaults beneath the structure.

Seed . **See 0050.**

0049

Myron's rage at your decision is clear to see, but you are resolute. You send a delegation to go meet with the former cultists.

Leaving your armor and weapons behind as a show of faith, you approach the looming edifice of the library, the zealots slowly emerging to speak with you. For a tense moment, you feel as though maybe the fanatics will attack, but they are weary, broken, lacking in spirit after the fall of their religion. Your peaceful approach has not gone unnoticed, and they are open to negotiating. They just need a purpose.

"There is plenty of purpose to be found onboard the Argo," is all your party leader has to say to convince them.

Seed . **See 0050.**

0050

You descend deeper and deeper into the library, and there, tucked away in the darkest, dankest corner, you find a secret passage. You would have never noticed it, if it weren't for the maze cracks running down the wall. The Labyrinth, for all the damage it has done, has also revealed hidden truths.

Beyond, you find something... unexpected. Rows of shelves, each holding glass jars of all sizes. You wipe away the dust and grime to reveal, much to your shock, that they are not empty. Strange aquatic creatures lurk inside, suspended

in greenish fluid that reminds you faintly of the waters of the Balaneion, albeit somewhat more viscous. You look more closely. Blackish oily skin, unspeakable shapes. And the faintest of thrums, one you know from somewhere, though can't quite pinpoint it.

You move further into the hidden archive, noting still stranger things in the glass prisons, some of them gazing out with dead eyes that are unnervingly alert. Beasts beyond imagining, twisted animals of all sizes. You've heard stories of creatures spawned by curses of the Dead Gods, even heard tell of exotic animals never seen in the lands of Hellas, but none of them match up to these. They cannot be a part of the Olympians' plan, surely.

At the heart of the archive, you find a desk, the scraps of decayed parchments turning to dust on its surface. Most of the notes are illegible, but you find mention of a voyage from the East, and an island overseen by a lone giant…

The longer you stay in this hidden sanctuary, the more you feel exhausted. It is as if these strange creatures carry with them a sickening fog of the mind, a despairing aura. Mayhaps that was what drew so many pilgrims to this place? Or perhaps the essence of these beasts attracted the attention of Temenos?

Choose:

1. The Labyrinthians established a base here because of the secrets of this library. The safest thing to do to avoid the sect taking root once more would be to purge the artefacts. Destroy the relics. Seed ✕. **See 0051.**

2. The tools of the past can teach lessons for the future. You shouldn't throw away this potential gift. Alkibiades and the Last Academy are sure to uncover much, if you deliver the relics to them. Take the artefacts back to the Argo for study. Seed ⍐. **See 0052.**

0051 *Tongues of yellow and orange begin to tear through the hidden vaults of the library. A part of you aches at the thought of so much lost knowledge, but another knows that this is the safer choice. The Truth of the Labyrinth is insidious, a rot that creeps into the mind slowly. This place, whatever it was… it only served to spread despair and dread, better for its taint to be purged completely.*

You emerge into daylight, expecting anger at the desecration you've just committed, but the people look at the column of smoke with relief. You think you understand. First it was the Cult of Zeus, then the madmen of the Maze… the Library had been a magnet for those looking to proselytize their creed and dominate others. Now the locals can thrive, free from influence.

You turn your back on the remnants of the Daskala Library and head back to the Argo.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0052 *A salvage crew is put together and soon enough the hidden rooms are plundered, their contents going back to the Argo. Socratoares and the philosophers are thrilled to have so many specimens to examine, setting to work immediately. A few days later their findings are delivered to you in the Bridge Tholos. While they cannot speak to the origin of these beasts, they can confirm that they are ambrosia-tainted and that they have been preserved in the fluid for at least a few years.*

As the Argo makes to set sail once more, you cast a glance back to the Daskala Library, and the polis lying downhill from it. You cannot help but wonder, even without the relics oozing their corrupting aura from the old ruin, whether the Library will draw another group like the Labyrinthians or the adherents of Zeus into its clutches, once more imposing their creed and rule over the people in the surrounding towns.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0053 *The tax collector grins broadly as you agree to hand over the necessary levies.*

"Excellent." He smarms. "Always a nice change to see Hellenesians willing to pay their dues. You know, where I come from in Persia, the Immortal Treasury thrives because we all pay our way, take on our share of the burdens that fuel the continuous growth of the economy. You should see the heavens-scraping towers we erect! Without co-operation, the wonders of my homeland would simply not be possible!"

Before you can ask him any questions about his exotic homeland, the tax collector sweeps away, homing in on another target to speak with about their 'dues'. A strange fellow, to be sure, but you do find yourselves agreeing with his views. A well-funded society works more smoothly than an impoverished one.

Seed ⍐. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0054 *The officiant's features sour as you flatly refuse his demands, the guards either side of him tensing as their hands creep towards their weapons.*

"I would be careful, if I were you, Argonauts." The collector growls. "In my beloved Persia, those who evade their dues are dealt with… most severely. Only when we all pay our way can society thrive and continue its upwards growth."

"We're not in Persia." Your leader states firmly.

In the silence that follows, you size up the tax collector and his guards, noting now a strange detail that escaped you before. Hidden by their sleeves and collars, crawling mazes of tattoos mark their flesh, a design you know all too well.

"Labyrinthians." Your leader says, trying to remain calm. "Do you still follow your so called 'truth'?"

The tax collector forces a smile. "The Labyrinth cared not about wealth, its philosophy of despair left no room for it. So we remained in the gutter, impoverished and with no desire to change. Misery begetting misery." In that moment you feel a strange sympathy for the man and he sees it. "You made me realize I've been falling back into old ways… not of the maze, but of Minos. Of squeezing people. Pay whatever you can, we'll take any contributions."

With that, he leaves you alone, but with a sense of pride: you did make a difference here, you did change hearts.

Seed ✕. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0055 *You can't allow this to go on. The Labyrinthians sought solace in the cult because they'd lost hope. To offer them punishment now for taking that path will only affirm their loss of faith in life itself. It will confirm that they were right to give up. You've fought too hard to prove that wrong, to help them find meaning and drive once again.*

Following the guardsmen, you wait for your moment to strike and when it finally arises, you move to subdue them, with little to no difficulty, and surprisingly no bloodshed.

As the ropes are cut from her wrists, Maeona looks to you with her sharp, bright eyes, puzzled by your actions. "You… saved me. Why?"

"Because everyone deserves a second chance." Your leader answers, offering a warm smile. "You lost hope. You saw a world dead and lost, abandoned by the Dead Gods in its most dire hour of need."

"I…" She hesitates. "I don't know what to do. I abandoned my old life, turned my back on everything I was raised to believe in. But I couldn't stick with a religion I knew to be hollow, meaningless!"

"Your old life is over, but that doesn't mean you don't have one ahead of you. We mortals can keep going, and so we must, hope itself being our purpose. Nothing more is required of you."

"Yes. Yes, I think I will." For the first time, the woman smiles, meeting your gaze and returning your warmth. "Thank you, Argonauts." With that, she is gone, slipping away into the back streets of the polis. You do the same, taking a different route.

Your actions here will be remembered. Good. If only it was this easy before, you think to yourself and smile. You have come such a long way, became such a power for good. Nothing can change that.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0056 *The decision sticks in your throat like a chunk of gristle, threatening to choke you, but you know you must not intervene. The cult may have seduced this woman in her deepest despair, exploiting her loss of hope for its own ends, but now it's not about her, it's about the people of Crete recovering from a terrible cataclysm. They need to learn to self-govern, to feel the fate of the island is in their hands.*

"However," you hear the priest say, "These are Minoan laws, and the rule of Minos has led us to a dark place we are only now emerging from. We are Cretans. What are the Cretan laws then?" He asks seemingly rhetorically, then demands: "You tell, you are the people. Does this woman deserve the Minoan punishment?"

To your surprise, and elation, the majority of the gathered are against it. They had seen so much death in the last two decades, they have drunk their fill. All they needed to speak against it was to pose the question.

"Mercy it is then," says the priest, relief painted on his wrinkled face. "You walk free, Maeona… though I hope you will stay, and help those who will seek succor."

As Maeona breaks out in tears, the crowd raises a long cheer, and the priest, Andokides as you will know him, approaches you, full of hope and pride. "Thank you for your services to Crete, your bravery in facing Temenos, and your stalwart opposition to the corrupting influence of the maze." He offers you anything you might need for your ongoing voyage.

You can only hope this story of forgiveness inspires others across the island.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

BROKEN PATTERNS MATRIX CODAS

051 *The wind whips at the hillside, the rolling landscape of Crete unfolding before you. You kneel next to your ever-faithful companion, the labyrinthized dog you came to call Mazey, who has clung to your heel ever since you saved him from the maze. A loyal friend, the best of pets, in spite of the strange affliction that leaves him the way he is. "You're a good boy." You reassure him, scratching behind one strangely cuboid ear. "The best."*

Just like others changed by the maze, he cannot ever leave the island.

You lean down, pressing your forehead against his, meeting his gaze, and in that adoring stare you find an understanding. Or maybe you see what you want to see…

Mazey licks your hand one last time. There is only love in his huge, innocent eyes. Now, he gets to live free and comfortable.

"Keep the place safe for me until I come back, boy." You whisper, giving him a final embrace before throwing the stick.

With all the energy and speed his warped frame can offer, Mazey darts off across the grasslands after the stick, barking happily as he frolics in the sun. He doesn't notice when you slip away.

Permanently Discard the Mazey card; the Argonaut who cared for him the most gains a permanent +1 Wisdom. Subtract -2 .

018 *The grassy hillsides rustle faintly as the evening breeze stirs at the fledgling greenery. A few pathways have been carved through the grass, frequently travelled roadways worn down by countless pairs of feet.*

You can see the pilgrim owners of those feet, far below, walking the valley floor as they look up in wonderment at the statues around them. Pristine, gleaming brightly in the light of the fading day, the bull statues of the valley stand proud. A reminder of a grim period in Crete's history, but also a monument to the warmth and love of the fallen princess, Ariadne.

Belemak, the priest, walks among the statues, tending to them tirelessly, kind smile tugging at his lips, a group of acolytes following him. A defender of stories that would otherwise be forgotten, and a loving caretaker of the growing garden dedicated to Ariadne's memory.

Gain +1 . Subtract -2 .

003 *Heady scents fill the garden, the sweet aromas of countless flowers in bloom. A serene haven, deep in the Cretan heartlands, under the shadow of one of the fallen cities, now being rebuilt.*

Your old comrade is there, absorbed in quiet contemplation as they stand before a cenotaph dedicated to the former Queen of Crete, Pasiphae. Their mother.

If The Old Spinner traveled with you, **see 0001** below.
Otherwise, **see 0002** below.

0001 *Your friend smiles wistfully as they place a hand on the cold stone carving of the Queen's name, keeping the contact with the word for a long moment. "All this time, she knew. She never burdened me with my heritage, let me find my own way," they say. "Right to the very end, she tried to put right the things my father had put wrong."*

"We wouldn't have gotten far without her." One of you murmurs, placing a comforting hand on your friend's shoulder.

The former Argonaut nods, bowing their head in another moment of solemn, sorrowful, but also grateful silence. A chance to reconnect with a life once thought lost. A boon in disguise.

Gain +1 Sisyphus Tear divine resource.

0002 *The former Argonaut stands in quiet contemplation for a long moment, lost in their thoughts. As you approach, reaching out to them with comfort and consolation, they smile back at you.*

"One of the mazequakes." They explain. "The people tell me she was wandering the streets of Knossos, posing as an old spinner. Helping those without clothes on their backs or a blanket to swaddle their children in. Even with nothing left, she still gave what she could to her people."

"A true Queen." Your leader nods sagely, before catching your former comrade's eye. "And a loving mother."

"I wonder what it would have been like, growing up knowing her." They sigh. "But it's enough to know she was out there, working to undo the cruelty my father put out into the world. And now, finally, she's at peace."

You stand in solidarity with your kin for another long moment, bonded together by more than just blood. You share in their grief, but also in their forward gaze to the future, brighter and more hopeful thanks to the efforts of people like you, and like Pasiphae.

Gain +1 .

079 *In a small village on the Cretan coast, an old Athenian warship casts a long shadow over the dock. Recognizing the outline of the bulky vessel, you turn towards the nearby taverna, where the sounds of raucous singing and the stink of cheap wine fills the air.*

You step inside, and are immediately swamped by Athenian sailors, cheeks scarlet from too much to drink, their bodies swaying as Dionysus's mischief battles for control of their limbs. And there, at the heart of the celebrations, the wrinkled features of Baerios, former lieutenant to Theseus and commander of these troops. He is all too quick to stagger to his feet, demanding that the Argonauts who saved him and his crew be brought the finest Chios wine the taverna has available. "Tomorrow, we sail for Stymphalia, today we celebate!"

The wine is still sharp, sour and probably watered down, but it matters not. You spend the rest of the night in good company, learning a few Athenian rowing songs and earning the inevitable headache that will follow when dawn breaks. It is good to let your hair down, once in a while, and Baerios's troops are all too happy to accommodate.

Gain +1 .

042 *The Argo lunges onwards, cutting through the waves like an immense, unstoppable blade. Before you, a small fleet of vessels that have been plaguing the nearby coastline. Pirates, looking to exploit the still-recovering Cretans. They won't be allowed to persist, although for now their small size and skilled crew are keeping them just out of your reach…*

Suddenly, a shape emerges from around the headland just ahead. A massive yet sleek hull and brightly colored sails are easily recognized. The Marathonian wheels about, its prow aiming straight at the pirate fleet as a flock of smaller vessels fan out from it. In moments, the pirates' escape has been cut off, and the chase is ended.

The Argo and the Marathonian pass one another, grim giants upon the rolling deeps. As you gaze down from the Acropolis Deck, you imagine for just an instant that the imposing figure at the helm nods to you, the Archon's gleaming helm shining as he acknowledges your presence. Two ships, dedicated to the preservation of law, order and safety on these waters. Then, just as quickly as the massive Symmachy vessel appeared, it vanishes into the distance, gone to prowl other parts of Crete's shores.

Subtract -2 .

071 *The first thing to strike you about the commune is the utter peace that hangs over it. The people within its walls move about in safety, calm and gentle. For ones who suffered so much beforehand, they have found their center, living a kinder life.*

It wouldn't have been possible without the leadership of Laurona, the former Labyrinthian priestess. After the influence of Temenos had receded from her mind, clarity finding purchase once more, she had seen opportunity, turning her cultist haven into a place of recovery and rehabilitation. Here, former Labyrinthians can find understanding and compassion, enabling them to heal.

"Hope logic," she says almost mischievously, "such a small thing can have such an impact. I think you have stumbled onto something that will change Hellas forever. Keep true to it, always."

You stand in the midst of the commune for a long moment, breathing in the peace and feeling the serenity seep deep into your mind. You feel tempted to stay a while yourselves, but know your path leads elsewhere.

The Argonaut with the least Mnemos nodes gains a node (remember the Onwards Odyssey rules!). Subtract -2 . Any Argonaut with the Mazetouched condition is healed.

040 *Whispers ripple through the crowd of sailors in the Trade Fleet Dock. An unscheduled shipment as arrived. You push your way to the front of the gathering. A massive cage and inside it, a giant, watching you all warily, not acting with aggression but yet implying that it easily could, were it aggravated in any way.*

A Titan, delivered to you with little ceremony. You find yourselves questioning who might have gifted you with such a boon, but no answer is immediately forthcoming. The Cretans claim no responsibility, and it certainly was no one within the Argo's crew. As you are about to depart, leaving the Titan for your Stoa handlers to manage, one of you finds a small scroll tucked into their chiton. "Better with you than running wild making a mess. We just got this island put back together, not the time to have a rogue giant break it apart again! Use it wisely. Markos."

You glance about, trying to spot the figure who planted the message on you, but there is no sign of him. The agent might as well be a ghost.

Gain +1 .

033 *The clash of hammer on stone, the rasp of iron sawing through wood, and the boisterous calls of workers fills the air, a bustling operation under which dozens, hundreds of buildings rise. An entirely new district, complete with tholoi, shops, and all manner of homely comfort, grows from the ashes of a polis shattered by one of Temenos's rampages. And*

there, overseeing it all, Crete's new ruler, the former Princess Acacallis.

She turns to you with a warm smile, her eyes sparkling at the sight of you. "Argonauts!" She spreads her arms wide in greeting. "It's so good to see you!"

"Acacallis," You return her smile. "You've been busy."

"Yes..." She pauses. "We're working hard to rebuild. I'm... I'm trying my best, to do right by the people. They need a leader who is there for them, willing to get stuck in, put in the work. I'm trying to be that for them."

"You're already doing so much." You beam proudly. "Crete is lucky to have you."

"I want to make sure that's true." She promises earnestly. "I can't erase the mistakes of the past, but I certainly can make up for them. You helped me to see that, Argonauts. Thank you."

You leave, pausing for a moment to glance back as Acacallis returns to her work, joining a work team straining to raise a hefty timber for a new tholos. Crete is in good hands.

Gain +1 .

017 *Theseus hunches over the disturbed soil, greying beard and wrinkled face glistening with sweat, his fingers plunging deep into the loose soil. It is strange, seeing the man who rules Crete in so humble a scenario, digging trenches to plant crops. And yet, here he is. He glances up as your shadows fall across his work, offering you a weary yet genuine smile, his sad eyes a little bit happier for a moment. "My friends." He greets you, standing and dusting off his clothes. "It is good to see you."*

"Keeping busy?" One of you asks, reaching out to clasp his wrist.

"Yes, well..." He looks down at the field, then up towards the horizon, where one of the Cretan polei sits, waiting. "I find it easier to clear my head out here. The people need to start over, rebuild, and to do that they need food, supplies, wares to sell. It... feels more honest, working a field. Less politicking."

"The rebuilding goes well?"

"Better than we'd feared, slower than we'd hoped." Theseus shrugs. "It's a humble beginning, but it is a beginning. We have a direction, and we have hope. That will be enough to sustain us.

As you watch the King of Crete laboring away, you are overcome with emotions. So strange are the paths we walk. He came here to sow chaos, stayed to sow freedom, returned to sow hope. You feel a swell of confidence. The island and its people stand a good chance with him leading them.

If you didn't have it, gain the Theseus Razor card. Subtract -2 .

022 *The city loom high overhead, as you take a stroll along the new imposing wave breaker. A mountain range of repurposed mazestone, strong enough to withstand a blow from a Primordial, much less a high tide. And there, overseeing the work, stands Pirithous the Hand, the former Hornsword commander and right hand to Theseus himself barking orders to the work crew and the drivers of the Titan trains hauling resources to and fro.*

He welcomes you back, gesturing out at the ongoing work. "For such a long time, I tried to be a blade pointed at our enemies. To follow in Theseus's footsteps," he says, surveying the horizon. "But Theseus was a war leader. And today the people don't need a blade, but a shovel. They're still healing. From the war, and from the Maze." He smiles wryly. "So I will be a shovel. Thanks to you."

"Thanks to us?" You counter, one of your number reaching out to grasp him by the shoulder. "This wouldn't have been possible without you, Pirithous. You have kept the light of hope going for many years. Whenever in doubt, remember that."

"Thank you, Argonauts." The normally bold man looks downwards, still struggling with the weight of the authority and trust he has been given.

Gain +1 and +1 .

021 *You meet with the Queen of Crete, Phaedra, overseeing her court from the broken throne room of the palace of Knossos. "Esteemed Argonauts," she welcomes you, albeit somewhat icily. After all, her grasp on power is largely thanks to your influence, and that kind of debt is not easily carried. "I am informed you will be departing soon?"*

"Soon enough."

"Do not take it the wrong way, Crete is forever indebted to you for the heroic deed you performed in our service. Thanks to you the line of Minos... remains unbroken." Your gazes meet. She is as strong-willed as Minos ever was, perhaps more cunning too.

"What will you do know?"

"The island rebuilds..." She tells you of her plans for Crete, the expansion of its influence and the raising of the standard of living for her citizenry. The legacy of 'the House of Minos' will carry on.

At the start of Cycle II, Helots: Diplomacy +1.

0059 *Militiades stands upon the dock, watching as a swarm of Symmachy teknelogicians set to work refitting the Cretan fleet. Large deck-mounted ballistae capable of bringing down the largest of foes, hull plating of worked bronze and hephaestum, tekne designed to repel attacks from rogue Primordials. A formidable fighting force, more than capable of protecting the Cretan people, and perhaps more.*

You step up next to the Archon, the grizzled commander offering you a thin, careful smile. As with everything he does, even a small gesture is calculated. "Argonauts." He grunts. "Come to see how the new Bulwark Fleet is shaping up?"

"Is the pun intentional?"

The archon smiles enigmatically.

"It's certainly... impressive." Another one of you admits cautiously.

"Your skeptical." The Archon shrugs. "I do not blame you. But the Symmachy's aid is offered here in good faith, with honest intent. We wish to see the Cretan people safe."

"Hard to make them part of your little system if you don't."

"Maybe. But, for now, just focus on the fact that their safety is guaranteed by a far stronger benefactor. It is more than they had when we arrived."

And that, you have to admit, is true. The people seem more at ease with the stern Symmachy troops watching over them, and the Bulwark will certainly be a powerful defense. Crete, for the moment, knows peace.

At the start of Cycle II, gain +1 and +1 .

068 *The commander's orders cut through the air, a vicious braying that can be heard even above the tramp of hundreds of armored feet. On the parade ground, rank upon rank of soldier marches, a precise drill running to encourage perfect unity and discipline. The forces that were once the Hornsworn have reformed and merged with the crippled military.*

You gaze down on the display, a cautious curiosity bringing you here to witness what has become of the former rebels. They seem to have found new purpose in their role, rising to face any and all threats to the island, and you feel a flickering ember of confidence spark within you. The new Hornsworn Guard will be a powerful ally, and a strong shield for the people you're leaving behind.

Gain +1 .

009 *The new chambers of the Minoan Council, built from repurposed mazestone, stand proud, a massive monument amongst the city's skyline. You can see the overspill of this new regime. The neighborhoods are being rebuilt, the people of Crete given work and shelter to begin their lives anew. The former Minoan nobility have made good on your instruction to do better than the old King, and now they lead through a united front that cares for its people, rather than leeching off their backs. How much this idyllic cooperation will last, you cannot say.*

You tour the rebuilt polei, seeing just how this new fashion of leadership is benefitting Crete, and you feel a swell of confidence at the sights that await you. The island has a fresh start, and the Minoan remnant are putting that second chance to good use.

025 *Labyrinthian, Hornsworn, Minoan... what was once sundered by civil war and then civil strife, is coming together under one banner, the Cretan nation. It is as if the years of unrest have left the peoples tired of fighting, starving for unification.*

What you've started is a thaw.

"Funny that," says a retired historian, meeting you at the pier.

"What's that?"

"The tyranny of Minos and the wretchedness of the Labyrinthian cult have reached such heights of outright evil, that they became a universal cornerstone of understanding."

"I'd like to think that what unites them now is a new hope," retorts the Old Priest.

As you walk the streets of one rebuilt polis, its homes raised on a foundation of reclaimed mazestone and palace marble, its markets teeming with fresh imports from new trading partners, you feel a flare of hope in your chests. The people of Crete will thrive, you can sense it in your bones. And it is largely thanks to you that this new Crete was possible.

Gain +1 or +1 or +1 .

Departing Crete

The sea winds tug at the Argo, heavy with the scent of salt and the cries of migrating seabirds. The four of you stand upon the prow of the city-ship, breathing deep of the fresh air. As you gaze upwards, you watch the silhouette of one broad-winged albatross flitter across the sky, powering its way southwards. Following its trail, your gaze descends to the island you leave in your wake, the once-forsaken Crete. When you'd first arrived, directionless and lacking purpose, you found the island a crooked mirror, consumed by its own despairs borne of the pain and suffering of its people, and, most of all, of hopelessness for a better tomorrow.

That tomorrow has now arrived, and you leave behind an island transformed. From within its beaten up soul, the seeds of Hope have begun to sprout anew, empowering its people. For hope grows even in the most barren, hostile soil.

You leave behind not a despairing wasteland, but a brighter, stronger Crete, one that will endure the trialing days to come.

But the island has transformed you too. You are the Argonauts. And you have a purpose now. To wield this awesome power you were bestowed with to help those in need, wherever you go. To mend a broken world, so that this promised tomorrow comes not only for Crete, but for mortals everywhere.

Feeling the swell of satisfaction at your accomplishments, you turn your gaze back to the North, to the source of that mysterious summons. Sparta, a land renowned for its ferocity. There have been whispers of the war that brews there, but you are not afraid. You are the Argonauts! You've faced despair itself and come out the winners. Nothing that what lies ahead can compare to that.

The city-ship powers forward, cutting through the sapphire-blue seas. Ahead, wisps of smoke rise on the horizon while, behind you, the seabirds continue their dogged flight southwards, as fast as their wings can carry them…

Proceed to Cycle II: Abysswatchers!

BROKEN CHAINS

SPOILER WARNING

This book contains spoilers for Cycle II: Abysswatchers.

STARTING STATS AND STATES

Starting tile: Temple of Man, tile 18.

New Argo Stat Limits: 6, 9, 20.

Matrix Codas Table	
If P1 is marked	Map tile 021
If D4 is marked, but D3 is not	Map tile 026
If G7 is marked, but D3 is not	Map tile 010
If B9 is marked	Map tile 061
If B10 is marked	Map tile 056
If K6 is marked	Map tile 032
If C7 is marked	Map tile 072
If E5 is marked	Map tile 006
If P4 is marked	Map tile 058
If O9 is marked	Map tile 045
If F4 is marked	Map tile 040
If P3 is marked	Map tile 081
If P4, O9 and F4 are all marked	Map tile 084
If D3 is marked	Map tile 036

Hub 1: Sins of the Past

α	Origination	
1–2	Put on Ice	☐
3–4	Tool of War	☐
5–6	Wolves of the Sea	☐
7–8	Stygian Womb	☐
9–10	Krypteia Age	☐
Ω	Extinction	

α Origination | *Curse*

The air over the ruins of the Temple of Man is deathly silent, in spite of the dozens of men, women and Cyclopes who toil through the rubble. You gaze out across the devastated edifice with not a little numb shock. You had hoped you were done seeing such scenes of chaos with the fall of the Nietzschean. Not so, it would seem.

"Brothers and Sisters of Lakonia..." The droning voice of the grizzled commander, a former Spartan general who defected in the early days of the war, rolls over the scene in a flat monotone. "The mission before us is simple, but gravely important. The people of this land are relying on you to do your duty and contain the polluting influence of the remnants of the Black Industry."

You look over the ranks of assembled figures, Helot and Spartan alike gathered for one task- to save their homeland. Each of them wears thick layers of fabric to shield their skin, while heavy leather gloves adorn their hands and a clumsy piece of breathing tekne is affixed to their faces, pipes leading to a tank on their backs.

For a moment, you consider joining them, dedicating your time to the clean-up effort. Dead Gods know, Lakonia needs all the help it can get to recover from the Nietzschean's regime. But that is not why you are here. You look to the rest of the wreckage, the rubble that remains of the Temple. Something did this, something big, and something powerful. Finding out what caused this must be your priority.

"You will proceed into the remnants of the courtyard of the Temple, where you are to dispose of the Ambrosia-choked clay and tainted marble fragments that litter the ground. Ensure these fragments do not touch your skin, but move quickly, and carry these fragments to the crater in the center of the courtyard, where you will dispose of them. You will only have ninety seconds before you are called back from the work space. Do. Not. Linger. This is for your safety, and the safety of those around you. You've all seen the effects of the Black Breath, the Blood Rot and other sicknesses spread by this foul taint."

If F8 is marked, **see 0001.** Otherwise, **see 0002.**

1–2 Put on Ice | *Supernatural*

Stillness hangs over the lake. Ahead, an enormous mass of ice looms high above the waters, shimmering azure. A platform of sorts sits astride the iceberg, massive pillars plunging down into the waters around it while chains and hooks secure it in place. A dozen ships of the Diaspora Fleet cluster around it, the aftermath of a battle hard-fought by your allies against the lingering remnants of the Imperial Guard stationed on this remote, hidden facility.

As you step aboard the platform, you are greeted by an energetic, almost manic scholar by the name of Teukros. He welcomes you to the station, and immediately begins chattering away at high speed, eager to share his findings with you.

"It's... it's ambrosia, deep in the ice, but like none we have encountered before. Come, take a look!"

He leads you across the platform towards a wall of ice, where you can see strata of the black fluid running through it, inky tendrils glinting with an odd aura. The ice, if that is what it can be called, steams gently.

"It shows you things..." Teukros explains. "Good things, bad things. Past things. It's... surprisingly warm to the touch..."

Choose:

1. If you have known what awaited you in Sparta, you would have prepared. Many lives would have been saved. Yes, the substance is toxic, but seeing even a glimpse of the future is worth the risk. Touch the ice. Deplete ✕. **See 0039.**

2. This substance may have supernatural qualities, but it is still black ambrosia. You've seen what it does to people. This whole war was fueled by it. You don't want to open this Pandora's jar. Keep your distance. Seed . Deplete . **See 0046.**

3–4 Tool of War | *Tragedy*

The Symmachy captain's expression is grim as he welcomes you aboard his vessel. You can immediately sense the tension in the air, the crew all on edge. Whatever the reason they have summoned you here, it is clearly a grave matter. He thanks you for coming, then leads you down to the brig on the lower decks, where Syagra, the Symmachy Spymaster, stands before one cell, narrowing her eyes as she looks inside. "Dirce."

A woman, small of frame, gaunt, clearly malnourished, paces uneasily inside. Her hair has been shorn, a bare scalp covered in scars all that is left. Filthy rags drape across her narrow frame. As the Spymaster raps on the bars of her cage, she flinches, turning wild, wide eyes towards the Athenian.

Choose:

1. The Spymaster has more experience in this field. While it will give you less control over the interrogation, it may be better to leave the questions up to her. Deplete . Remain out of sight and listen. **See 0047.**
2. A united front may break the prisoner's defenses more swiftly. You'll have more control over what you learn from her, although you would be the first to admit that you are inexperienced in interrogations. Deplete . Take an active role in the questioning and see if you can glean some extra information. **See 0048.**

5–6 Wolves of the Sea | *Crime*

A sudden outcry from your hemiolia's sentries alerts you. Rushing to the prow, you spy a few dark shapes ahead on the water- a small convoy of ships bearing the livery and banners of the Symmachy, being pursued by a band of Spartan chasers. You've been encountering more and more of these marauding bands of small vessels, lingering fragments of the Nietzschean's navy, driven to more desperate lengths after his downfall. Now, little more than pirates, trying to carve out a niche on the Great River Works amongst the chaos. Without hesitation, you move to engage the Spartan forces and save your Athenian allies.

Choose a party leader to roll on the table below, adding Courage or Fury. If Symmachy: Allies or better, add +2. Any other Argonaut may gain +1 to add +1 to the party leader's result.

1-5: The Spartan raiders have already carved their way through a large number of your Symmachy allies, and that has only further ignited their bloodlust. You are nearly repelled, many of your allies having fallen and more than a few wounded among your own people. Deplete .

6-9: The raiders may be skilled warriors, but so are the forces of the Argo. The battle is fierce and soon you are marked by many small wounds, but you emerge from the struggle alive, albeit shaken. A few of the Spartan vessels slip away, too swift for you to intercept. Deplete .

10-12: You descend upon the Spartan warriors faster than they can respond. Flanked on both sides, the Spartans still put up a ferocious fight, but are heavily outclassed. Your warriors leap across to one of their vessels, dispatching the crew and seizing control of the ship. Seed .

13+: The battle is over almost as swiftly as it begins. So focused were your foes on attacking your allies, they didn't notice your approach. You strike with the precision of a well-oiled Machina, routing the raiders in moments. One of their vessels is so shaken that they surrender, the commander submitting himself to your custody. Seed and .

Regardless of the result**, see 0056.**

7–8 Stygian Womb | *Gods*

The temple looms over you, a dark shadow against the mountainside, its entrance a hungering maw of blackness that beckons you inwards. You cannot help but feel like prey before a predator.

This was once a temple to Hades, but it had found new purpose under the Nietzschean's regime, a place where countless Helot prisoners had vanished, their fates unknown.

It had taken you some time to decipher its location in the records retrieved from the Temple of Man, but once you had unlocked the codes the Nietzschean's generals and philosophers used in their writings, you had discovered a grim tally of hundreds of prisoners sent to this isolated, mournful place.

Darkness reigns inside the corridors but your torches shed light on something you wish you hadn't seen. Strange jars filled with fleshy masses, bloodied tools, chains attached to tables, unreadable diagrams and formulas. Each new room holds another nightmare.

The cries and whimpers become overwhelming in the next room you enter. Women are pressed together inside several cells, some are still pregnant and others are nursing their babies. They look like they have been to the Underworld and back. You set to work breaking the locks on the cells with all speed.

Choose:

1. These victims have been through a lot, and will need specialized care to help them recover fully. The Argo may have limited resources, but the ship's physician, Lykaon, and the Old Priest have the experience and kindness necessary to help them on their road to recovery. Offer the victims sanctuary on the Argo. Deplete . **See 0059.**
2. The Argo is no place for young children and families, especially now, once you've set your course for doomed Delphi. However, you can spare some time to help these women to find a place of safety in Lakonia. Help the victims find a haven in Lakonia. Deplete . **See 0060.**

9–10 Krypteia Age | *Heritage*

Tightness seizes your throat, a choking feeling of nausea as you wander the passages of the lost facility. One of the Nietzschean's deepest, most forsaken secrets, you'd been dreading what you might find here after the Philosophers of the Last Academy had finished deciphering the records brought back from the Temple of Man. A Krypteia 'training facility', it had been labelled, but your past experience with the Empire and its 'special projects' has taught you that these words were often only loosely connected to the truth.

Now, you delve deeper into the edifice, and find more and more chilling secrets. Prison cells filled with emaciated children, their flesh taut over their skeletons, their skin covered in a network of scars. Some of them shiver, rocking back and forth as unnatural hunger pulls at them, the tendrils of addiction. Ambrosia dependency. A way to keep control over these Krypteia 'assets' once they were sent out into the field. And a way to control their emotional state, push them towards all kinds of atrocities.

You knew that the Nietzschean's regime was utterly depraved, but this... this goes beyond what you had imagined him capable of.

Your crew are busy breaking open the locks on the cells, removing shackles and guiding the shivering, traumatized populace out of the facility. Some walk in stoic silence, while others glare at you with aggressive suspicion. A few break down in tears as soon as they feel the cool, fresh air of the outside on their skin.

"We'll need to find homes for them." Syagra, the Symmachy spymaster, comments. "The Diaspora Fleet could house them. Re-train them."

"Re-train?" One of your Helot allies, a woman by the name of Briseis, sputters. "They're children! They've been through enough."

"The Nietzschean's experiments have scarred them deeply." The Spymaster reasons. "They'll not be able to function in a normal society. But in a hierarchy, with rules and order, their violent impulses and combat training can be guided, used constructively. If you set them loose in a town, they could cause all kinds of harm."

"They don't need 'structure' and 'order'." Briseis snarls. "They need care and understanding! A home, and a family!"

"There is... another option." Alkibiades interjects, slowly, cautiously. "The Balaneion. The green waters... we may be able to use them to treat the children on board the Argo. Induce a dream state, and help them process their traumas, surrounded by loved ones and caring healers..."

Choose:

1. Briseis is right, the children need to live as children, in a community. There may be a risk of their traumas coming back to haunt them, making it difficult for them to function... but there is hope. And hope is all that is needed... Entrust the children to the Helots, who can provide a gentle environment for them to recover in. Deplete . **See 0062.**
2. Syagra has a point. These children are like weapons, sharpened and without a sheath. They could cause harm at any moment, unless a firm hand guides them, gives them the training they need to overcome the Nietzschean's lessons. Entrust the children to the Symmachy, who can give them a structured environment to control themselves. Deplete . **See 0063.**
3. Alkibiades' idea may be unorthodox, but it has potential... A chance to heal the traumas of the past by processing them... it's a rare opportunity. There is no shame in the children receiving aid from tekne, elixirs and healers, and the Argo has the facility to offer this treatment. They will find this aid nowhere else. Take the children aboard the Argo to receive treatment for their mental and emotional wounds. Deplete . **See 0064.**

Extinction | *Deed*

Tension hangs on the air over the phos map of the Bridge Tholos, scarcely a word shared between the various members of the war council that have gathered. Agripha moves around the table, placing markers in certain locations.

"The Chimera birthed from the Nietzschean's carcass has so far managed to elude my scouts." She begins. "It slithers away, hiding in the basin of the Great River Works. Doesn't need to surface for air, so it can stay hidden under the water until its ready to strike."

"So far, it's hit towns here, here and here..." Heliast Pheidias of the Symmachy points to a few spots on the map.

"So we can predict the path its tracing across Lakonia." Alkibiades mutters. "Heading... here."

His finger stops at the southern point of Lakonia's landmass, one of the many 'digits' of Hellas extending out into the Great Ocean. There, a single marking stands proudly.

"Mount Taygetos." One of you murmurs. "The resistance haven? Why would it go there?"

Alkibiades is already leafing through the sheaf of records you retrieved from beneath the Temple of Man.

"Hold on, hold on, hold on..." He murmurs. "Ah! Here! I have it!"

"Kaiadas Cavern?" One of you squints to read the page. "The 'House of Hades'? The original place the Spartans cast off those they deemed 'weak'."

"So the stories go." The shipbreaker answers. "That's why the Cyclopes hid there during the war. Maybe there's something more to it?"

"So how do we get to Taygetos before the beast?" Your leader asks.

"We could slow it down, make it take a more circuitous route." Socratoares suggests nasally. "Send out some of our triremes outfitted as fireships, have them set some Byzantion fire across certain canals to divert it."

"Can we afford it, though?" One of the Argo Guard's commanders, Konon, interjects. "Wouldn't it be better to keep our forces close?"

"If I push the engines to their limits, we could probably get there first." Alkibiades suggests. "It'll put a strain on the Argo, though, and my repair teams are already stretched to their limits..."

Choose:

1. Delaying the Chimera before it hits another population center is the more logical approach. Your crew can handle the task, while you make straight for your goal. Send out the scouting fleet to seed the Great River Works with traps to delay the Primordial. Deplete ✕. During the next Battle, you can't use weapons with the Fire keyword. **See 0010.**

2. The city-ship's engines are powerful, and can outpace any creature. You may need your forces to fight the beast once you get to Taygetos. Have Alkibiades push the Argo to its breaking point to get to the mountain first. Deplete . During the next Battle, you can use 1 Argo Ability less. **See 0011.**

0001 *A twinge of unease tugs at your minds as you listen to the commander's words, knowing full well that Lakonia faces a terrible epidemic of black lung that spreads far thanks to the pollution of the Nietzschean's Black Industry. But, a cadre of physicians have risen up to the challenge of fighting this sickness, pushing it back to only the most corrupted places, the Umbral Fields, the places where the population is most dense, or the pipeline hubs where ambrosia spillages have tainted the land. You know many similar endeavors to this one work feverishly to contain and reverse the damage the ambrosia refineries have caused, and that Lakonia is slowly reclaiming itself from the mire.*

You glance to the figure by your side, a Priest of Asklepios assigned to the Argo to help contain any outbreaks. You are glad for his aid, knowing that any sickness aboard the city ship would be disastrous.

Gain +1 . **See 0003.**

0002 *You listen to the commander's droning cautions, knowing that you have done your part to help contain the spread of sickness in Lakonia. While it would have been all too easy for you to target ambrosia refineries and pipelines and poison the land for decades to come, all in the name of striking at your foes, you did your best to avoid such a path, and the ensuing sicknesses that cropped up throughout the land were far fewer than you'd feared. Lakonia is still recovering from the Black Industry, but it could have been far worse.*

You look to the crew behind you, volunteers who stepped forward to participate in this cleanup endeavor. You feel a swell of pride to see so many of the Argo's people ready and willing to put themselves on the line for others.

Seed ✕. **See 0003.**

0003 *One of you adjusts their breathing mask, the glass in front of their eyes fogging with each gasp of air. The heat within is stifling, but you know better than to take it off.*

The commander's *voice grows faint in your ears as you feel the enormity of the task sink in for the volunteers by your side.*

"We tried sending Cyclopes in already, but the area is too unstable for their size, and if we shift the rubble too much, we risk causing bigger problems. So, we have to do this ourselves, up close and personal." The commander explains. "Approximately thirty cubits beyond the boundary of the courtyard, there is a large crater. Drop any debris you gather in there, and do not lean out over the edge. If you fall in, we cannot get to you."

The commander is now pacing in front of the ranks of volunteers, his grizzled features twisted with grim determination, sorrow and just a tinge of pride.

"Take a moment, center yourselves, and catch your breath. You will need it. This will be the most important ninety seconds of your life. Lakonia thanks you for what you are about to do, as do I."

He stands to attention in front of you, clenched fist pounding his chest in a firm salute, and then the signal is given, a small bronze bell clanging. The countdown has begun.

If C4 is marked, **see 0004.** Otherwise, **see 0005.**

0004 *You scramble over the wreckage that forms the boundary around the courtyard, the place where your forces clashed with the monstrous form of the Nietzschean for the last time. A pair of collapsing columns sag against one another, forming a somewhat stable entrance through which the volunteers stream.*

For a long moment, the only sound you can hear is the rustling of your own clothing, and the gasping breaths that shudder up your throat. Then, over all of this, the faint hissing can be heard. The bubbling, sucking noise of the dozens of pools of ambrosia that dot the once-white marble flagstones. One of you stumbles as your foot catches in a puddle of black ichor, the tar-like sludge trying to pull you down before you break free.

Around you, the volunteers are already working feverishly, scooping the ambrosia up with winnowing fans, buckets and, in some unfortunate cases, their gloved hands. They rush to the precipice of a large crater in the heart of the courtyard, casting the useless debris over the edge. It will take many more excursions like this to fully clear the site.

Deplete . **See 0006.**

0005 *The volunteers burst into motion, swarming towards the narrow entryway between two sagging columns, the only safe way for a mortal to enter the courtyard of the fallen Temple. You follow closely behind, the only sound in your ears being the rustling of your protective clothing and the huffing of your breath behind the mask.*

You enter the courtyard, feeling the ground underfoot turn cloying, sticky, a thick coating of ambrosia-choked sludge oozing across every available surface. Already, volunteers are beginning to scoop it up with winnowing fans, racing toward the precipice of a crater in the heart of the circular construction.

Then, slowly but surely, you hear it. The roaring of flames. Other volunteers, using the Symmachy-made Maws of Byzantion, tackle the toxic black sludge, burning it away. The air around you grows thick with poisonous smoke, but your gear protects you from the worst of it. As you press onwards, you see a few glimmering shards in the wreckage, uncovered by the flames. A pulsing, shifting mass of slimy biological matter, resistant to fire. Pustules on it swell and burst, spattering the ground with fresh ambrosia. The heart of a Primordial, you realize with growing anxiety.

Deplete . **See 0006.**

0006 *Around you, the volunteers work bravely, united in purpose and determination. Their home is at stake, and they will not back down now, not after fighting so hard for it. These willing workers from all corners of Spartan and Lakonian society move as one, an inspiring sight.*

You help where you can, but you know your time is limited. You approach the edge of the crater, looking down into the abyss below, knowing your answers lie there.

A roiling, swirling pool of blackness lurks there, flames licking at its edges, but never fully consuming it. The birthplace of a Chimera, the reservoir where a vast amount of ambrosia reached Metastasios.

Your eyes scan the crater's sides, taking in any details you can find. Scraps of the Primordial's amorphous form have torn free, left behind on the crater walls as it oozed its way out.

The debris the volunteers rain down mingles with the inky slurry, while the churning blackness eats away at exposed stone and marble, consuming the lower levels of what remains of the Temple. You can see new passages and hidden rooms being brought to light. Places that will be lost if you continue the cleanup process.

Choose:

1. The Nietzschean had countless projects being carried out throughout his Empire, not least of which was Project Metastasios. If you wish to find more information on Chimeras, and maybe gain an advantage against what emerged here, you need to explore those hidden rooms. Delay the clean-up so you can explore the Empire's hidden archives. Deplete ✕. **See 0007.**

2. *You cannot afford to delay the clean-up process by even a moment. This toxic sludge is seeping into the ground, making its way to the water supplies. You need to gather it all together, and detonate the ambrosia in the crater before it becomes even more of a risk. You can only hope that something of those archives remains afterwards...* Wait until the clean-up is completed before trying to salvage information from the hidden archives. Deplete . **See 0008.**

0007 *You order a halt to the clean-up effort, much to the irritation of your allies. You call for some additional protective equipment, making use of the diving equipment that Alkibiades' subordinates use when they are inspecting the hull of the Argo below the waterline. With this new gear, you scramble through the ruins towards the crater, slowly descending into the maw of the abyss. You grunt at the intense heat of the caldera, but endure it, clambering down towards the recently exposed segments of the Temple. You grab what you can with your gloved hands, scooping up entire armfuls of scrolls and parchment before climbing back.*

Extracting the records takes most of the day, the sun setting before you make your final ascent, your impatient allies rushing to return to the task at hand as you focus on parsing through the wealth of knowledge you have uncovered.

Seed . **See 0009.**

0008 *As much as you wish to explore those hidden vaults, you know that the safety of the land and its people has to take priority. The ambrosia must be cleansed, immediately. To work through some of your tense energy, you join the volunteers in their rotating shifts, helping to scoop the clumps of congealed*

sludge back into the crater until, at last, the courtyard remnants are clear, and a volunteer is sent forward with a lit torch of pitch and animal fat, casting it into the caldera.

There is a momentary silence, then a powerful whoomph as the ambrosia within ignites, a tremendous explosion sending shivers through the earth underfoot. A thick column of smoke rises into the sky, the oily fluid burning away rapidly.

Even with the fury of the flames, it still takes the whole night and the majority of the next day for the remnants to burn away, delaying you even further. All you can do is watch, and wait, from a distance.

At last, the flames go out, and you clamber down to sift through what rubble remains of those hidden vaults.

Seed . **See 0009.**

0009

The flames of the ambrosia purge have long since faded, the site secured once more. Now, more and more of your allied forces arrive, picking over the remnants of the Temple of Man for anything of value. You, however, know you have already found the most worthwhile salvage in the ruins. The records, from what you were able to piece together, tell of dozens, hundreds of special projects all across Lakonia, endeavors by the Empire to transform their armies into more brutal, efficient Makinae of death and destruction. Weapons, special divisions, new applications for ambrosia, it is all here. The Nietzschean's darkest, deepest secrets.

As you are poring through the information, a cry echoes forth from the courtyard of the Temple. The remaining volunteers have gathered around the caldera that once was the source of so much anxiety, still smoking from the process of burning away the ambrosia left behind by the Metastasios event. Now, those same volunteers are pulling something from the depths of the crater, an immense, shining, white dome.

You approach, and feel a knot tie in your bellies. Staring at you, eye sockets mocking even in death, is the skull of the Nietzschean's shade. The Supreme Ruler of Sparta's monstrous counterpart, with hide of living abyss, felled on this very spot.

You hadn't thought, in the heat of victory, where the ambrosia of the monster's body might slither away to, what it might find as it seeped into the earth beneath the Temple.

It found a reservoir, brimming with the dark fluid, waiting to birth a new Chimera. And now, that beast has broken loose. The last of the Nietzschean's black experiments.

Luckily, Lakonia still has you. You'll take this monstrosity down, ensure it is no threat to anyone. But first, perhaps some of those secret projects might help give you an edge over it...

Gain the Nietzschean's Shadow's Skull (write it down on the party leaders Argonaut Sheet): Whenever **any** Titan with the Priority Target token attacks, they gain Fire 1. **Lose the Skull (and its effect) at the end of this Onwards Odyssey campaign**. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0010

The Hemiolia Scout Fleet deploys, your crew directing their ships down the multitude branches of the River Works. Each one is laden with barrels of the Byzantion flame, the pitch that will keep its flame even underwater. A perfect way to steer and corral the Primordial, at least temporarily. As you watch the small vessels sail away on their dangerous mission, the Argo turns its prow to the south, making straight for Mount Taygetos.

The dark mass of the mountain looms in the distance, a shadow against the skyline. Children were dragged to its slopes and cast to the elements, discarded as 'unfit' to be Spartans. This tradition preceded the Nietzschean, as did many of the other tenets he adopted. No wonder he took control of the Empire so easily: they were already heading into the abyss. During the war, Cyclopes sought refuge in the ruins at the foot of Taygetos, hiding under the very nose of their oppressors.

Following the information that Alkibiades has uncovered, you come to a massive stone courtyard constructed into the root of the mountain itself, a broad basin of worked masonry leading up to a pair of massive bronze doors. The entrance to some gargantuan facility, recently uncovered.

The mechanisms of the door are oddly reminiscent of the tekne you find throughout the Argo. Did this place have the same builders, or was the Nietzschean simply inspired by his experience with the city-ship?

Gain 2 Daedalus Makina Cycle III resources. **See 0012.**

0011

The Argo rumbles as your engineering crews set to work, stoking the fires of the aeolipile engines and opening massive valves that have long lain dormant. The heart of the Argo shrieks in protest, its cries of outrage vibrating through your very souls as you feel rather than hear the tearing metal. Like a chained slave under the lash, the engines push onwards, enduring their gargantuan burden to bring you towards your goal.

Just a little more, you assure yourselves. Just another few leagues, and you can lessen the strain on your home. The shadow of Mount Taygetos already looms large ahead of you, your goal somewhere in its foothills.

You bring the Argo in as close to the foot of the mountain as you can, following a narrow offshoot of the Great River Works that leads you to a broad courtyard, just recently excavated. Overlooking the courtyard, a pair of broad bronze doors. Although the doors are large enough for Titans to pass through, you do gain the feeling that this was probably more intended as a discreet rear entrance, a back door.

Deplete . **See 0012.**

0012

The Titans accompanying you pry the doors open, leading the way into the foot of the mountain. Vaulted passages fan out in front of you, spreading this way and that, far taller than any mortal construction. Tall enough to accommodate the Gods... or a Primordial. For not the first time, you find yourselves wondering whether the Nietzschean built this place, or simply found and repurposed it. Was it a Leleges shelter, perhaps?

Regardless of its origins, it is clearly a bastion of Spartan might now. Banners sporting the lambda symbol of the Empire hang on the walls, the red and white colors a stark contrast to the dark marble from which the cavern has been carved. You delve deeper, until finally you come across... some kind of research facility? Cages litter the halls, pens to hold mortal subjects, while you find evidence of countless experiments carried out, laboratories where medical tables and tools lie abandoned. Streaks of black ambrosia scar the walls here and there.

It is as you are inspecting one of these abandoned workshops, only able to guess at the horrors that occurred inside, that sudden movement surrounds you. Dark shapes emerge from the shadows, a swarm of figures that encircle you, levelling weapons aggressively.

If I12 is marked, and the Castoff Argonaut was last seen alive, **see 0013.**
Otherwise, **see 0014.**

0013

Just as you fear that the abrupt standoff will devolve into a brawl, a figure emerges from the ambushers, a face you know well. The Argonaut that was known as the Castoff steps forward, placing a hand on the hilt of another ambusher's weapon.

"Stand down!" They command. "They're allies!"

You stand opposite each other for a long, silent moment, the four of you eyeing your old comrade, then swiftly melt into a warm greeting, sweeping the former Argonaut up in a tight embrace. All around you, the ambushers lower their weapons.

"What are you doing here?" One of you asks. "We haven't seen you since..."

"Since we put that arrogant bastard in his place?" The Castoff responds. "I've been going here and there, righting the wrongs he inflicted on the land. Eventually, I found my way here, to the Nietzschean's deepest, darkest secret. The place that even his most ardent supporters would have disowned him for, had they known."

They then call another figure forward, a gaunt man whom the Castoff identifies as Aristomenes, former King of Messenia, before he stood up to the Nietzschean and lost.

You watch your former comrade talk with the denizens of the facility, moving between them with grace and ease. They really seem to have found their place, helping those downtrodden by the Empire, elevating the dispossessed and giving people a new hope in life. You can only wish that your destinies lead you to a similar ending.

One Argonaut gains a Mnemos Node (remember the Onwards Odyssey rules!). **See 0015.**

0014

"Hold!"

A stern-featured figure emerges from the ranks of the ambushers, eyeing you with hollow, dark eyes. His face is sallow, cheeks sunken as the flesh turns grey. One could be forgiven for thinking him to be a walking corpse. But, even so, his voice holds some power, some authority, and he stands tall in spite of his atrophied muscles.

"I am Aristomenes." He declares. "Former King of Messenia. And you are the Argonauts, are you not? The ones who opposed the Nietzschean, and brought the haughty one down low?"

Gain 1 Pygmalion Stone. **See 0015.**

0015

You take a look at the gathered faces of your would-be ambushers, taking in the wide array of haggard, emaciated features. Men, women, children, all snatched from the Spartan settlements by the Krypteia, taken here to face... unspeakable trials. Attempts to enhance the mortal form with ambrosia and tekne, to create the ultimate warriors. The 'weak' abducted and used as fodder for the Nietzschean's drive to advance. These are the children and the rejected, the ones deemed 'insufficient'. Grist for the mill of progress. Now, these 'Discarded' are free of their shackles.

"When the orders stopped coming through from on high, the guards stationed here panicked." Aristomenes explains. "Some deserted, others fell to infighting. Once the first cracks began to appear, we rose up, freed ourselves."

"Amazing." One of you marvels. "But you remain here?"

"Some of us... have been changed by this facility." The King explains reluctantly. "The scars we bear are not only on our flesh. For many of us, the idea of stepping back into the light is a challenge too far right now."

You feel a swell of pity at those words, knowing full well the trauma that deep wounds can leave. For many who toiled under the Nietzschean's lash, healing will be an ongoing process, one of many years. But, it can be done, with the right support.

"We can-"

Your words are cut off by a sudden, booming crash. A colossal growl echoes through the facility. Then another crash, the hollow gonging of bronze doors meeting a powerful blow.

"We're out of time." Your leader declares. "The Supreme Chimera is here."

Read each of these that applies:
If you completed Put on Ice, **see 0017.**
If you completed Tool of War, **see 0018.**
If you completed Wolves of the Sea, **see 0019.**
If you completed *Stygian Womb*, **see 0020.**
If you completed *Krypteia Age*, **see 0021.**

Then, **see 0022.**

0016 *The Chimera screams, its boiling form twisting and pulsing as it readies itself to face you. You can feel the arrogance, the malice, the abject hatred that pours off it.*

The entire being seems to stiffen, its liquid surface shivering. Blocks of broken marble and cracked stone shift, aligning to form a shape, a hauntingly familiar outline. A colossal skull, larger than a building, assembles on the crest of the Primordial, a taunting grin. You shiver, locking your gaze with those hollow, taunting eye sockets, and then charge. Battle is upon you!

Proceed to the Chimera Battle on p. 128 of the Cycle II Storybook. The Supreme Chimera is a Level 4 Chimera with the Mass Effect Trait (see below), Danger Sense Trait (see the Cyclonus Sheet) and the Black Rain Trait (see Level 5)!

Mass Effect: Each time you remove any Ambrosia Terrain tile from the Battle Board, place 1 token on Critical Mass.

Before combat begins, read each of the following that applies:
If 'Timelocked Ice' is noted, **see 0025.**
If 'Slumbering Blade' is noted, **see 0026.**
If 'Palirroia Tactics' is noted, **see 0027.**
If 'Diascouros the Stern' is noted, **see 0028.**
If 'Krypteia Acolytes' is noted, **see 0029.**

Battle Victory: See 0030.
Battle Defeat: See 0031.

0017 *On the belt of one of your Titans, a few cannisters of the strange black ice you found hang from chains, clouds of steam rising from them as extreme cold battles fierce heat. The devices are somewhat makeshift, cobbled together, but the engineers of Alkibiades' workshops assured you that they would be able to solidify fluid ambrosia on contact. A perfect weapon against a monstrosity like the Chimera.*

Seed ⛛, and note 'Timelocked Ice'. **Return to 0015.**

0018 *As the rumblings of the Primordial at the gates echoes through the facility, you see a figure detach herself from your forces. The shaved head and distinctive scarring on her scalp make Dirce all too easy to identify, the former Helot turned sleeper agent moving in ghostly silence, her eyes roving about the halls around her.*

"I remember this place..." She murmurs as you approach her. "This was where they took us, when we were to be conditioned... This was where they took away who I was, replaced it with their own design."

You watch her face as she pensively takes in her surroundings, painful memories assaulting her. A swell of pity grows within each of you, along with a seed of determination. The Nietzschean's legacy, his trail of devastation in the quest for power and advancement, it must end here!

Party leader gains the Roused Condition. Note 'Slumbering Blade' and **return to 0015.**

0019 *A number of nervous voices begin to rise from within your ranks, murmurings of fear and consternation as the sounds of the Primordial grow louder and more frenzied. But then, just as you worry that your crew might lose heart, one of their number speaks up, one you recognize from the those you freed from the Palirroia ships. He stands tall, and begins to encourage his fellow men and women to stay strong, to be brave, for they are among the crew of the Argo, and they will prevail!*

Seed ✕ and note 'Palirroia Tactics'. **Return to 0015.**

0020 *As you are planning how to deal with the monster at your very doorstep, you see a figure striding amongst the crew, his tall stature and black-veined muscles hard to mistake. Diascouros sternly organizes your forces, making sure they are prepared for whatever may come. Having the warrior among your numbers is a powerful aid in keeping morale up, and you feel a swell of relief to see your troops under firm leadership.*

You watch the officer a moment longer, thinking of what he has endured, the harm done to his family, the horrors you saved him from... so much evil, and yet he has been able to rise above it, with help. Truly, your efforts in working together have accomplished wonders.

Seed 🜲 and note 'Diascouros the Stern'. **Return to 0015.**

0021 *As you are busy marshalling your troops, a few figures peel off from the main group, scurrying into the shadows. At first, you think maybe they are deserters, but when they begin to emerge from the darkness of the facility once more, clutching a horde of scavenged materials to aid you, you realize their true intent, their desire to help. More and more of these youngsters, these former Krypteia acolytes that you helped to redeem, scour the facility for anything the Discarded may have missed, turning up a few items that will be of use against the Chimera.*

Seed ✕ and note 'Krypteia Acolytes'. **Return to 0015.**

0022 *Another earth-rending crash echoes through the facility, the Chimera's screams of hungry rage.*

"It's almost through!" One of your crew shouts, voice tinged with just a hint of panic.

"It must be here for the ambrosia reserves." One of the Discarded comments.

"Or it recalls something else." Aristomenes replies darkly.

"We have to stop it, one way or another." One of you concludes. "If we evacuate the facility, we could lure it in here, collapse this place on top of it."

"Or we could face it in the open, use our Titans." Another Argonaut offers. "Then we'd still have access to any lingering secrets this facility may hold..."

"We have no way of knowing its full potential." Your group's leader cautions. "This could be a fight we're not prepared for..."

Choose:
1. *Kaiadas Cavern... maybe the facility within lives up to this name. The Nietzschean was performing some twisted research here, and perhaps you can use it against the Chimera. If you can delay it long enough...* Keep the Chimera busy at the door while searching the facility for a weapon to use against it. **See 0023.**
2. *You are the Argonauts! You've defeated hardier foes than this. Surely your Titans are up to the challenge. You relish the chance to get the blood pumping in direct combat.* Engage the Chimera directly with your Titans. **Warning:** This will be a tough fight! Choose this at your own risk. **See 0024.**

0023 *You order your warriors to reinforce the entrance, the massive bronze doors that lead out to the foot of the mountain. Already you can see the immense metal frame beginning to buckle under the power of the monster's attacks. It will not be long before it breaks through.*

Choose:
1. *While your forces will put up a brave defense, they will need your support to slow down the beast. Better for you to stay close to your crew, try to make the Chimera's ingress as challenging as possible, while the Discarded can search the facility for you.* Stick close to the entrance to protect your warriors. Deplete 🜲. **See 0032.**
2. *If your crew hold the beast off for a little longer, you will be able to delve into the facility and look for weapons you can use.* Search the facility for weapons or equipment to fight the Primordial. Deplete ✕. **See 0033.**

0024 *You work your way round from a side entrance, clambering over the shoulder of the mountain towards the courtyard and the main entrance of the facility. There, you see the Chimera hurling itself against the immense double doors, the bronze already showing signs of corrosion and rot from the caustic ambrosia of the beast's body.*

The immense beast lunges against the doors once again, the stony rubble caught within its body shifting forwards to form an enormous stone ram head that it uses against the obstinate metal with a sonorous clang.

You approach cautiously, your Titans picking their way across the scree slopes slowly, but your descent is not as quiet as you'd hoped. One of your giants slips, releasing a slide of loose pebbles and dirt with a loud, grating echo that bounces through the courtyard below. You feel as the Chimera's awareness registers your presence, the entire bulk of the beast shifting as it focuses on you. A terrible roar escapes from within its form, a screaming bleat that bounces off the mountainside in a deafening reverberation.

See 0016.

0025 *All around the Chimera, rivulets of sticky black sludge flow across the stonework, pulling more clumps of the rotten black matter towards itself. There is a click, followed by a flash, a blast of icy air. Your crew, armed with cannisters of the strange ice you had found, fling the makeshift explosives at the drifting tendrils, freezing them solid. Too little to affect the core mass, but enough to stop it from absorbing any large clumps that get too distant from itself.*

Ignore the Mass Effect Trait. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0026 *You pause for just a moment, the rush of your Titans's blood racing past each of your ears. This monster... it is a creation of the Nietzschean, as much as the Cyclonus, or the Empire, or even the young Dirce you'd met previously, the Slumbering Blade. As you think of her, you recall how the Blades had been meant to work, sliding the knife in before the enemy even knew you were there. You must do the same, acting with haste, but purpose!*

Gain Wise Providence. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0027 *The Chimera lurches, its amorphous mass clumping together as it tries to loom even higher over your Titans. Then, just as the congealed ichor extrudes a screaming face from its mass, there is the twang of a released bowstring, an immense*

bolt embedding itself in the beast, followed by another, and another. Behind the creature, out on the waters around the Argo, your Hemiolia Fleet prepares another barrage from the deck-mounted ballistae they field, a tactic you have learned to use to the utmost effect after your many encounters with the Spartan Palirroia. The mortal weapons will struggle to leave a scratch on the Primordial, but they can certainly hold some of its attention.

Ignore the Danger Sense Trait. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0028 *The Chimera screams, a twisted viper's maw opening in its heart as the bleating shriek of a thousand goats rips free of its throat. It shivers, and a deadly spattering of black droplets shake free of its body, arcing towards you in a caustic rain. However, the fat blobs do not reach you, countered in midair by a hail of flaming arrows. You glance to one side to see the former Spartan, Diascouros, leading a detachment of warriors, men similarly stained with the marks of ambrosia experimentation, all wielding their bows as they counter the Chimera's toxic castoffs. Unfearing of the poison the monster exudes, already resistant to it thanks to their prior exposure, they march on the battlefield with grim determination.*

Ignore the Black Rain Trait. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0029 *The Primordial rears up, the mountain of stone and sludge manifesting a massive shell of white marble around itself. An entire temple used as a shield. Then, just as suddenly, it flinches, parts of itself retracting. You spot a few figures zipping between the outcroppings and columns, swinging on old, repurposed Thanporos gear and planting small explosive pots here and there, blowing the shell apart! The former Krypteia acolytes swing away, the beast just a fraction weaker for their interference.*

Place a -1 token in the Kratos Pool. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0030 *The Chimera shudders from the last blow, more and more clumps of its thick black matter falling away as it struggles to maintain cohesion. One of your Titans rips a colonnade from its rippling black form and pummels the monster, while another is using its bare hands, ignoring the caustic burn of the fluid as it rips chunks of midnight slurry from its form.*

At last, with a final gasp of agonized defeat, the Supreme Chimera rises up, trying to muster together all of its form, only to spill back like rapidly melting snow. The ambrosia flows free in a thick tide, swirling around the ankles of your Titans as you pick through it. Cheers begin to rise from your allies. You have won!

Gain +1 Sisyphus Tear divine resource. **See 0035.**

0031 *Your Titans fall, the last of them slowly, inexorably pulled into the pulsating mass of the Chimera. As you break your connection with the colossus, the final moments of fearful, breathless claustrophobia sending panic racing through your mind, your comrades are already pulling you free of the Balaneion*

As one, the four of you rush to the Acropolis Deck. From there, you see the mountain of sludge that is the Chimera ooze back towards the massive bronze doors, winding back to slam against them with its full mass…

The doors burst open, and a small army marches out from within. Led by Aristomenes, the Discarded charge, wielding an array of strange weapons. The former King of Messenia, joined by no less than five of his fellow prisoners, hefts a massive spear of some kind like a battering ram, holding it fast as they charge straight at the Chimera. The spear pierces the oozing hide, and the creature yowls for a moment before there is a loud click, followed by an immense boom. Fire surges from the spear, burning a massive hollow in the body of the beast as the rest of the Discarded begin to pelt it with flaming arrows, explosives, and all sorts of experimental weaponry from within the vaults of Kaiadas.

The Chimera, already depleted by your efforts, screams as flames begin to surge across its body. The Discarded give it not even a moment to recover, pressing their attack with the weapons you gave them the time to recover. Then, with a final gurgle, the Primordial sags, its flesh turning to slurry. The Supreme Chimera is dead!

See 0035.

0032 *Aristomenes nods grimly at your instruction, knowing the risk that any who linger by the immense doorway face. But, his familiarity with the facility will help him search it more thoroughly, while you are the better choice to hold the door. If there is one thing your struggles with the Nietzschean taught you, it was to trust in your allies, and work together. In moments, Aristomenes and his Discarded are gone, delving deep into the blackness beneath the mountain.*

You stand by your warriors, bolstering them with your very presence. After all, you are the legendary Argonauts, the victors of countless battles. With your Titans by their side, they know they cannot lose!

The Chimera continues its assault on the towering doors of the facility, pummeling them with brutal ferocity. You hold out as long as you can, protecting your mortal crew from the fury of the Primordial beyond the doorway, seeping in in black trickles like an unstoppable flood, until, finally, Aristomenes returns, a few prototype weapons in his hands. As he returns to you, there is a scream of tearing metal, and the bronze doors split open.

For this Adventure only: Gain the Ignition Spear Gear card (Cycle III Gear card). This is a prototype! Remember, return this card to its deck as soon as this Adventure ends!

Framed by the gargantuan portal, the Chimera boils with scarcely contained malice, its undulating midnight surface seething as countless shapes strive to manifest from within. The suggestion of a wing, a serpentine body, a screaming lion's maw, tentacles, all manner of biological traits appear and vanish in the slurry of its body, the sticky black ooze holding itself together as it pulls rocks and masonry into its form. You feel rather than see its eyes sweeping across you, a primal awareness from within scouring the ranks of warriors gathered before it.

For just a second, you imagine that the Chimera's growling susurrus takes on a lilting, mocking tone, a ghost of laughter. The same cruel mockery you've faced before. It is hard to shake the feeling that, perhaps on some small level, you're facing the Nietzschean once more. A challenge, you realize.

With your crew by your side, you can make a decisive first strike! Should you choose to fight, you begin the combat with 3 tokens in the Kratos Pool.

Choose:

1. *The beast wants to get into the facility, so clearly there is something else of worth here beyond some tired prisoners and a few weapons. You need to deny it access. You can face the beast outside, and save the facility. If this Chimera is truly the last remnant of the Nietzschean's malice, then you will see it vanquished!* Engage the Chimera outside of the cavern. **Warning:** This will be a tough fight! Choose this at your own risk. Seed . **See 0016.**

2. *The Chimera, the facility, the prisoners… it is all a lingering stain of the Nietzschean's campaign here in Lakonia. If you lure the beast inside, covering your forces as they retreat, then you can bring the facility down on the Primordial's head and see it all wiped out in one fell swoop!* Lure the Chimera inside, and collapse Kaiadas Cavern on top of it. **Warning:** This will be a test of your physical resolve. Muster all the might that you can! **See 0034.**

0033 *You order your forces to the main entrance, commanding them to hold the line and buy you as much time as possible. This done, you turn to Aristomenes. The leader of the Discarded leads you deeper into the Kaiadas Caverns, passing countless holding facilities, laboratories and medical rooms. You force your minds to shut out the numerous bloody tools and ambrosia-stained sheets covering dozens of cots.*

As you delve to deeper levels, the sounds of combat begin to echo behind you. You feel a tug to rush back, to help fight the beast, but you have your goal, your duty.

At last, you find a workshop of some kind, cold forges looming out of the shadows, their coals long since gone dark. Among the rubble, you find a weapon the facility was working on perfecting. It can be of use to one of your Titans.

For this Adventure only: Gain the Ignition Spear Gear card (Cycle III Gear card). This is a prototype! Remember, return this card to its deck as soon as this Adventure ends!

New weapon in hand, you turn your attention back towards the entrance of the cavern, where your forces are losing ground fast. You're out of time.

You hurry back, and not a moment too soon, for the bronze doorway is beginning to buckle. With a terrible crash, it splits open, the amorphous mass of the Chimera waiting beyond.

Choose:

1. *The beast wants to get into the facility, so clearly there is something else of worth here beyond some tired prisoners and a few weapons. You need to deny it access. You can face the beast outside, and save the facility. If this Chimera is truly the last remnant of the Nietzschean's malice, then you will see it vanquished!* Engage the Chimera outside of the cavern. **Warning:** This will be a tough fight! Choose this at your own risk. Seed . **See 0016.**

2. *The Chimera, the facility, the prisoners… it is all a lingering stain of the Nietzschean's campaign here in Lakonia. If you lure the beast inside, covering your forces as they retreat, then you can bring the facility down on the Primordial's head and see it all wiped out in one fell swoop!* Lure the Chimera inside, and collapse Kaiadas Cavern on top of it. **Warning:** This will be a test of your physical resolve. Muster all the might that you can! **See 0034.**

0034 *With hungry aggression, the Chimera surges forward, while your troops and the Discarded fall back. Joined with your Titans, you form a wall between the mortals and the Primordial, slowly pulling back and luring the voracious beast into the cavern. The Chimera, so driven by the hatred that saturates its being, follows eagerly, unaware of the scheme that lies ahead.*

Each Argonaut tests Endurance or Fury (10+). If you have completed *Misery Industry,* add +2 to your result. You may gain +1 or to add +1 to your result. An Argonaut may choose to fail

(before rolling!) to grant +3 to all other results.

Fail: *Your Titan struggles to breathe, the noxious vapors spilling off the Primordial flooding its lungs, choking the very sanity from its mind. Still you press on, smashing your weapons into columns as you stagger back into the facility. An ichor-soaked tendril wraps around your giant's legs, pulling it from its feet. The last thing you see through the junction is the rolling mass of the Chimera, surging up to cover you-* Your Titan perishes.

Success: *The Chimera is right on your back, its oily tentacles snapping out to grasp at you, its cloying presence thick in your Titan's nostrils, but still you keep going, smashing support pillars as you run. You surge out into one of the larger chambers of the complex, and somehow keep a decent distance between yourself and your monstrous pursuer. Before the Chimera can catch you, you slip down a narrow passage, nimbly evading its clutches!* Your Titan lives!

After each Argonaut resolves the test, *the roiling beast heaves into the central chamber of the complex, its cacophonous roar bouncing off suddenly unstable walls and ceiling as massive fractures spread in a spider's web from the damage your Titans have caused. Flakes of stone begin to fall from above as the rumble of collapse rises in your ears.*

The Chimera unleashes a thunderous sonic wobble, sensing that somehow it is at risk. It lunges forward, throwing itself at your Titans, lashing them with stinging tentacles, vomiting caustic ambrosia towards them, flinging massive chunks of rock from its form to try and cripple them. You hold back the brutal assault, covering the escape of your allies before slipping through the one remaining clear passageway out of the cavern.

Rocks plummet down onto the Chimera. Then, with shocking suddenness, as if Gaia herself chose to clench her fist around the beast, the cavern collapses, crushing it to a pulp under countless tons, the weight of Taygetos itself plunging down to seal the monstrosity's fate.

You flee, pushing your Titans to run with all of their might towards the surface as tunnels and passages continue to collapse around you. At long last, you emerge, joining your allies on the surface. Bruised, beaten, but alive!

Gain a Pygmalion Stone divine resource. **See 0035.**

0035

The sun is rising on a new day, and a fresh wind blows in from the sea, clearing away the smog of battle.

With the bloodrush of the conflict fading in your ears, you find yourselves sitting on the lower slopes of Mount Taygetos, the rustling of green grass filling your ears as you stare out over the rolling flatlands below. The horrors of Kaiadas Cavern and the Supreme Chimera seem like a distant memory as you take this moment to just enjoy the peace, the clean air, and the feeling of freedom it all brings.

You are soon joined by King Aristomenes, the former Messenian ruler, a weary but contented sigh escaping his lips. His ragged clothes hang from his gaunt frame, but you'd swear that the flesh of his face and hands seems… more colorful, more vibrant. The land is not the only thing to be rejuvenated.

"Thank you, Argonauts." He turns to you. "For everything you've done for this land. The scars of the Nietzschean's rule run deep, but in time they will fade. Your efforts will be remembered for far longer."

"What will you do now?" Your leader asks.

"I'm… not sure." The former King hesitates. "For so many of the Discarded, the world is an entirely different place to when we were thrown into that pit. My beloved Messenia is long gone, crushed by the Empire, and now a new hopeful nation rises in its place. There is no throne for me to return to. The time of kings has passed. And the others… a lot have lost families, friends, entire lives. The years we have been held captive weigh on us."

You look to the weathered features, feeling the regret in his words, but also the hope there. Where before there was only despair, now there is possibility, a choice.

Choose:

1. *There will always be room for the willing and the brave aboard the Argo. Your voyages may not be the most peaceful, but sometimes a purpose is what someone needs in order to heal from the harms of the past.* Take the Discarded with you on the Argo. **See 0036.**
2. *These former captives have spent too long living at the mercy of the whims of others. Now is the time for them to determine their own course, free of any outside control.* Allow the Discarded to find their own way. **See 0037.**

0036

"In times like these, we can often feel lost, directionless." One of you murmurs. "If it is a purpose that you seek, the Argo can give you one. We follow our mission, to safeguard the people of Hellas and make the world better. That can be your mission, too."

Aristomenes nods quietly, mulling over your words.

"That is a gracious offer, Argonauts. One I am certain many of the Discarded will accept. A place where they are wanted, accepted, at peace. A purpose and a cause to dedicate themselves to. It is ideal. For my own part, I will see if I can find a ship, and head East. I have some contacts around Rhodes, perhaps it will be worth my time to see if they're still active."

Seed ✕. **See 0038.**

0037

"After everything you've been through, the last thing you need is somebody else deciding your fate." One of you states firmly. "The future is yours to choose, to do with as you wish."

"Indeed it is." The former King smiles. "For the first time in almost twenty years, we're completely free to determine our own path. Free of the Gods, free of corrupt men. It's a liberating position to be in. Very well, Argonauts. I will see what the Discarded wish to do. For my own part, I will see if I can find a ship, and head East. I have some contacts around Rhodes, perhaps it will be worth my time to see if they're still active."

Seed . **See 0038.**

0038

Aristomenes rises, bowing to you before leaving. You watch him for a quiet moment, a flicker of satisfaction in your hearts. A life helped by your mission here. Another step in the process of cleansing the stain left behind by the Nietzschean's regime. With the Black Industry gone, and so many of the Empire's dirty secrets brought to light and ended, the people of Sparta have a much brighter future ahead of them.

Mark U6. Seed a chosen bonus from: +1 , +1 or +1 .

When you return to the Argo, you are met by the Old Priest, a hard to describe look on his weathered face. Wordlessly, he leads you down, to the secure cistern where you stored the Nietzschean's Shadow's skull. A lake of pure blackness has sprung up here in your absence, a black ocean of turbulent ambrosia. "It seeped through the ground all the way from Mount Taygetos," says the Old Priest. "To join its master in death."

"Or us, on our journey."

"It's too dangerous to leave it in Sparta," says the party leader. "Their furnaces may not be big or hot enough to burn away this hatred. But the Argo…"

"Yes, the Argo runs on this stuff," the Old Priest smiles. "And the voyage to Delphi will be a long one."

Lose the Nietzschean's Shadow's Skull and gain the Abyss Expedition Cycle III oversized Technology card (you'll be able to use it in Cycle III).

Return to Voyage Phase.

0039

You stand before the slick wall of frozen matter, feeling the strange warmth that it exudes. Almost… fatherly. Your hand is mere inches from its surface. A dizziness assaults your mind, mingled with something… odd. You cannot put words to it. Something deep inside you lurches away from the oddity, and it requires all of your will to hold firm.

There is still a chance to back away, should you so choose. If so, **see 0046.** Otherwise, choose the first option here that applies:

If you have no ice marks, **see 0040.**
If you have 1 ice mark, **see 0041.**
If you have 2 ice marks, **see 0044.**
If you have 3 ice marks, **see 0045.**

0040

The moment your palm touches the ice, you feel a sharp jolt, as if a tremendous amount of energy courses through your flesh. Your vision is replaced by a blinding whiteness, before you find yourself in the middle of a vast, midnight black desert, winds carrying tiny grains of black sand that tears at your flesh. The heat is almost unbearable.

Ahead, the Argo, listing dangerously to one side, stranded in the middle of this ocean of arid blackness. No sign of fire exists within it, and you feel the creeping suspicion in your mind that it is naught but a lifeless husk.

A sudden shout catches your ear. A figure crouches in the shadow of the city-ship, gesturing to some others close by. They do not appear to have noticed you.

"Hurry!" They shout over the roar of the winds, the hissing of the ebon sands. "We have to go back!"

Then, just as quickly as it came, the scene departs, a violent lurch dragging at your body forcefully.

Seed . Party leader gains +1 Ψ. Make an ice mark. **See 0039.**

0041

Your vision flashes once again, and you find yourself standing in an all too familiar place.

The Acropolis Deck of the Argo spreads out around you, the skies choking with fire and smoke. Dead warriors scatter the ground, and there you see the Nietzschean, unaware of your presence. He stands over a pile of dead warriors, and a figure lunges at him, a figure you know. A friend. A hero. A casualty. The Argonaut you laid to rest on the day you set foot in Lakonia.

The Nietzschean moves with that lightning speed you have learned to dread, and catches the Argonaut by the throat, replicating a moment that sits in your hearts like a stone. You have but one instant to act before history will repeat itself.

Choose:

1. Defying the Moirai, or whatever else it is that laid the path of your life before you, is often viewed as folly in folk tales and legends. And yet, you've made a habit of making your own luck. Perhaps this is a chance for you to right a wrong of the past? Try to rescue your comrade from their death. **See 0042.**
2. *The past happens for a reason, and Fate cannot be denied. As painful as it is, you should not interfere in the path that led you to this moment. But, perhaps in reliving the moment as it occurred previously, in submitting yourself to Fate's control, you might learn something new,*

see a new perspective... Allow the moment to play out the same as before. **See 0043.**

0042 *You leap into action, lunging towards your friend and the towering Nietzschean. You cross the distance in a flash, weapons ready to strike at your enemy.*

Just as it seems as if the Nietzschean is within your grasp, a strange, ponderous sluggishness grabs a hold of your limbs. The Nietzschean himself seems to slow down, moving at a crawl as his fist flexes on your friend's throat. The world around you fractures, like glass shot through with myriad cracks. The fault lines ensnare you in a web, and just as the Argonaut's snapping neck echoes hollowly in your mind, so too does the world shatter into a thousand pieces.

Tension fills your body, as if merely experiencing the moment again, trying to change it, caused you to push up against an invisible barrier, a tether to the path you have already walked. You defied the fates, at least in part. Even unsuccessful, you feel as though you have proved to yourself something- Fate is not absolute.

Seed . The Party Leader gains +1 Fury. A random Argonaut gains +2 Ψ. **See 0039.**

0043 *The Nietzschean sneers as his fist clenches, the fateful snapping of the Argonaut's neck echoing in your ears as nausea fills your throats. You hear the screams, your screams, but not from the throats you now possess, threats of vengeance and wrath leveled against the Nietzschean.*

As you are torn from this scene once more, the moment burns brightly in your memory, refreshed in painfully vivid detail. and yet, now that you have lived through it a second time, your more rational, measured mind takes over, analyzing the clash with painful clarity.

Seed . The Party Leader gains +1 Wisdom. A random Argonaut that is not the Party Leader gains +2 Ψ. **See 0039.**

0044 *Instead of the whitish-blue flare that filled your eyes the previous times you touched the ice, this time you are overwhelmed by a tidal wave of flame and smoke, tinged with the scent of blood.*

You open your eyes to see yourselves in the heart of a vast temple of some sort. Massive pillars of white marble tower over you, while beyond, the blackness of the sky is astoundingly empty, run through with shards of glimmering green and indigo. A gargantuan courtyard spreads out around you while, at its very center, a brilliant light shines blindingly. It is as if the Sun itself is before you, its radiance almost too much to bear.

You glance past the blinding incandescence to see a shape coasting through the skies, a... ship? Some kind of vessel, but soaring through the heavens as easily as a trireme cuts through the waves. You squint, trying to look more closely, but the brilliance of the courtyard pulses with even greater intensity, a shaft of light spearing forth from it to strike the intruder, piercing it with a lance of raw flame. There is an explosion, the tiny vessel consumed utterly, fragments spreading here and there. A single, golden spark tumbles from the wreckage, plummeting from view on a furiously swift course...

Deplete . A random Argonaut that didn't gain Ψ during this adventure, gains +3 Ψ. **See 0039.**

0045 *You move to touch the ice again, but feel a strong resistance this time. Your body is strained from the effort, like a bowstring drawn too tightly. Your intuition tells you that pressing onwards would have disastrous consequences. You snap out of the daze that has seized you.*

While you relate your tale to Teukros, a fragment falls away from the ice. It pulses with raw power, potent energies permeating it. A fragment of possibility, Teukros calls it, condensed into a single point.

Gain +1 .

"You should dispose of it." You add, realizing what harm it could cause in the wrong hands.

"But... think of its usefulness." Teukros insists. "What power could be unlocked..."

"The Nietzschean had it, and lost. You should not put faith in the Fates, but rather carve your own path into the future."

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0046 *"Something is wrong here." You comment. "Very wrong. Keep people away from it."*

"Probably wise." Teukros' words hold a reluctant, wistful note as he glances longingly at the ice.

"We will learn the truth about this 'ice' in time." You assure him. "That I can promise you."

Seed . Gain 1 Pygmalion Stone. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0047 *The prisoner looks to the Spymaster as you pull back a little, remaining out of sight. Her eyes narrow, before she turns away from the Athenian. "No, no. Don't know you, don't see you. Must not see you. Only the target. Only the golden-armored ones..."*

"What is your name, child?" Syagra's poise relaxes, her expression kind.

"Name... name?" Her brow furrows in confusion. "I am... I was... Was I Dirce? Too many images, too many memories..."

She clutches at her head, frustration growing inside her. A low, tortured moan escapes her lips.

"Where are you from?"

"I... I remember... Geronthrae, I grew up in the slave camps in Geronthrae, before He took me, elevated me."

"Who, child? Who 'elevated' you?"

See 0051.

0048 *The moment that you approach the bars of her cell, the prisoner looks up, eyes widening, her face twisting into a grimace of rage, bloodlust, and frenzied hunger. She darts towards the cell's bars, fingers clawing at the air as her teeth gnash behind curling lips.*

"You!" She screams. "I see your face, on the inside of my eyelids, on the walls, in the words he whispered!"

Almost as quickly as it came upon her, the frenzy evaporates, and she slumps to the cell floor, clutching at her head as if wracked by deep pain. The Argonaut she was reaching for steps back, a tingle of fear crawling up the base of their spine. How did she know your face, and why did it spark such a reaction?

Party Leader gains a Mnemos node (according to the Onwards Odyssey rules) and +2 Ψ. **See 0049.**

0049 *The Spymaster kneels next to the cell's bars, offering some quiet, almost gentle words to soothe her. You steady yourself, ready to carry out the interrogation.*

The Party Leader reacts to the prisoner's words: they make a d10 roll, adding Wisdom or Cunning. Each Argonaut may choose to gain +1 Ψ to add +1 to the roll.

1-5: *"What is your purpose here?" You immediately confront her, without tact, and without grace. She is an enemy, and you will treat her as such. "Are there any more of your kind out there?"* **See 0050.**

6-11: *"Who is 'he'? Why did he send you here?" You try to exercise a little more caution, but you know you still need answers. You hope that your firm but measured words will resonate with her.* **See 0051.**

12+: *"What happened to you?" You ask cautiously. The Nietzschean's way was aggression and wrath. To be better than him, you need to be kind, empathetic. "Let us help you."* **See 0052.**

0050 *Her lips peel back once more, exposing glistening white teeth in an almost feral snarl. A sinister chuckle ripples through her chest as she looks at you, manic light gleaming in her eyes.*

"We are His chosen daughters! We're here for your demise, puppet." She cackles. "The Nietzschean took us from the slave camps and gave us one purpose, to see the Argonauts' end."

Her body suddenly stiffens, before recoiling as if from scorching flames. She scrabbles towards the back wall of the cell, away from you.

"No! I don't... I don't want to! Please, stay away!"

You watch the sobbing figure, a twinge of fear gnawing at your mind. Is what she is saying true? Could there be tens, dozens, hundreds of assassins coming to kill you?

Deplete . **See 0053.**

0051 *"The Nietzschean." She stammers. "He took us from the slave camps, gave us new names, changed us. Showed us the faces of those we must kill. We can't... I can't... I must fulfil my mission. I must kill... you!"*

"The Argonauts?" The Spymaster asks.

" Supreme One's enemies. Their blood must flow!" She seethes, before suddenly freezing, fear skittering across her features. "No! Wait, wait, wait.... this is not me, I don't... I can't fight, I don't want to kill..."

As she sags to the floor, sobbing into her hands, unease tugs at your innards. Could what she is saying really be true? Was the Nietzschean designing mortal weapons to send after you, living daggers aimed at your backs?

Seed . **See 0053.**

0052 *"I..." She hesitates. "I remember the slave camps, being snatched from my people by the Nietzschean's men. And then..."*

She suddenly lets loose a low, tortured moan.

"It hurts so much." She gasps. "He wanted us broken, then he filled our minds... so many voices, different people, different pasts. Pieces, designed to make our minds his. To make us...."

She gasps, backing away from the cell's bars.

"Stay back, Argonaut." She pleads. "He wanted us to kill you. Built us to be the blades that will find your backs."

The prisoner retreats to the furthest corner, watching you fearfully. You cannot help but feel troubled by what she has said, but something else bothers you. The way she describes having her will erased, something else forced to drown out her old personality. The Nietzschean left so many people damaged...

Seed and . **See 0053.**

0053 *You step away from the cell, leaving the moaning prisoner behind you. A few paces away, the Symmachy Spymaster turns to look at you.*

"We can take her." Syagra states. "For containment and study. We can learn how the Nietzschean's indoctrination works, we can..."

"Replicate it?"

"Heal it," Syagra ignores the slight. "Who knows how many more of these... these Slumbering Blades there are. Among the Helots, among my people... onboard the Argo."

"That is how he worked," says the party leader absent-mindedly. "The Nietzschean. Sowing

doubt. If you truly believe the 'Slumbering Blades' are among us, you will never be sure you got them all."

"So you'd send her back? To her family, and friends? Give them a chance to heal in more comfortable and familiar surroundings? Noble. And risk her becoming 'activated. Unwise.".

Choose:

1. *Syagra tells an uncomfortable truth. People like Dirce will continue to be a risk to themselves and others. If someone has a chance to undo the Nietzschean's conditioning, it's the Symmachy. Still... can the Symmachy be trusted with such a secret?* Have the Symmachy take Dirce and any more of these sleeping agents into custody for deprogramming. **See 0054.**

2. *Syagra tells a truth – one of many upon which the Spartan Empire of misery and hate was built. Even after his demise, the Nietzschean seems to sow discord. This must end here. The best thing for these poor souls will be to be returned to their families, to go back to their homes to heal properly. The Argo can spare the time to reunite these victims with their loved ones.* Take any of these slumbering agents you find back to their people, so they can recover in familiar surroundings. **See 0055.**

0054 *You agree to send Dirce back with Syagra, entrusting her fate to the Symmachy. Over the coming days, more and more of these 'Slumbering Blades' are found among the ranks of your allies, intelligence provided by the Diaspora Fleet proving invaluable in uncovering them. A network of potential threats is discovered and disarmed, further ensuring the safety of your people. You feel a little uneasy with the idea of entrusting the fates of these vulnerable, traumatized victims of the Nietzschean's regime to your Athenian allies, but you are forced to admit that they have the keenest minds in Hellas at their disposal, people skilled in the pathways of the psyche. If anyone can help them to heal, it is the Symmachy.*

Seed . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0055 *"We'll take her aboard the Argo, and return her to her people." One of you asserts. "She needs the kindness and love of her family to recover, not a cell and constant interrogations. The Blades were to target us, and we are off to Delphi. I doubt we will ever return."*

Syagra opens her mouth to say something, clearly doubtful of your statement, but thinks better of it, nodding her assent.

It takes time, the Argo scouring the coasts of Lakonia for some days, but eventually you do find the Helot settlements that were targeted by the Nietzschean, their able-bodied men and women taken for all kinds of experimentation. Among them, you find Dirce's loved ones, still mourning the loss of their daughter. The woman's family are profusely grateful to you for her safe return.

"Compassion may sometimes become a liability, "says the Old Priest. "But pitilessness is the end of mortals. We need to be better, like you just showed."

Mark Z9. Seed . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0056 *The renegade Spartan forces begin to rout, and your lookouts raise a call of alarm. Following the pointing finger of one of them, you see a large shape fleeing before the Argo fleet's might. A grand vessel, clad in bronze plating atop a blackened, ambrosia-soaked wooden hull. An octareme of the Nietzschean's fleet, a lingering prize of the sundered navy. Hundreds of oars sprout from its sides, many of them far too large for mortal hands.*

Choose:

1. *This vessel seems to be the flagship of this raiding fleet, and a potential beacon for any enduring naval forces of the Spartans to rally behind. If you put an end to its voyage now, you could prevent further raids. However, it would mean leaving the Symmachy forces to handle the rest of the Palirroia by themselves...* Leave the Athenians to fend for themselves and chase down the flagship. Deplete . **See 0057.**

2. *It pains you to let a powerful enemy craft slip through your fingers, but you the Athenians are weakened, and the River Works treacherous: there may still be more of those raiders hiding in the narrow tributaries. There may be another chance to face the bronze-clad juggernaut, but the lives you could save today cannot be replaced.* Allow the flagship to escape while you help the Symmachy survivors. Deplete . **See 0058.**

0057 *Your leader bellows the command to the Argo fleet, ordering more sail to hunt down the Spartan juggernaut. For your sleek, Argo-crafted vessels, chasing down the heavier, slower craft is a simple matter. Your crew leap across, scrambling up the bronze armor plating to alight upon the broad deck, swiftly subduing the Spartans aboard with little bloodshed, the defeated Imperial loyalists soon losing the will to resist.*

Once the vessel is firmly under your command, you break the slaves free from the lower decks, the Helots and captured Symmachy warriors blinking as they step out into the light for the first time in months. You arrange for some of them to return to their homes, others keen to volunteer aboard the Diaspora Fleet, to put their newfound freedom to good use. You also find a handful of colossi bound to the larger oars, their backs hunches and shoulders slumped with despairing weariness. They are slow to follow you out of the hold, but in time you free them all, knowing they will find a far better life of comfort in the care of your Titan Stoa – or return to their people, the Cyclopes.

While you work to secure the Titans, Alkibiades and his teams set to work stripping the metal plating from the juggernaut. It will be of use to the Argo, able to patch fissures in the hull and repair broken Makinae.

Seed . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0058 *You turn your eyes away from the gleaming bronze vessel, knowing you have to keep your focus here and now. Lakonia is not the same place it once was, such a craft will not find many safe havens. In time, your allies in the new Lakonian government will track them down and put a permanent end to their raids.*

You order the ships about, moving to help secure the Symmachy vessels and scoop survivors from the waves. And it's a good thing you decided to stick around, as your scouts discover an ambush in waiting. There will be no surprises today.

Picking through the wreckage of those Palirroia craft you managed to sunder, you find a wealth of resources, presumably plundered from the remnants of the Empire's coffers, or from your allies. Either way, the wealth will find a new purpose with the Argo.

Among those you pluck from the waves, more than a few Athenians wish to repay their debt to the Argo, eager to join your crew.

Seed . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0059 *Once their wounds are taken care of, you help the women and their children aboard the Argo. You need to rethink the way space is allotted but somehow you manage to fit everyone. There is always space on the Argo. Preternaturally so. Some of the chambers you visit, you have not seen before. Hope provides.*

Seed . **See 0061.**

0060 *You escort the Helot women to a town near to the coast, a place where they can take shelter and either build a new life for themselves and their children, or seek passage to their old homes, perhaps to try and rebuild what was lost before, leaving them ample resources to choose either.*

Seed . **See 0061.**

0061 *As you check in on the women after their ordeal, you find one young mother bouncing a cooing baby on her lap. The child's veins seem darker than those of the other babies.*

"Their 'healers'" the mother's face twists into a mask of disgust at the word's utterance, "were relentless. Cruel. Many of our children will bear their marks..."

"Don't let anyone treat them worse for it," you whisper. "They are already heroes of this war. Make them wear these marks with pride."

As you are talking with her, a cry of shock echoes from behind you. You turn to see a towering figure, a mountain of a man, staring past you with wide eyed amazement. He is tall, powerfully built, every inch the Spartan warrior, with one exception. His bronze skin is marred by countless scars, black veins protruding from beneath his flesh, bloated with ambrosia. He bulls past you, rushing towards the young woman as she cries out in joy. The pair reunite, and you find out that this warrior was Diascouros, the young woman's beloved. The pair embrace, the former Spartan warrior, now a free man, gazing down at the newborn with wonder and adoring love.

You watch the small family, feeling a swell of pride in your hearts. The scars of the Nietzschean's regime are clear to see on each of their faces – and still they find the light inside to feel happiness again. If they can achieve this in the face of such dark deeds, surely you can achieve so much more. You owe it to them.

As you turn to leave, allowing the family the peace they need, you feel the hope within you blaze a little brighter. Day by day, Lakonia is leaving the horrors of the war further behind.

Seed . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0062 *The decision is made- the children will go to the Helots, where new homes and families will be found to care for them. A kinder, gentler fate than might otherwise befallen them. You can see the reservation in the expression of your Symmachy ally, but you are confident this is the right decision. Victims like these need caring far beyond their initial rescue. They are not defective, nor lost causes. And even if it happens that someone is beyond saving... you should still have tried.*

In the coming weeks, you receive word of a few incidents. Former Krypteia trainees struggling to adjust to life outside of the Nietzschean's control, wrestling with the pain of overcoming their addiction to ambrosia sedatives, outbursts of anger, hatred and violence... but, over time the children begin to adapt, to learn. To find some semblance of peace, and then happiness. They may never live a fully peaceful life as a child untouched by such horrors would, but they've been given a second chance, which is more than they could have hoped for in those forsaken cells.

Seed . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0063 *In the face of Briseis' protests, you decide to take the Symmachy's recommendation. The children will be sent to the Diaspora Fleet, where they will find a rigid structure to help them handle the violent instincts that have been forced upon them. It may not seem like the kindest solution, but you know that it is the most practical, and will prevent the*

children from causing any harm to themselves or others by lashing out when their traumas become too much to bear.

In the coming weeks, you receive reports from your Symmachy contacts. While initially resistant, the children slowly begin to integrate into the Athenian military structure, finding a place to belong and a stable environment to thrive in. Some show signs of rebelliousness, but the Symmachy have stern commanders who are able to rein in those impulses, turning these former Krypteia acolytes into functional, somewhat disciplined warriors.

Seed ⚔. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0064 *You speak out in favor of Alkibiades's proposition, and the matter is decided. The children will have a home aboard the Argo, where the War Philosopher and the Balaneion Sages, under the direction of Lykaon, the ship's physician, will begin the experimental therapy to help them recover.*

It takes time, the mysteries of the Balaneion oftentimes just beyond your grasp, but slowly an improvement can be seen, the sessions in the emerald waters of the Triskelion pool allowing them to enter a state where they can address their psychological scarring and begin the slow, difficult process of healing. It is not an instantaneous solution, but you are certain it is the best decision. You owe it to these children, to help them in whatever way you can.

Seed 🕯. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

Hub 2: Heirs to the Future

α	Heir Apparent	
1–2	The Next Generation	☐
3–4	The Past Revisited	☐
5–6	The Symmachy Way	☐
7–8	Troubled Youth	☐
9–10	Face of the Enemy	☐
Ω	Succession	

α Heir Apparent — *Family*

A gentle breeze drifts across the rolling hills of Lakonia, brushing the fat heads of wheat in the golden fields in a swaying wave.

You take a moment, drinking in the peace. This is what you've been fighting for. A free Lakonia. A safe Lakonia. A land of hope and prosperity.

If Q9 is marked **see 0001.**
If Q6 is marked, **see 0002.**
If Q7 is marked, **see 0005.**
If Q8 is marked, **see 0006.**

1–2 The Next Generation — *Deed*

The soldiers cluster on the training grounds of the fortress, barely managing to assemble a straight line. From a distance, you pass your eyes over the fresh, nervous faces, taking in the youth and wide-eyed inexperience. Their leader, a newly promoted captain by the name of Helicaon, shouts orders at them, their responses sluggish, clumsy.

The outpost you find yourself at is somewhat removed from civilization, watching over a largely ignored junction of the Great River Works. A recent conquest, taken by the alliance forces as the Imperials had fallen into a full retreat. Now a fortress manned by some of the… greener troops of the newborn Lakonian nation.

A sudden cry rises from the edge of the camp, where one of your people has discovered – and dealt with - an intruder. Now, the four of you look down on the body of the fallen Spartan warrior, once a part of the Nietzschean's military, now bearing the red and gold armor that you've learned to associate with the forces of the Heir of Leonidas.

Realizing what he is looking at, Helicaon pales a little, falling into a confused daze.

"Captain… captain!" You snap him out of it. "Focus. He was probably a forward scout, which means the rest of his company won't be far behind. Pleistarchus is making a move on this region, and we need to counter him. Are there any reinforcements in the area we can call on?"

"I… uh…" The young captain stutters. "No, we're all that was assigned this far East. I think the generals assumed there wouldn't be much risk of enemy movement out here."

Choose:

1. A siege is a grim thing to endure, and the troops under Helicaon are inexperienced, but they must learn to face such challenges head on. If you let the Heir's forces approach the fortress unhindered, the losses to your own troops will be lessened, but the young warriors of the outpost will have to endure a protracted siege, and you will be cut off from the Argo. Allow the Heir's troops to lay siege to the walls of the fortress. Deplete ⚓. **See 0057.**
2. The enemy will try to besiege the fortress, so your best bet would be to try and face them out in the field, thin their ranks before they can close with you. The fresh-faced troops of the outpost are too inexperienced to face a prolonged siege so, in spite of the cost to your own forces, you'll prevent such an outcome. Have the new recruits hold the fortress while you strike out at the Heir's warriors before they can lay a siege. Deplete ⚔. **See 0058.**

3–4 The Past Revisited — *Voyage*

Faint winds tug at your clothes as you stand atop the Acropolis Deck, glancing out over the gently swaying waters of the Great River Works – a wonder of the world whose construction cost innumerable lives. There, a swarm of black shapes, a fleet of ships approaching.

As the foremost of the triremes draws near, you see the familiar golden cloth of the sails and the figurehead carved into the shape of a bull. This was once a warship of King Minos.

You glance to your side, where a Symmachy Archon stands with you, along with one of the Helot leaders. The flagship of the Cretan fleet pulls up alongside the Argo, like a twig passing by a fishing boat, so grand is your vessel.

If D2 is marked, **see 0064.**
If O6 is marked, **see 0065.**
If O5 is marked, **see 0066.**
Otherwise, **see 0067.**

5–6 The Symmachy Way — *Crime*

You walk slowly through the war-torn polis, half of the buildings lying in ruin, but you are surprised to hear talk of a new economy and whispers of the implementation of Symmachy laws. As you move deeper into the settlement, a shouting match under a withering olive tree draws your eye. There, a cluster of Symmachy soldiers and Helot civilians argue loudly.

"For the last time, Perenaias, we are here to protect this city and everyone in it." The Symmachy commander sighs.

"This is only helping the Symmachy, Nicomachos!" An older man jabs at the Athenian's chest with a claw-like finger. "You come here, talking about commerce and rebuilding, but in reality you only want to establish your presence!"

"Like I said, the Symmachy is here for your protection. We will help rebuild this city, keep you safe, feed you and return your polis to prosperity. But we have to work together. You need to give us something in return. Resources are scarce after

the war."

"Argonauts! Dead Gods be blessed!" Perenaias points at the Symmachy. "These crooks want to dominate us! They come here like carrion birds to a battlefield."

"A victorious war paid with the blood of many of my brethren." Nicomachos reminds everyone through gritted teeth.

"And now they want to impose their laws. They even took down our banners and have ransacked our temples!"

"Everyone needs to make sacrifices if we are to build Lakonia back stronger, better. This city can't be under Symmachy protection and rule itself. There are no leaders left, no economy to speak of. Traditions will not save you; supplies and systems will, things which we can provide. The war is over, the Nietzschean's regime has fallen, we are not your enemy."

Choose:

1. *Without order, these people won't last long. This city needs to be rebuilt and the Symmachy could get it done, currently they're the only force in Hellas that can do it. Still, that does not mean they should have free rein here. Let the Symmachy rule the polis, but with safeguards in place to protect the people.* Deplete . **See 0071.**

2. *The Symmachy moves in to position itself as a new hegemon, you've seen it happen before. The Helots have barely anything left and the Symmachy is using that against them. If the Symmachy has its way, they will dominate the Helots for years to come. Better to keep them out of affairs, and dedicate your own time and resources to helping the people of Lakonia. Help the people of the polis to govern themselves and establish their own laws and traditions.* Deplete . **See 0072.**

7–8 Troubled Youth | *Heritage*

The remote mountain settlement is crude, little more than a collection of gigantic yurts nestled in the shadow of a towering peak. In a pen nearby, cattle twice as tall as a mortal snuffle and grunt, their snouts rooting through the dirt as they munch on what scant vegetation they can find.

You've answered the call for aid from the Cyclopes of this distant village, coming to the home of the giants, more than a little curious what matter they could need your help with now, when the Nietzschean and his war machine are dismantled.

If Q11 is marked, **see 0073.** Otherwise, **see 0074.**

9–10 Face of the Enemy | *Dream*

You move through the enemy camp silently, keeping a low profile as you scuttle through the outskirts unseen. Your scouts' reports had been accurate, a large forward outpost of Pleistarchus's forces found nestled in the depths of a forest close to one of Lakonia's larger towns, within easy striking distance of a busy trade road.

As you move into the shadow of one tent, a bustle of activity catches your ears, a pair of soldiers wearing the armor of former Spartan warriors emerging, carrying a third, motionless form between them. You observe them from a distance, watching them drag the lifeless figure through the camp and deposit it in a shallow, open grave, where a few other bodies, mostly wearing the same armor as themselves, already lie. They pause for a moment, looking down at the dead, their faces difficult to read, although the air of hesitation around them is unmistakable.

"This isn't what I signed up for." One spits bitterly. "I came here to protect my home, to keep it whole and safe from outsiders. What Pleistarchus is doing… this isn't patriotism. This isn't for the good of Sparta."

"I saw the same things under the Nietzschean." The other contributes. "I thought he stood for something, with his promises of strength and glory. But in the end, it's just another man looking to grab what he can for himself."

"We should just leave. Turn our backs on this whole mess."

"And go where? Leonidas's son would have us hunted down, our families exposed and attacked because of our 'treason'. We have no choice."

Choose:

1. *Not all members of Pleistarchus' army are convinced of his goals, or joined completely willingly. There are many who were conscripted, or enlisted out of a misguided sense of duty to their nation. If you can help them defect, take the time to ensure the safety of their families and loved ones, these radicalized individuals could be freed from the difficult situation they find themselves in. Send the Argo's spies in to identify and extract those who no longer have faith in the Heir and his goals.* Deplete . **See 0078.**

2. *While you sympathize with those who have been swept along in this madman's crusade, deceived by promises of glory and national sovereignty, you also have your own people to think of, and their safety. Attempts to deradicalize those misled by Pleistarchus will have to wait until after your towns and people are safe. Remain focused on attacking the camp for now.* Deplete . **See 0079.**

Succession | *Fate*

"Read it again."

Agripha picks up the unfurled scroll, sharp eyes squinting as she clears her throat:

"To the foreign invaders of the iron ship, I issue this challenge- meet me on the field of battle. In the same way that my father resisted the foreign invaders of his time, I shall drive your corruption out of my lands. Only by the evidence of might can this conflict be resolved, and then my blood-claim to the throne of Sparta shall be evident for all to see. I gather my forces at the Cape of Maleas. If you have the spine to face the trueborn heir of these Lakonia, you will face me there. If not, then begone, forever shamed in the eyes of any real Spartan.

"Pleistarchus the First, sole heir to the line of Leonidas, King of Sparta."

"The boy throws his weight around, but he has no idea how to rule." One of you mutters scornfully. "He's no Nietzschean."

"But he has the support of his lackeys." Your more cautious comrade muses. "And a Cyclonus which we cannot allow to roam free."

"The Cape of Maleas…" The Old Priest murmurs. "That is a forsaken stretch of land. The fury of the storm is ever present there. Many a voyage has been confounded by that cruel cape."

"We're sailing to Delphi next. How confounding can a cape be?" The party leader smiles, and the Old Priest chuckles.

Choose:

1. Dangerous seascape or not, you'll need the Argo's close-range support for any kind of encounter Pleistarchus may have schemed. Take the Argo, and approach the meeting point by sea. Each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ. **See 0021.**

2. You don't want to risk your home any more than you already have. Better to keep the Argo at a distance, disembark with your forces, and approach the meeting point on foot. Travel by land. During the next Battle, you can use 1 Argo Ability less. **See 0022.**

0001 *Numerous figures toil in the fields, former Helot slaves now working to fill their own bellies rather than the pockets of their owners. A Symmachy wagon transports grain to the nearby town, while you can see a pair of Cyclopes lifting some heavy beams to serve as the rafters of a barn that is slowly taking shape.*

A united nation, working together to build their future. And at its inception, the Argo itself played a key part. You feel a swell of warmth at that realization. None of this could have happened without the city-ship bringing the disparate factions together.

Seed . **See 0009.**

0002 *The fields are largely empty, save for a handful of figures tilling the soil or pulling weeds before they can choke the grain. As you watch, a patrol of green-armored soldiers march by, traversing a route around the farmlands. The Symmachy is ever watchful over the domain, their sharp eyes tending to every corner of the newly stabilized Lakonia.*

If Q10 is marked, **see 0003.**
Otherwise, **see 0004.**

0003 *You note with not a little unease the heavy shields and iron-tipped spears carried by each of these patrolling soldiers, their helmeted visages scanning the farmhands with hawklike focus. Their gazes shift to you, and you feel a momentary vulnerability, as if being analyzed by a predator.*

The Symmachy has sunk its talons deep into the lands of Lakonia, instilling firm control over the region. While this brings stability, you cannot help but wonder if the people of Sparta have merely traded one oppressor for another.

Still, the new regime has had its benefits for the Argo, increased trade bringing in many valuable resources as the city-ship makes ready for the next stage of its voyage.

Seed . **See 0009.**

0004 *The Symmachy patrol glances to you, nodding their greeting as they pass. They are lightly armored, carrying a simple shortsword at their hips. Peacekeepers, guards assigned to watch over the new-born nation you helped to create. While the Symmachy's influence can be seen worming its way in around the edges of this newly freed Lakonia, you are relieved to see that they have not become an occupying force. Merely guardians until the people are ready to take charge of their own destinies.*

Seed ✕. **See 0009.**

0005 *Dozens of figures move about in the farmlands, hunched shapes talking, laughing, singing as they go about their work. Former slaves, now freed to grow their own crops, work their own patch of land, create their own futures. A brighter, happier land than the one you arrived to. Free of the Nietzschean's yoke.*

Of course, many of the newly liberated Helots wished to join the Argo on its mission, wanting to see the world beyond the borders of their homeland. You had been all too happy to welcome them aboard, knowing that call to the horizon all too well.

Seed ✕. **See 0009.**

0006 *Two lumbering figures move through the fields, guiding a heavy iron plough. The Cyclopes turn their eyes towards you, nodding solemnly, before returning to their work.*

If Q11 is marked, **see 0007.**
Otherwise, **see 0008.**

0007 *The giants of the fallen Leleges Empire have been expanding*

since the end of the war, coming down from the highlands to occupy empty territories left behind by the Nietzschean's regime. Small towns have been established by the lumbering colossi, places where the forges ring day and night as the old Cyclopean ways of smithing are brought into the modern day.

The ensuing trade between the Argo and the Cyclopean remnant has been profitable, many new pieces of tekne being provided to the city ship.

Seed . **See 0009.**

0008 *The giants of Lakonia have largely remained withdrawn, most of their tribes lingering in the highlands as herdsmen for their immense cattle, but a few have found their way down into the mortal settlements. Here and there, a Cyclopean blacksmith establishes his trade in making farming tools, ship hull plating, or helping to build the infrastructure the land will need to recover from the Empire's control.*

Those few giants who step into the mortal world have been valuable trading partners for the Argo, supplying your Titans with useful pieces of equipment and tekne.

Seed . **See 0009.**

0009 *You turn away from the farmlands, directing your gaze towards the polis ahead, the small town of Akriai. Just beyond the town's harbor, the looming shadow of the Argo stands tall against the sky, a proud beacon with its prow turned towards the open seas. Soon it will be time for you to leave Lakonia, continuing your odyssey. But, for now, you have time to relax, to breathe, to rest.*

As you enter the town's borders, you hear a commotion coming from the Agora. On approaching, you see a few figures standing above the crowd, several ranks of red-and white armored Spartans. Standing at the front of this assembly is a young man of swarthy features, upon his head a shining helm of gold carved into the likeness of a snarling lion.

"People of Sparta!" A figure steps up next to him, a weathered man, hunched with age and grey of hair. "Rejoice, for salvation has arrived! Pleistarchus, the son of the mighty King Leonidas, has returned from exile, ready to claim his birthright. No more shall foreign interlopers meddle in our affairs! No more shall we answer to the whims of the iron ship and its so-called 'heroes'!"

As you listen to the proclamations of this apparent 'heir' to Sparta's throne, or rather his advisor, you feel your blood beginning to simmer. Did you not bleed for this nation, struggle and suffer to break it free of tyranny? And now, some formerly absent ruler wants to come and claim Lakonia for himself, declare all of your efforts 'meddling'? It is almost too much to bear.

Choose:

1. *You won't have the name of the Argo or its allies besmirched in this way. You've given too much, gone too far, to have someone swoop in and claim glory for themselves, no matter their bloodline or perceived 'birthright'.* Step forward and challenge this 'Heir'. **See 0010.**

2. *No matter how much work you put into breaking the Nietzschean's hold over Lakonia, it is up to the people how their future will turn out. You have to trust them to speak out against false kings or glory-hounds who turn up to scavenge at the carcass of the Empire.* Remain silent, and see how the people around you respond. **See 0011.**

0010 *As one, the four of you march towards the front of the assembly, determination in your gait. The speaker easily spots you, a wry sneer twisting his lips.*

"Ah, and here they are now! The foreign oppressors of the iron ship, come to silence any challenge to their authority."

"You talk pretty big for a man who wasn't here while we fought the Nietzschean." One of you retorts.

"So you think your victories in battle give you the right to determine the future of our homeland?" The speaker counters. "To deny the blood-borne right of the true heir of Sparta's throne? Does your might make you the authority here? Wouldn't that make you no better than the tyrant you overthrew?"

"We fought for a free Lakonia!" Your leader protests. "Not to see a vulture swoop in and devour it for himself."

Around you, murmurs of agreement rise from the crowd. You know you have support from the people. They were here, during the war. These strangers were not.

An Argonaut gains a Mnemos Node, but may not raise a Mnemos above 7 (See Onwards Odyssey Rules). **See 0012.**

0011 *"You weren't here!" A woman's voice rises from the crowd, shrill but firm. "We had to deal with the Nietzschean's oppression alone, until the Argonauts showed up!"*

"Yeah!" A young man adds. "They helped us when the ones we relied on to lead us turned tail and ran away, or even joined the Empire! They're not outsiders, they're a part of Lakonia!"

More and more murmurs of agreement rise from the crowd, voices speaking out in your defense and denouncing this new figure. You look around, buoyed up by the outpouring of support.

An Argonaut gains the 'Roused' Condition. **See 0012.**

0012 *The speaker opens his mouth to bellow, his cheeks already flushing crimson with anger, but a swift hand gesture from the swarthy youth in the bronze armor silences him.*

"Enough, Lykourgos." His voice is reedy, thin, the rasp of adolescence hiding in his words. "If the people of this town are so obstinate as to reject me, then so be it. They will face consequences for their stubbornness."

He steps forward, the carved golden lionhead of his helm glimmering in the sunlight as he sweeps his gaze across the crowd.

"People of Akriai!" He shouts, his words echoing shrilly across the Agora. "You have chosen to reject your true regent. And so, I have no choice but to withdraw my blessing from upon this polis. Where before you supped from Sparta's bounty, now you shall taste only ashes."

As he finishes speaking, he turns away, and almost as if on cue, a warning cry echoes from the edge of town. Alarm bells are ringing, and people shout in despair. Reports begin to filter in- a Primordial has been sighted!

You waste no time, rushing for the edge of town. A Primordial, here? How? Surely they have all been disposed of with the Nietzschean's passing...

Your doubts evaporate as you clamber up the walls on the town's edge, seeing before you a scene of chaos. The farmlands are engulfed in an inferno, the crops blackened and scorched as hungry flames wash across the land. And there, in the midst of it all, a lumbering, giant figure.

Muscles bulge under taut skin, black veins filled with ambrosia pulsing powerfully. Chains wrap around the stocky, broad torso and the thick legs. Where normally one would expect to see the arms end in immense fists, the flesh has been severed to replace it with gargantuan mauls, the iron weapons hollowed out to hold a payload of burning pitch, which the monster uses to spread flames through the fields.

The head of the beast is encased in a massive helm, shining gold in the firelight, carved into the likeness of a roaring lion, an echo of the same helm worn by the young Pleistarchus.

The colossal Cyclonus bellows a war cry and continues its rampage through the farmlands, torching all in its wake.

The sounds of conflict surround you. You see the detachment of Spartan warriors emerge from the polis, moving to follow the Cyclonus. The 'Heir of Leonidas' is making his retreat and leaving the polis in ruins.

Choose:

1. *Regardless of the plight of the people of Akriai, you know that this new threat needs to be your priority. You may not be able to face him yet, especially with that Primordial escorting him, but you can at least follow his trail and see where he flees to.* Give chase, and gain more information on this 'Heir of Leonidas'. Deplete . **See 0013.**

2. *The town will be devastated by the loss of its precious crops. The people need help to recover, and to salvage what they can from the wreckage of the farmlands. They spoke up in support of your efforts in Lakonia, and this was their penalty. You owe it to them to help.* Stay behind to help repair the damage. Deplete . **See 0017.**

0013 *There's no time to return to the Argo for your Titans, no time to muster a cadre of soldiers to pursue this new foe, you just need to give chase. At first it's easy, the flaming mauls two swirling comets on the dusking sky, but then the fires grow farther and daylight starts dimming.*

The party leader tests Cunning or Endurance (9+). Each Argonaut may gain +1 or +1 to add +1 to the result.

Success: *While remaining unseen, you stick close to the Heir and his retinue, following them further into the Lakonian countryside.* **See 0014.**

Fail: *In spite of your best efforts, the Heir and his entourage eventually elude you, their trail going cold as they make a trail for the Lakonian uplands.* If B9 is marked, **see 0015.** Otherwise, **see 0016.**

0014 *The trail of destruction left behind by the Cyclonus is easy to follow, leading you deep into the Lakonian countryside. However, after a certain point, it seems that its flaming mauls have been quenched, and its rampage is curbed. The Heir and his followers have some way to control the beast, restrain its more violent impulses when the need arises.*

Eventually, the trail leads you to the northern town of Geronthrae. Troops patrol a newly erected wooden palisade and Scorpions capable of hurling Titan-crippling bolts adorn its higher towers. The Heir has made his safe haven, high on the slopes overlooking the lowlands. You will not be able to assault it today, but knowing his base of operations will be of use in the future.

You return to Akriai, finding the polis in a state of disrepair, the despairing townsfolk weeping over their lost crops and devastated homesteads. But the rebuilding has already begun. These people have endured so much already, and it has hardened them. They will endure, no matter the trials this new would-be King might place before them.

Seed . **See 0020.**

0015 *The trail fades with the growing dark of night, even the Primordial's immense footprints being lost as soft earth gives way to unyielding stone. Eventually, you have to turn back, knowing you'll accomplish little by wandering the Lakonian wilds.*

You return to Akriai, finding a scene of equal parts devastation and stoic determination. The people have lost much, their crops burned, homesteads flattened by the Primordial, livestock

fleeing into the countryside, but they have endured such hardships before. They pulled through once, and they will again. This is the persevering spirit of the Lakonian people. No matter the adversity, they survive, and grow stronger.

As you join the salvage efforts, you see a familiar figure approach. The former Spartan General, Imbrus. His aged features twist upwards in the shadow of a smile as he greets you, thankful again for the part you played in saving his homeland.

The Spartan defector is able to tell you a little of the Heir, of his rise to influence among the tattered remnants of the Nietzschean's followers, his recruitment of any who still ascribed to the Cult of Strength. It is not much to go on, but it is something. A first step on your path to facing this would-be King.

Seed . **See 0020.**

0016 *You return to Akriai empty-handed, frustrated by hardened rock that cannot hold an imprint and canny foes who know the land better than you do. The Heir and his entourage seem to have vanished into thin air, evading you with ease.*

As you make your way back through the town, you feel the frustration rise within you. The people have suffered enough without a would-be King rising to persecute them further. The Nietzschean left a vacuum, and now any stray vulture with aspirations of glory will try to assume the throne of Sparta. But the people are resilient. As you look around at them, dutifully cleaning up the damage wrought on their home, you cannot help but admire their stubborn resolve, no matter the circumstances.

Deplete . **See 0020.**

0017 *You let the procession of Spartans slip away, bitterness filling your minds as you turn back to the town. You need to stay focused on the people who have been put in harm's way by this would-be King. The Nietzschean would forsake the common folk to pursue an enemy, not you.*

You help the people of Akriai get the flames under control, saving a portion of their harvest and protecting a few buildings from being destroyed. The townsfolk are profusely thankful, showering you with praise and gifts for your aid.

If D5 or C7 is marked, **see 0018.** Otherwise, **see 0019.**

0018 *As the following day dawns, a familiar figure approaches you. The grey eyes of Cyrene, once known as 'the Tenacious', gleam as she greets you.*

"Well met, Argonauts." She says emotionlessly. "It seems that Lakonia has need of its heroes once more." You smile, but she continues, " Hero worship leads away from synoikismos, not towards it, be mindful of that."

"Do you know anything of this Pleistarchus?" Your leader asks, ignoring the barb. "Is he truly the Heir to Leonidas' throne?"

"I'm... not sure." She admits. "My contacts tell me he appeared recently, but nobody has seen any of Leonidas's blood since the Nietzschean rose to power. It is possible that this presumptive heir has a genuine claim, or maybe he's just a puppet raised up by some remnants of the Nietzschean's power base. A shame, that the old King was slain all those years ago..."

If you have completed the *Parable of the Butterfly* hub, **see 0056.**
Otherwise, **see 0019.**

0019 *While you work to restore the ailing polis, a figure approaches you. The Symmachy Heliast, Pheidias, one of the ruling Ecclesia of the Diaspora Fleet. He bows his head in greeting, and offers his thanks to you for your part in protecting the people of the township.*

But, as with any dealings with the Symmachy, you know that he has an ulterior motive. Soon enough, he gets to the point- the Athenians have gathered a little information on this 'Heir' and are willing to work with the Argo once more to bring down the presumptive King before he can fully cement his power base.

You review their reports, noting troop movements, sightings of the Heir himself, and mentions of his Cyclonus 'pet'. Not a lot of information, but something to start off with. You will need to find more.

Seed . **See 0020.**

0020 *As you return to the Argo, you begin to co-ordinate with Agripha of the scouting division and Syagra of the Symmachy. The duo works together to find out what they can on this 'Heir' and his claim to the throne. They discover some troubling rumors of agents stirring up unrest in the capitol of Sparta, of former Imperial soldiers flocking to this new pillar of Spartan Strength, and of the lingering remnants of the Nietzschean's Cult adhering to this Pleistarchus' regime like parasites.*

Trouble is brewing in Lakonia, and it is only a matter of time before things come to a head. The Argo is still licking its wounds and preparing for the long journey to Delphi. You have some time left, time for one last effort to truly give this land the future it deserves.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0021 *Grey skies crowd in above you, an oppressive shroud that weighs heavily over the Argo. The seas churn, tossing waves crashing against the iron ship's massive flanks like the incessant pounding of a Hekaton's myriad fists. It feels as if the ocean currents themselves are fighting the ship, trying to cast it astray, but you keep true to your course, the aeolipile engines roaring as they drive you closer to your destination- the pillar of black smoke that rises from the very tip of the Cape.*

At last, the Argo is close enough to shore for you to drop anchor, and your forces begin to disembark. Your four Titans close behind you as an imposing signifier of your preparedness for any possible trouble ahead, you set foot on the damp sand of the beach, looking up to the source of that smoke.

Deplete . Note 'Argo close at hand'. **See 0023.**

0022 *Taking the Argo only part of the way, you have the city-ship pull in close to the shore, allowing you and your forces to disembark and make the rest of the journey on foot. A gray beach under an angry, gray sky. You form up, your Titans at your shoulders as you lead the column towards the farthest tip of the Cape. Ahead, a pillar of black smoke from the campfires of a large force awaits you.*

Deplete . **See 0023.**

0023 *Close to the very end of the spit of the Cape, granting a dominating view of both the seaways beyond, and the narrow stretch of land that is the only approach, stands an old, pre-Nietzschean stronghold. Smoke rises from within, the black column created by the campfires and forges within. Atop the thick walls, massive Scorpion ballistae point outwards, their immense projectiles ready to cause damage to any approaching ships, troops, or even giants such as your Titans. As you draw near, the fortress' dual gates swing open, allowing Pleistarchus' army to emerge.*

The young tyrant has accumulated an eclectic mix of troops. Spartan warriors, their aspides and spears well maintained and ready for battle. Mercenaries, their arms and armor much more varied. Some Symmachy defectors, scarred from the war and clad in bronze that is clearly showing its age. And other soldiers, swarthy, sharp-eyed, clad in armor that is decorated with flashes of gold and onyx. Persians, you realize with some surprise. A mere mercenary band the boy-king recruited to his cause, or are the Easterners more deeply involved in Pleistarchus's return?

Of the fire-wielding Cyclonus, there is no sign, which makes you anxious.

The army draws near, but it is unfocused, poorly coordinated. and lacking clear leadership. Your own forces move into position, forming up in more regimented ranks.

Read each of these that applies.
If you completed 'The Next Generation', **see 0024.**
If you completed 'The Past Revisited', **see 0025.**
If you completed 'The Symmachy Way', **see 0026.**
If you completed 'Troubled Youth', **see 0027.**
If you completed 'Face of the Enemy', **see 0028.**

Then, **see 0029.**

0024 *Standing shoulder to shoulder with your troops, the warriors of the garrison of Asopos watch the mustering enemy with not a little nervousness. But their leader, the youthful Helicaon, stands at their head, far more confident and seasoned than when you'd first met him. The young Lakonian stands ready to defend his homeland, and his troops will follow his lead.*

Seed . Note 'Helicaon of Asopos'. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0025 *The Cretan reinforcements form up on your flanks, the twin horns of a bull ready to spear your enemy. Their leader nods to you. They have seen what civil war can do to a nation, and they won't see Pleistarchus's bid for power unleash similar suffering here, in Lakonia.*

Seed . Note 'Cretan Reinforcements'. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0026 *The mixed forces of the Lakonian people form the heart of your army this day. Men and women of the land, some newly recruited in response to the harsh realities of the war. Here and there amongst them, Symmachy soldiers can be seen, guiding them through the unfamiliar territory of the battlefield. They have been instrumental in building a new Lakonia, and now they stand with the formerly broken people, bonding their fractured parts together.*

Seed . Note 'Symmachy-Trained Lakonians'. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0027 *Two giants tower over your troops, almost a match for your Titans in height. A pair of young Cyclopes, from the same village you visited recently. They each carry an immense iron shield, a wall of metal the size of a small building. While by no means the belligerent warriors you saw them trying to be before, they are now ready to stand as protectors of the people around them, defenders rather than aggressors. Certainly a better outlet for their energy than the path of war you'd caught them heading towards before.*

Seed . Note 'Boisterous Cyclopes'. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0028 *Bringing up the rear of the Argo's forces, a contingent of*

former Spartan soldiers, now clad in the colors of liberated Lakonia, stand ready to fight. The seasoned veterans, tired of the trials that war inflicts upon them, have mustered for one final defense of their homeland, determined to put an end to the tyranny they witnessed and had a hand in under the Nietzschean, and under Pleistarchus's fledgling regime.

Seed . Note 'War-weary Spartans'. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0029 *A towering shape emerges from the fortress, wading through the motley assembly... The lumbering mountain of scarred flesh that is the Cyclonus of Pleistarchus, the last monster of the Nietzschean's war menagerie. The creature's bronze and gold helm, carved into the likeness of a ravenous lion, snarls at you defiantly, while the Cyclops hidden underneath merely grimaces in nigh-constant pain. The two arm-mauls swing from the ends of their chains threateningly. And there, atop the dais that has been built on its shoulders, the would-be King of Sparta sits astride his golden throne, a sneer on his lips as he looks down at you.*

"The foreign usurpers arrive!" He taunts. "I was starting to think you'd maybe lost your nerve."

"We have dethroned the Nietzschean." Your party leader says, as they look around. "This is just us... cleaning house."

Pleistarchus flinches at the jibe, his lips curling in an ugly grimace as he fails to find a fitting retort, instead settling for seething behind grit teeth. "Let's see how you mock me when you're dead! I challenge you for the right to rule Sparta!"

Choose:

1. *You're not worried about proving your cause to your allies, but Pleistarchus still has a lot of Spartans under him who adhere to the old ways. If the arena of combat is the fastest way to prove to his followers that the boy-tyrant is not a fitting leader, then maybe it is the best path. After all, you beat the Nietzschean. You can beat this upstart.* Accept Pleistarchus's challenge, and fight the Lion-forged Cyclonus. **Warning:** This will be a tough fight! Engage at your own risk. **See 0030.**

2. *While the old Sparta may have respected might and glory, you're trying to leave a new nation behind you, a more peaceful and enlightened Lakonia. In order to do so, you need to end this as all struggles must end- in diplomacy.* Counter Pleistarchus's ideology of Strength and Fury with your own values. **Warning:** This path will take all of your Wisdom and Cunning! **See 0038.**

0030 *"Alright, Pleistarchus." Your leader sighs. "We'll play your little game. A trial of might."*

"Excellent!" The youngster crows, tugging on the chains affixed to his giant. "Then go, join with your Titans! Let us make this a fight that the Spartan people will remember for aeons to come!"

Proceed to the Cyclonus Battle on p. 126 of the Cycle II Storybook. The Lion-forged Cyclonus is a Level 4 Cyclonus with the Burning Flails Trait (see below), Lion Command Trait (see the Cyclonus Sheet) and the Hyperaggression Trait (see Level 5)!

Burning Flails: Add Burn to every Attack Effect (before gaining).

Lion Command: If the Cyclonus would end its movement on a River Works Terrain tile, move it in the same direction as many spaces as it will take to move it off the River Works tile. Does not apply, if the Cyclonus is moved as a result of Titan Pushback.

If 'Argo close at hand' is noted, add the Argo Hull Terrain to the Battle Board.

Before combat begins, read each of the following that applies:

If 'Helicaon of Asopos' is noted, **see 0031.**
If 'Cretan Reinforcements' is noted, **see 0032.**
If 'Symmachy-Trained Lakonians' is noted, **see 0033.**
If 'Boisterous Cyclopes' is noted, **see 0034.**
If 'War-Weary Spartans' is noted, **see 0035.**

Battle Victory: See 0036.
Battle Defeat: See 0037.

0031 *"For Lakonia!" The young commander Helicaon, xiphos already in his hand, stands with his people, the roars of the young, but now battle-hardened, warriors echoing loudly after their leader. They're ready to defend their home, no matter the trials that lie ahead. Seeing them here, with you, further stokes the flames of valor in your hearts.*

Place 2 , 2 , 1 '' and 1 tokens in the Kratos Pool. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0032 *As you bring your Titans to the field of battle, ready to meet your challenger, you spot many bronze helms among the onlooking crowds. The dented but resilient armor of the Cretans is easy to spot among the ambrosia-streaked breastplates and blackened leathers of the Spartans. They stand ready to aid you, should the boy-tyrant prove treacherous in any way. You are comforted to have them at your side.*

Gain Wise Providence. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0033 *Pleistarchus's giant lumbers onto the field of battle, snarling under its thick helm. And yet, you notice that its flails, unlike the first time you encountered it, are not set alight. You understand the reasons why. The Symmachy is helping the Lakonian people to close up avenues of illicit ambrosia trading, and so the precious, flammable liquid is in short supply for Pleistarchus and his warriors. He will not be using those burning mauls in this clash.*

Ignore the Burning Flails Trait. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0034 *As the giant takes up its position opposite you, you notice a... a shift in its posture. Its encased head turns, looking to one side, even though its one eye has long been put out. It glances towards a spot in the crowd where your Cyclopes allies stand, watching the mutilated giant with sorrowful stares. You feel more than observe the change in its stance, the hesitation there. It knows it has kin nearby, although it is hard to say how this impacts its mental condition, if any still remains beneath the madness its alterations inflict upon it.*

Ignore the Hyperaggression Trait. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0035 *Silence falls over the onlooking crowd of Spartans, Lakonians, and outsiders who have been gathered to this spectacle. As you, joined with your giants, prepare yourselves, you glance about to see more than a few weathered, war-beaten faces watching you with narrowed eyes. The Spartan veterans, both those you managed to sway away from Pleistarchus's cause, and others who linger in his regime, but hesitate. So many years of experience and wisdom, all to realize the value of peace. A value you will uphold, and strive with all of your might to protect. You would do well to consider those decades of wisdom, as you fight this impetuous, yet dangerous foe.*

Ignore the Lion Command Trait. **Return to the previous paragraph.**

0036 *The Cyclonus howls, flailing at your Titans ineffectually as it stumbles. Atop the dais chained to its shoulders, Pleistarchus shrieks as he loses his footing, tumbling down to strike the dirt with a loud thump.*

The Primordial creature sags to one knee, the stumps of its arms pounding the sand as it wheezes, struggling to draw breath. All fight has been driven from it, and victory is yours!

See 0051.

0037 *The last of your Titans perishes, slain by the flailing weapons of the Cyclonus, and you awaken in in the Balaneion, gasping for air. Knowing your crew are left leaderless without you, you rush back to the field of battle, where the triumphant Pleistarchus cackles, taunting you.*

"Yes! Now you see, the trueborn heir to the throne! Finally, I will reclaim what is mine, what should have been mine from the start! I will-"

The Cyclonus lurches underneath him, tossing its head from side to side. Pleistarchus yelps in fear, tugging on the chains that he uses to control it.

"Damned beast!" He chides petulantly. "Down! Be still, Gods damn you!"

But the Primordial, its lust for carnage awakened, is not under his control. Perhaps it never truly was, his delusion of power and might leading him to merely think he could keep it in line. It lurches again, this time dislodging the screaming Pleistarchus from its shoulders. The youngster lands with a wet thump, groaning in pain as the monstrous giant rushes towards him, weapons raised to grind him to a pulp-

There is a loud twang, and a rush of whistling air, followed by the wet sound of tearing meat. A large bolt sprouts from the Cyclonus's torso, black blood flowing from the wound. All eyes turn upwards to see the wall-mounted Scorpions of the fortress turned towards the Primordial, a massive shaft now piercing its chest. More bolts follow, and the creature collapses, dead on the sand.

See 0055.

0038 *"You cling to these old ways, thinking that the only path to glory is through conquest, but you're wrong." Your leader speaks up. "You try to dominate through intimidation and brutality, but your people are strong, they are brave, and they don't need to anoint themselves in blood to prove it."*

"The people..." Pleistarchus sneers. "They are sheep, and I am a lion! Only the apex predators can lead, tearing into those weaker than themselves."

"Don't be so sure." You caution. "For when the flock moves as one, they can achieve much!"

If 'Helicaon of Asopos' is noted, **see 0039.** Otherwise, **see 0040.**

0039 *"The Argonauts speak truth." The young commander steps up beside you, meeting the tyrant's gaze with his own, stern eyes. "We held off your forces as Asopos, and the Argonauts gave us the tools and knowledge to do so. Our strength to endure that siege didn't come from aggression or brutality, it came from working as a unit, finding courage in our allies and standing sure of our cause. You won't break the people so easily, Pleistarchus. United, we are stronger than any 'predator'."*

The Commander's words do not go unheard, and you can see more than a few of Pleistarchus'

troops looking to your forces with a new light in their eyes, a curiosity that is beginning to flicker there…

The party leader notes 'Helicaon: +1 Courage' on their Argonaut Sheet. **See 0040.**

0040 *"You want to talk about the strength of the people? Fine…" Pleistarchus sneers. "They may have found a little bit of a spine with you around, Argonauts, but once you depart, what will be left behind? They need a strongman. And you're no different than the Nietzschean or I, a strongman as, just divided into four."*

"No." You retort. "We are not four or three hundred, we are a people united in a common cause. Free to think for ourselves, to find our own source of purpose, and live our lives free of tyrants like you!"

If 'Cretan Reinforcements' is noted, **see 0041.**
Otherwise, **see 0042.**

0041 *"It's true." The Cretan commander steps forward, the rest of their retinue nodding agreement. "The Argonauts helped to save Crete, but have not conquered us, nor made us their servants. They helped us break free of the despair of Temenos, to find a way out of the Labyrinth it had set within our very minds. You too are lost in a labyrinth, of hate, born of fear. We found hope through the Argonauts' actions, but we have continued to prosper long after they left, because we were made whole again. You can be too, if you have the courage for it."*

The ripple running through Pleistarchus's troops is almost palpable, a rising tide of approving murmurs. Some soldiers look at the Cretans with a growing curiosity. How many of them, you wonder, fell into the ideology of strength and conquest simply because they'd lost hope in any other way of living?

At the start of Cycle III, gain +1 Echo of Recollection divine resource. **See 0042.**

0042 *"Fine words, coming from foreigners like you!" Pleistarchus counters. "We here in Sparta don't need some outsiders coming along and destroying our culture, rewriting our ways and laws, to fit their agendas of weakness!"*

"No, you don't." You admit, eliciting a momentary look of shock from your young opponent. "But you do need to grow and change, to move past the flawed ways of the past. And sometimes the best way to do that is to learn from those you meet. Lakonia cannot remain closed off to the rest of Hellas, you must learn to coexist and grow beyond the limitations of your old ways."

If 'Symmachy-Trained Lakonians' is noted, **see 0043.**
Otherwise, **see 0044.**

0043 *"The Argonauts stood up for us." A figure emerges from your ranks, the same man whose polis you helped so recently. Perenaias, the leader of the Lakonians of the town, faces down Pleistarchus with no fear. "They made sure that we weren't swallowed up by the Symmachy, but kept our own identity and laws. We've been free to remake ourselves into a new people, one which borrows from others, but remains ourselves, stronger and more enlightened for it." He shakes his head, an almost pitying gesture that sets the young would-be king's cheeks flushing scarlet with indignant rage. "If we remain trapped in the past, as you wish us to be, we'll diminish, and ultimately die out."*

At the start of Cycle III, gain Delphians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0044.**

0044 *"Strength and purity are what kept us alive after the Eschaton!" Pleistarchus' tone is becoming more shrill, desperate. He can feel the debate slipping away from him. "These are the virtues that will keep us unassailable!"*

"Nothing remains unassailable forever." One of you responds. "Strength can fade, weapons rust and fortresses crumble. It's the people who endure, and they can only do so by growing."

If 'Boisterous Cyclopes' is noted, **see 0045.**
Otherwise, **see 0046.**

0045 *"They speak truth." One of the young Cyclopes rumbles. "You have brutalized my people with your 'unassailable strength' for many years. Where is it now? Where is the Nietzschean's promised Mortal Empire? In ruins. While we stand, surrounded by the varied nations of Hellas."*

Seed . **See 0046.**

0046 *"What nonsense!" Pleistarchus' voice hitches, the petulance clear for all to see. "If a blade grows dull, it is because the wielder has not applied the whetstone enough! A xiphos does nothing if it never leaves its sheath."*

"And yet if you use it too much, the blade will shatter." You counter. "No weapon, and certainly no warrior, is meant to endure the same conflict eternally. Grasping your power through might means you must constantly hold it through might, and even the greatest will falter eventually if they do not receive respite."

If 'War-Weary Spartans' is noted, **see 0047.**
Otherwise, **see 0048.**

0047 *"Listen well to what they're saying, lad." One of the grizzled Spartans who accompanies you speaks up, his eyes full of an understanding compassion. "The people of this land, whether you call it Sparta, Lakonia, or whatever else, have had their fill of battle and bloodshed. We're done fighting wars for one tyrant after another. If you keep going, your warriors will abandon you, and eventually you'll stand alone. No giant will save you from that."*

Seed . **See 0048.**

0048 *"Enough!" Pleistarchus snaps, his features twisting with fury. "I can't take anymore of this weak-willed mewling! If you're too cowardly to face me in an open test of might, then I will lead my armies across this land, burning everything that you and your puppets hold dear…"*

The boy-tyrant cannot be reasoned with any more, his ideology of brute strength too firmly entrenched. His followers, on the other hand… you can already see some of them looking about doubtfully, questioning their allegiance. Maybe a little nudge will get them to turn against the man who would call himself their king…

Each Argonaut tests Wisdom or Cunning (9+). You may gain +1 to add +1 to your result. If Humanity is 2 or lower, add +2 to your result.

Fail: *The wrong word at the wrong moment, you know it as soon as it slips beyond your tongue. You can feel the wrathful eyes of some of the Spartans on you, and even those of some of your allies…* Gain +1 .

0-2 successes: *Try as you might, Pleistarchus has a stranglehold on his followers, preying on their fear, biases and greed to keep them in line. Some seem to want to break away, but you can't give them a strong enough incentive.* **See 0049.**

3-4 successes: *The foundation of Pleistarchus's power was crumbling even before you started chipping away at it. Now, the Spartans can see through his façade, and only the slightest push is needed to get them to act on their doubts.* **See 0050.**

0049 *At first, you think maybe you have gained some leverage, but those few tentative forays into the doubts of Pleistarchus's followers soon snap shut as voices rise, tempers flare, and weapons are drawn. The two sides begin bellowing, and you fear that an all-out battle will soon spark.*

In the middle of all this, Pleistarchus's chained Cyclonus tosses its head from side to side, responding to the rising clamor with grunts of alarm and fury. The young tyrant astride its shoulders lets out a yelp of fear as the Primordial lunges forward, straining against his chains.

"Stop!" He yells. "Be still, damned thing! Do as I command!"

But the twisted Cyclops is no longer listening, the would-be King no longer in control, if he ever truly was. The giant twists, shaking its shoulders violently from side to side, and the young man is hurled clear, tumbling away with a frightened shriek. The Cyclonus, free of the needling influence between its shoulder blades, raises its head to unleash a mammoth roar, then turns towards Pleistarchus's army, malice in its every move-

There is a twang, followed by the sound of tearing air, and a black bolt the size of a mortal sprouts from the beast's chest. The Cyclonus staggers back as, up on the fortress walls, the Scorpion teams begin loading another deadly projectile. More and more immense black barbs spear down, skewering the giant until, at last, it falls to the ground dead.

The party leader gains a Fated Mnemos. Deplete . **See 0055.**

0050 *First one Spartan speaks up, then another, and another, a trickle that becomes a stream, then a river, then a tidal flood. Grievances are shouted to the heavens, old grudges surfacing, and soon the young tyrant's army is turning against itself.*

Pleistarchus looks about with indignant rage, cheeks puffing as he begins bellowing from atop his giant.

"Enough! You will not question me like this! I am your king! *You obey, without hesitation, do you hear? Without me, you're nothing!"*

The first stone arcs over the crowd of Spartan warriors, striking the Cyclonus. A tiny speck against a mountain, but soon others follow it. The giant barely responds, until a javelin pierces its hide. Then, with a furious roar, it wheels on its previous allies, swinging its weapons wildly. You feel as though you might be about to witness a massacre-

The twang of releasing tension echoes around you, and a massive black bolt lunges through the air to strike the Cyclonus from behind. On the fortress walls, the Scorpion teams are already reloading.

More deadly projectiles rain down, piercing the Primordial a dozen more times. With an anguished shriek, the monster falls, dropping to the ground with a thunderous crash. The screaming Pleistarchus is thrown from his dais, tumbling to the ground with a thump.

Gain a Pygmalion Stone. **See 0055.**

0051 *The Cyclonus kneels in the dust, struggling for breath. It has been beaten, its golden helm torn off its mutilated head. You regard it for a long moment, uncertain what to do. The Nietzschean's devastating augmentations have done their grim work to transform the former Cyclops into a beast of war, and it is unclear if anything remains that could be reclaimed. Maybe it would be safer to end its suffering, prevent it from being a threat to anyone, giant or mortal?*

Choose:

1. *As broken as this giant may be, it is still a living being, one that was once capable of feeling and reason. Hopefully, with time and care, it can be that individual again. The process will take time, and is full of risks, but reversing the horrors it lived through will be worth it.* Spare the Cyclonus. **See 0052.**

2. *This giant is too far gone. The Cyclops it once was is long gone, destroyed by the Nietzschean's modifications, and further ground to dust under Pleistarchus's reckless control. Better to put the poor thing out of its misery.* Kill the Cyclonus. **See 0053.**

0052 *You motion for your Cyclopes allies to come forth and reclaim their mutilated kin. As they gently lift them up on their shoulders, the Primordial snarls, tensing as if to attack, but its new handlers are cautious, and remove its weapons before it can cause any harm. It's a gamble, whether there is anything to save, but they will try their best.*

If B10 is marked, **see 0054.** Otherwise, seed and **see 0055.**

0053 *The killing blow is delivered, and the Cyclonus falls to the dirt, dead. The massive head slumps, a final, ragged breath escaping from behind ruined lips. It was the best thing to do, both for the Cyclonus, and for the people around it who would be put in harm's way by leaving it alive.*

Gain 4 Skin of Malice Nietzschean resources. **See 0055.**

0054 *As the Primordial is escorted away, you spot a figure in the cluster of giants surrounding it. A Cyclopes whose disfigurements are familiar to you. The Nameless One sticks close to their mutilated kin, their brow creased with cautious concern. They were once in the same position as the Cyclonus, so surely their presence will help to rehabilitate it.*

Gain +1 Sisyphus Tear divine resource. **See 0055.**

0055 *All eyes turn to the prone form of Pleistarchus, still shifting slowly where he landed, clearly broken from the fall. He wheezes painfully. Disgraced. Crippled. Powerless. You've torn the mask of his might from his youthful features, and now his followers can all see who he is.*

Notably, none of his allies rush to his side. The boy who would be king is utterly alone. You approach him. and he gazes up at you with open fear in his bloodshot eyes. He does not have long.

He thought he could control the beast, the beast called war, and in the end it simply trampled over him without a second glance. This is what the Nietzschean's philosophy does to men, turns them into murderers and then discards them. In the end, the Nietzschean at least had a choice. Boys like Pleistarchus? They have a disgraceful death.

His fate sealed, you turn your gaze away from the fortress on the Cape of Maleas, and back to the open sea. The onwards voyage of the Argo calls to you, and soon it will be time for you to leave these shores. But, you are not leaving a land unprepared behind you. The Nietzschean's Cult of Man, its tenets of Strength and brutal dominance, they have been shown for what they truly are. While tendrils of its influence may remain, a pervasive presence that will take some time to root out, the people as a whole have rejected the Cult.

You feel confident. The Lakonians have a long path ahead of them but, thanks to your help, it is a road they are well equipped to walk.

As the Argo turns its prow to the wind, and you feel the stirring of a cool breeze from the North, a smile graces each of you. After everything you have been through here, the road ahead should be an easy one. You are the Argonauts, and you're ready for anything.

Seed a chosen bonus from: +1 ⚔, +1 , +1 or +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0056 *"Or not." One of you interjects. "The Nietzschean didn't kill him. He kept him caged until the end of the war. We found Leonidas, thought maybe he could help us understand where the Nietzschean came from, what made him."*

"Indeed? What a fate… To go from the hero of the Spartan people, to a trinket kept in a cage, I can't imagine a worse downfall." Cyrene hesitates. "Well, except maybe what we did to the Nietzschean… anyway, no point dwelling on that old bastard anymore. Leonidas- did you learn anything useful from him?"

"Unfortunately, no…" Your leader sighs. "There was nothing left of the old King. The Nietzschean and his goons made sure of that."

"A pity…" Cyrene winces. "But not surprising. However… if the Nietzschean kept Leonidas alive, maybe he kept more of his prisoners alive. I'll use my connections, see if I can find anyone else from Leonidas's court. I'll have an easier time searching outside of the Ecclesia's influence, away from any meddling Heliast's oversight. Maybe we can shed some light on whether this 'Heir' is legitimate, whether he's really who he says he is."

Seed . Mark Z8. **See 0020.**

0057 *"We need to bunker down, shore up our defenses." You order. "They'll try to swarm us, breach the walls. We need to hold them back as long as possible."*

"Are you serious?" The captain is almost incredulous. " My forces are fresh from the…!"

"They must learn." You feel a cold sensation in your heart, but you push it aside. You know you might well be choosing death for many of Helicaon's warriors, but the survivors will be hardened, experienced, more ready to continue the work of defending their homeland. "The enemy will not spare you because of your inexperience. We'll fight by your side, but you must rise up and fight for this land as readily as any of our crew."

The captain turns to leave, but it is clear that his fear has a tight grip upon him. He begins barking orders. As you watch him dutifully shoulder the burden of worry, you are briefly reminded of when each of you first emerged from the Mausoleum, the uncertainty and disorientation you felt before, eventually, you found your purpose and rose to the challenges of your voyage.

Seed .

It doesn't take long before the Heir's forces begin to emerge from the surrounding forests, a tide of former Imperial warriors now answering the call of another potential tyrant. Their baying bellows echo through the night as they encircle the fortress, laying the groundwork for a siege. By the morning, the outpost has been cut off, and it is up to you to hold it.

The battle for the fortress is a long, protracted affair, driving your forces to their limits. Helicaon's green troops fight with all of their might, but are easily outclassed by the battle-hardened Spartans who have flocked to Pleistarchus' banner.

If **Symmachy: Friendly** or better, see **0059.** Otherwise, **see 0060.**

0058 *"Order your people to pull back and reinforce key points around the camp." You instruct. "The Argo's crew will form strike groups, harassing the Heir's forces before they can get here. With any luck, we'll break their spirit long before they're even within sight of the walls."*

The captain looks to you for a moment, then back to his subordinates. You can see relief and hope flicker in his expression, replacing a measure of the fear that had threatened to dominate him.

This decided, you plan out a series of ambushes and hit-and-run assaults on the advancing enemy. This is territory you are familiar with, a scenario you've faced many times before. As the four of you split up to begin handling the matters of the skirmishes ahead, you have to pause for a moment, considering how naturally you've once again fallen into the roles of commanders and leaders, directing troops and constructing stratagem. Is this your purpose, the role to which you are fated? To always be fighting and leading? War has come so naturally to you…

Seed .

You meet the Heir's forces out in the open, a series of clashes that bleed both sides heavily. However, in spite of the losses you endure, you are able to whittle down the enemy numbers a considerable time before they are within sight of the fortress. Their ability to lay siege to the outpost is greatly hindered, and you know the fighting ahead will be that much more straightforward.

Eventually, the Heir's troops have advanced too far, and you are forced to fall back to the fortress, where you stage your final defense. The depleted enemy hurls itself against the walls with reckless abandon, their nose already bloodied by your guerilla tactics and driving them into an indignant frenzy.

If **Symmachy: Friendly** or better, **see 0061.** Otherwise, **see 0062.**

0059 *The Spartans break through the fortress gates and you fear that you're done – having survived the Nietzschean War only to die in a border skirmish – a rallying cry echoes from behind the enemy, green banners of the Symmachy appearing over the distant hills. Word has reached your allies of the attack, and they have come to your aid.*

Assaulted on both sides, the Spartans are soon routed, sparing Helicaon's warriors much suffering, and relieving your overwhelmed troops. Eventually, the day is won, and you've struck a decisive blow against the Heir's fledgling regime.

Seed . **See 0063.**

0060 *The battle is long and bloody, the Spartans eventually piercing the gates of the fortress. Many of Helicaon's warriors lie dead, still more flee before the onslaught, but still the men and women of the Argo fight on, hold the line, a shield-wall for the ages. Slowly, painfully, you turn the tide and drive the Spartans back and back, a back until finally they break into a retreat.*

"By the gods of old," says Helicaon, surveying the battlefield. "I knew you were formidable in your Titans… but this you did with your own hands. Astounding."

Seed . **See 0063.**

0061 *With their depleted numbers, the Spartan fighters stand little chance of breaching the fortress walls. Even less so once the blaring of war horns echoes across the valley, the green banners of the Symmachy appearing over a distant hilltop. Your allies have heard the call to arms, and come to your aid.*

So heavily outnumbered, the Heir's raiding force routs utterly, many of them dropping their

weapons and surrendering.

As you take the former Imperial troops into custody, you find a pair of unexpected figures among their ranks- two captive Titans, their eyes blinkered as they are hitched to heavy wagons to haul gear and supplies. Useful additions to your Stoa, once they have been secured.

Seed . **See 0063.**

0062 *The depleted numbers of the enemy hurl themselves against the fortress walls, their hunger for conquest outweighing their common sense. Just as the Nietzschean taught them — fight as If there was no dawn. "But dawn always comes..." the party leader whispers.*

This recklessness makes them easy pickings for your forces, the Argo's crew leading Helicaon's garrison in countering them and driving them back. While not a bloodless victory, you do eventually drive the Spartans into flight, the fortress secured.

Seed . **See 0063.**

0063 *In the aftermath of the battle, you walk through the remains of the fortress, noting the wounded, the wagons loaded with the dead, and the survivors still standing, their eyes filled with a dark light. The assault has left its mark on the green troops of the outpost, but they live to fight another day, and their hide has grown just a little thicker.*

You meet with Helicaon, the young commander thanking you profusely for your efforts. Without the Argo's warriors, the battle would surely have been lost. Now, with the fortress safe, the region will become easier to patrol, and the people of Lakonia can sleep just a little more soundly.

Mark K3. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0064 *The man who strides aboard the Argo is familiar to you, albeit somewhat less haggard and wearing much better-maintained armor. Baerios turns to you with gleaming eyes, clearly recalling the last time he crossed paths with the crew of the Argo.*

"My old friends." He beams. "I bring many tidings."

"How does Crete fare, since our departure?" One of your number asks.

"Things have quieted down. The land rests. There are holdouts, pirates, profiteers, things don't change in a day. But we have hope of a future, due in no small part to your actions."

You feel a swell of pride in your chests at his words. Even in times of such dark catastrophe, you can still make a difference.

The party leader gains a Mnemos node (according to the Onwards Odyssey rules). Seed . See **0068.**

0065 *The woman who boards the Argo is a severe officer, scars marking her features. She turns a weary eye to you.*

"I am Commander Triamena, here on behalf of the Minoan council of Knossos."

"What news do you bring from Crete, Commander?" The Archon asks.

"Times... have been challenging for Crete." Triamena admits. "We wrestle daily with what remains of the Hornsworn old guard. They are so entrenched in their ways, even Minos's death has not satiated them, and they're making it difficult for the rest of us. Still, things have improved, somewhat. That is why we are here: because we received word of your need, and we were in a position to spare a portion of our fleet. It is only right. The Horned Fleet stands ready to aid you."

Seed . **See 0068.**

0066 *You do not recognize the man who boards the Argo, clad in shining armor and carrying himself with a confident attitude. He seems young, inexperienced, but haughty.*

"I am Commander Heretides, emissary of the Fleet of the Shattered Horn."

"What news from Crete, Commander?" The Helot elder asks.

"Trials remain for us, but we're gradually cementing our power over the island, stubborn freedom wins in the end. A few loyalists to the Minoan regime remain, civil wars do not end in a single day, after all, but these are embers, flickering out. Regardless, we're here to render aid to the Argo and the Symmachy in these trying times."

Seed . **See 0068.**

0067 *The woman who steps aboard the Argo hardly looks like a soldier, clothing plain, frame gaunt. For a moment, you are reminded of the Labyrinthians, but this person is... nobler? Content instead of despairing.*

"Greetings, friends." She offers a wide smile. "I am Ptolemea, emissary of Crete. We received word of the war in the north, and so we are here, another candlestick in the dark."

"What has become of your island?" One of you asks.

"A calm after the storm." She smiles, a hopeful gesture that you feel was a rarity for her before the fall of Temenos. "That feeling when the dread of the hour of the wolf passes, and dawn comes. Do you know the feeling?" You do. "Crete herself is more united than ever, and the people thrive for it. Now, we come to offer the same aid to Lakonia that you once granted to us."

Seed . **See 0068.**

0068 *"Thankfully, you missed it," the party leader says. "This war is over."*

"But holdouts yet remain." The Archon interjects gruffly. "And we are all but spent after the Battle at the Temple of Man. Pleistarchus moves to consolidate his power. These reinforcements will be a great boon."

"You intend to just throw these people against the Spartiades?" The Helot speaks up. "It's as if you crave for this war to continue. Have you not heard anything they said? Even a quenched fire takes a moment to die down."

"But is it quenched?" The Archon snaps. "Or does Pleistarchus stoke it? We were all caught off guard once."

"You were."

Awkward silence falls upon the small gathering, before the Cretan turns towards you.

"My people do know of the Argo, and its crew. How can we best serve the people of this land?"

You glance from the Cretan, to the Archon, and finally to the Helot leader.

Choose:

1. *The Symmachy is spread thin. Having some additional swords to turn against the Spartans would be wise, and would give the Argo some breathing space. Still, you'd be pulling the Cretans into another conflict. Is this why you've saved them from despair? To die in a foreign land, in some skirmish?* Have the Cretans strike military targets. Deplete . **See 0069.**

2. *The Helot leader is right. The war is over. Drawing the inexperienced Cretans into this conflict would only produce more bloodshed, more sorrow and more soldiers. Lakonia doesn't need more soldiers. It needs builders, and traders, and farmers. Facing the pretender falls to you.* Have the Cretans defend civilians. Deplete . **See 0070.**

0069 *The Helot elder flinches at your decision, opening his mouth to protest, but his chest deflates as he realizes he is outnumbered. He releases a defeated sigh, then concedes the point.*

"I know this was not an easy choice for you," says the Cretan Commander. "But we're not children. And you're not invincible. You have helped us once, now we return the favor to Lakonia, it's that simple."

As the delegations depart the Argo, you think back on your choice, wondering if it was the right one.

"They were right, you know," says the Old Priest. "You cannot take on every challenge yourself. Not because you're not strong enough, but because you won't always be there. None of us will. Sooner or later, someone else will have to pick up the torch."

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0070 *The Archon's cheeks turn scarlet in frustration at your decision, but the disciplined soldier holds his tongue, knowing he is outnumbered.*

"I see you are disappointed with the Argonaut's council," says the Cretan Commander. "But what is your synoikismos if not this? Have you forgotten what the Symmachy once stood for?"

The Archon wants to say something, but stops. Then he says: "Maybe I have. Thank you."

You spend the rest of your meeting discussing plans. The Cretans will establish an outpost and defend Helot transports throughout the southern canals, ensuring trade returns to Lakonia.

As the delegates depart, you cannot help but wonder if you have made the right choice. Of course you did — for Lakonia. For yourself? Your burden grew just a bit heavier. How long can one expect to carry the problems of the world on one's shoulders? You look to the Argo's figurehead, Atlas Worldcarer. As long as it takes, perhaps.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0071 *"The Symmachy has a strong system of democratic laws and systems, something that Lakonia greatly needs." One of you declares. "They can keep order and strengthen your home."*

You see Perenaias' expression drop as you speak out in favor of the Symmachy governing the polis while the people get back on their feet. While he does not fight your decision openly, you know what he feels inside- that his people have merely traded one overlord for another.

"However-" At your next words, the Symmachy commander's head snaps around, his eyes gleaming sharply. "That does not mean that they should be given full rein to rule you as they please. Instead, a joint council should be established, with Lakonian voices deciding their fate, while the Symmachy merely advises. This place will not just become a puppet polis of a larger power."

Nicomachos opens his mouth to protest, but falls silent, realizing that his position is becoming more precarious. Around you, voices of agreement begin to rise, people muttering their approval. The polis listens to your advice, and to challenge you, the Vanquishers of the Nietzschean, in this moment would be foolish at best. Instead, he merely nods his assent. The Symmachy will take what victory it can claim here, maintaining some influence, but you know you've prevented a full-on power grab.

In the coming days, the polis establishes their ruling caste, a circle of delegates, all tasked with overseeing the people's welfare and creating the rules that will dictate their lives. Even though the former Helots and Spartans are ostensibly in charge, you still see influences of Symmachy advice appearing in their edicts. But, at least on the surface, the laws and culture are dictated by the Lakonians, surely that is what matters?

As you watch the people finding their way, you are forced to look at yourselves and your crew, considering how you've been working to establish your own way of life, govern yourselves, and how much your voyage has shaped you. It is… fascinating, seeing how the decisions of a few can affect so many.

Seed . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0072 *"The Lakonian people need to govern themselves." One of you asserts firmly. "Free of the influence of other nations. They need to make their own choices, good or bad, with the freedom to accept the consequences for themselves. The Symmachy cannot take power here."*

Voices begin to rise in agreement, some taking on a more aggressive tone. You see Nicomachos eyeing you venomously. "But Pleistarchus can," he says after a pause. "Sometimes it's not sufficient to just cut the weed out. You need to uproot it, lest it regrows, more resilient than the last time."

"It falls to the Lakonians to do it, democracy can't be forced from outside, it needs to be born from within, or it will not last."

Over the coming days, the Argo's crew are needed to help the foundling polis find its feet. The former Helots are unfamiliar with the intricacies of governance, and the Spartans who escaped the Nietzschean's regime still have old habits they need to shake. You know the people will make mistakes, and maybe even pay the price for turning down the help of a more powerful entity like the Symmachy, but in the end they will have a culture that is fully and undeniably Lakonian.

It takes time to help the polis, but in the end you are able to leave emboldened, confident that the people have learned to fully stand on their own and rule themselves.

Seed . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0073 *In other regions of Lakonia, the giants have been increasing their presence, more and more of the colossi roaming the roadways as they spread from their former highland refuges to cohabit with the people of the newly freed land. A Cyclopes foundry belching black smoke into the skies is a frequent sight in many settlements these days, as are the emerging soldier caste of the giants who refuse the Vow of Pacifism, towering figures encasing themselves in burnished black armor as thick as a trireme's hull, and many times as resilient. A truly awesome- though a little terrifying- sight.*

The Argo has made use of this growing Cyclopes presence, able to trade with the giants for gear fit for your Titans, and thus better preparing you for the trials ahead.

Seed . **See 0075.**

0074 *The giants remain somewhat isolationist, most choosing to remain in their highland sanctuaries away from the mortals. Since the ending of the war, they have been pulling back more and more, keeping to themselves, although a few remain friendly with the Lakonian people, settling in their towns as smiths and laborers to help in the rebuilding efforts. A few have even been found in the harbors of the land, where their skill with metal has been of use to the Argo.*

It is bittersweet to see – through all the turmoil, the Cyclopes kept true to their Vow of Pacifism, but this also means they will continue to slowly slip away into annals of history. The last of the Bronze People.

Seed . **See 0075.**

0075 *As you walk through the rugged village of tents, you spot a gathering around a large, roaring fire, entire trees used as kindling by the giants as easily as you might throw a stick upon your own campfires. They appear to be younger, fresh-faced, unmarked by the wounds of the war.*

"The time for our people to stay back in the shadows is over!" One begins pacing, her booming voice carrying far. "This false king Pleistarchus thinks to come and seize the lands that were rightfully ours? Are we not the last of the Bronze Peoples of Hellas, the rightful heirs to all that the Sun shines upon? The time has come for the Cyclopes to fight back! If our elders will not commit to this, then it is up to us to lead the way!"

The outspoken Cyclops's words are finding fertile ground among the other young giants she has mustered, mutters of increasingly aggressive sentiment rising around the camp. You've seen this enough times before- a charismatic leader stirring their base into a frenzy. This was what the Cyclopes elders wanted you to help with, a powder keg sitting under their people, the fuse already lit.

You know what the giants are capable of, the might they can muster if given enough impetus. During the war, you fought singular Cyclonus. An army of Cyclopes… it has the potential to remake the world. And yet… they could also be used, if you were so inclined. Maybe the youngsters' aggression just needs to be directed, rather than denied. It will find an outlet, one way or another, but if you can make use of their drive to help you in your efforts against Pleistarchus and his forces…

Choose:

1. *These giants have an aggressive side to them that they have kept contained for generations. Now, it is reaching a boiling point, and needs release. You can make use of that, turn these eager Cyclopes against the Heir and his followers and give them a purpose in securing Lakonia for the future. Better that they serve a higher goal than merely lash out wildly.* Use the Cyclopes youths against the Heir's regime. Deplete . **See 0076.**

2. *The war has left deep scars on Lakonia, and these giants will only add to them. The land needs people to help rebuild it, not to fight yet more wars. The young Cyclopes will learn, in time, that treading the same path as their ancestors is not the way.* Encourage the youths to calm themselves, and not act on their violent impulses. Deplete . **See 0077.**

0076 *The young Cyclopes are all too eager to join the campaign against the Heir of Leonidas, reluctant to see another tyrant rise to threaten their lands and what remains of their people. However, you are quick to remind them of the cycle of violence that can lead to one's downfall. With these lessons in mind, you caution them that, rather than seeking foes to vanquish, they need to be focused on defending their homes, keeping Lakonia safe from tyranny. In this way, they'll find a better future than their ancestors.*

The Cyclopes co-ordinate with you, and soon the lumbering colossi are committed to various actions against Pleistarchus' forces across Lakonia, striking a few key blows and driving the enemy onto the back foot. You even manage to seize some important encampments with their aid, freeing some enslaved Titans in the process.

You know the elders of the one-eyed giants have their misgivings about seeing their youth expend themselves on violence like this, but you are confident it is the best way forward, a way to utilize the natural aggressive tendencies in a more constructive way.

"We just need to hope we did not start an avalanche," says the Old Priest, watching a trio of heavily armored Cyclopes marching to war.

Seed . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0077 *You speak up, condemning the course of bloodshed that the violent rhetoric will place them upon. The Cyclopes swore their Vow of Pacifism for a reason, and violating that now would be a betrayal of the people they wish to be. While your words initially seem to have little effect, you do see the light dawn slowly in the eyes of some of the giants, a little shameful contrition seeping into their expressions.*

Eventually, the violent uprising that was almost sparked is quelled, and the fire of aggression fades in the colossi's hearts. They will not replicate the mistakes of the past.

As you make to leave the settlement, peace falling over the home of the giants once more, the elders approach you, profusely thankful for your efforts. You have spared them much pain, and helped their children to see wisdom that they could not. They offer you some materials as thanks, and one of their smiths even talks with you at length about the machinery of the Argo, offering some advice to better understand it. You know that Alkibiades will put the knowledge to good use.

Seed . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0078 *You retreat from the enemy camp, knowing that now is not the time to strike. You want to help as many of the misguided as you can before bringing down the Heir's regime. It is why you came to Lakonia, after all.*

Sending your agents into the camps of Pleistarchus, you are able to identify many members of his army that are beginning to waver, only kept in line through fear and the hesitation brought about by investing so much of one's self into a cause. The only thing they needed was to be shown a way out.

Eventually, a stream of defections occur, your agents helping get them to safety, and even providing protection for their families. It is encouraging, seeing so many men, some mere boys conscripted straight from their childhood homes, find a new purpose, a chance to start over without fear.

Seed . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0079 *You send a signal to your forces, lying in wait nearby. While you wish you could do more for the men of this camp, you also have the people of Lakonia as a whole to think about. They need to be protected, and these men, while maybe misguided, also chose to align themselves with Pleistarchus' movement.*

The attack is swift and decisive. The further your troops advance into the camp, the clearer it becomes that many of the Spartans have lost their will to fight, their hearts not behind the cause. In the end, although it is far from a bloodless victory, many of the enemy do surrender, submitting to your custody.

While many of the Spartans clearly do not expect to receive mercy at the hands of your alliance, you are determined to show them that you are not like the Nietzschean, or like this new pretender to the throne. You show mercy, allowing many of them to return to their families. It is not much, but you hope that a small kindness like this can help to show the warriors that the cult-like ways of strength and glory in battle that the Nietzschean and his unintended successor preach are hollow, without worth. Perhaps, in time, your example will inspire them.

Seed . Return to the Voyage Phase.

BROKEN CHAINS MATRIX CODAS

021 *The oikos sits close to the city's edge, nestled under the towering walls. A peaceful little home, hidden away from the main thoroughfares. Peaceful, save for the sharp cries of a tiny pair of lungs. A child cries out plaintively until, at last, it finds comfort, a mother's soothing words calming all complaint.*

On the lower floor, you sit with the former General Oeanagus, the weathered soldier much less imposing in civilian clothing than he had been in his gleaming armor. He looks up at the ceiling, listening to the sounds of his wife and son, a warm smile curling his lips. You sit and share a drink with him, a toast to his new child.

"Those cries were bloodcurdling once," he says, his throat suddenly dry. "Your heart stopped and you wondered 'is it worthy?' Or is it weak, to be cast off. No more!" He bellows, anger, joy, sadness, all mixing into one victorious roar.

With the fall of the Nietzschean's regime, none have to fear the loss of a child to the cruel practices he helped perpetuate. Families can live and grow in peace.

A random Argonaut gains a free, one-use Second Chance ability for the next Disemboweled or Obol card they draw.

026 *The two Lakonians walk with you, taking you on a tour around the extensive grounds of the villa. Somewhere close by, you can hear the chatter of children. The sounds of play and animated conversation fill your ears as you pause, taking in the sweet scents of the garden.*

"It has... been challenging." One of the Lakonians admits, sparing a glance over his shoulder in the direction of the noise. "Efigenia has known nothing but the trials of war. She grew up in the Empire, like so many others, and then she went on to live on the Argo, a warship. It has left her... aged before her time."

"Has she been causing problems with the other children?" One of you asks.

"No, no! Far from it." The woman answers quickly. "She looks out for them, helps when any of them get hurt, keeps them out of trouble... But she doesn't play like they do. She's already like a young woman, wise to the darker parts of the world."

"Give her time." The party leader assures. "She's still healing from what she survived. You all are. Let her be the child- or grown-up- that she needs to be. She's got a warrior's heart, and she'll find her way in the world, so trust in her."

The two foster parents nod quietly, then guide you to meet the children. Efigenia melts upon seeing you, rushing to give each of you a hug before you must leave again. It is... comforting, to see that she has found a safe home, a new family who will care for her. She'll do alright, you know it.

If Efigenia is noted on your Argonaut Sheet, remove her name and gain a permanent +1 to Courage.

010 *You are summoned down to the Argo's Trade Fleet Dock, where a large Symmachy merchant vessel has moored up. The traders are deep in negotiations with your own crew, haggling fiercely over the price of fresh figs, but that is not why you have been called. Instead, a familiar figure is helping to offload supplies, wearing the leathers of a junior officer of the Symmachy Naval Division.*

Pasion carries himself with a much more confident air nowadays, standing tall. His new position amongst the Symmachy clearly suits him well, and as you approach, he beams proudly.

"We're setting sail in the morning!" He announces, gesturing at the ship. "The Ecclesia says there are trade opportunities in the East, and so the Merchant Division is being sent out. I've heard talk we might even go so far as Persia!"

"Sounds like quite the adventure." One of your number murmurs approvingly.

"A chance to get out there and see what lies beyond the horizon!" Pasion grins. "Now that Lakonia is free, it's time for me to go see what the rest of Hellas can offer!"

"We know that feeling well." Another Argonaut returns his grin. "Stay safe out there, Pasion. Maybe when next we meet, you'll have a few stories to tell us! Your very own Odyssey!"

If Pasion is noted on your Argonaut Sheet, remove his name and gain a permanent +1 to Fury. If he is not, the party leader gains one node for a Mnemos or Fated Mnemos (according to Onwards Odyssey rules).

061 *The skeleton of the former Temple of Ares, more recently converted to a Temple of Man and now purposeless, still stands tall over the polis, although not for much longer. Several work crews labor to tear it down, the white marble and sturdy timbers to be taken and used in the rebuilding efforts. There, overseeing them all, is Imbrus, the former Spartan commander. The grizzled warrior's orders ring out sharply, the discipline of his military life a hard habit to break.*

You join him, watching the deconstruction work. As the old warrior folds his arms, observing with a critical eye, he leans towards you.

"I never would have thought I'd see the day." He grumbles. "Taking down those blood-soaked shrines, and building something better. If the Nietzschean had had it his way, we'd have sacrificed every last one of our men and boys on those altars, all to make his control more firm."

"You're on a new path now." One of you reaches out to pat him on the back. "Building a new Lakonia."

"Who says you can't teach an old wolf new tricks?" Imbrus chuckles. "Maybe this broken warrior can find a new purpose. I wonder if I should take up fishing, or maybe find myself a vineyard..."

"The whole world is out there." You assure him. "You just need to reach out and grab it. Your life can be anything you want it to be."

"Maybe you're right." The old man smiles, turning away from the temple remnant. "It gets easier, you know. Carrying the burden of what I was, what I did. Now I've had a hand in fixing things, trying to make amends, the voices in my memories have grown a little kinder. I think I'll help any others who were in the Empire's military. Show them the way to make peace with who they were, start looking to a better future. That would be a good legacy to leave behind."

The party leader and another Argonaut each gain one node for a Mnemos or Fated Mnemos (according to Onwards Odyssey rules).

056 *The lumbering figure moves through the village, a gaggle of screaming children fleeing before it. But where you might have once expected such a sight to be terrifying, an example of the Empire of Man's cruel regime at work, now it is instead a scene of peace, albeit not a quiet one. The giant that had been known as the Nameless One, the former Cyclonus, shepherds the children, his blind gaze turning from side to side as he follows their loud chatter and squawking.*

Crude yet intricate prosthetics have been affixed to the stumps of his arms, metal simulacra that respond to twitches in his musculature, moving clumsily but granting him some simple functionality. A Symmachy innovation, you learn, combined with Cyclopes wisdom and not a little tekne inherited from the fallen Empire.

You watch the Nameless One for a little while, smiles drawing across your faces as the giant follows his tiny charges, and they play the part of mighty Argonauts 'saving' him from various dangers. A serene moment in a war-ravaged land.

Gain 1 Pygmalion Stone divine resource.

032 *"Yes, my friends, it's quite true... I was an Argonaut!"*

The leering boast catches your ear, drawing you to a taverna, where you find the confident Demetrios, the Spartan defector who helped you to get through the Sluice Gate Fortress. The grinning warrior lounges on a couch near the back, surrounded by a swarm of young women, all gazing at him with adoring eyes.

If you completed Doom 2B: Ill Fate Marshalling, **see 0001.**
Otherwise, **see 0002.**

0001 *"Yes, yes..." The taverna keeper drawls from behind the bar. "We were all there, Demetrios. And we were* all *Argonauts that day! You weren't the only one to step up and spit in the Nietzschean's eye."*

Demetrios' confident swagger wavers at the barkeep's words, but his eyes soon alight on you, his expression lightening.

"Ah, here comes the living proof! Argonauts, please, tell these lovely ladies the truth..."

"It's all true." One of you chuckles.

The gratitude radiating off the young Spartan is palpable as the women fawn over him ever more adoringly.

"So much so that he has beaten the Nietzschean single-handedly!"

"In a foot race!" The party leader piles on.

Demetrios laughs, and you laugh, and he joins you for a drink, welcoming each of you with a warm embrace. You spend the rest of the night drinking a toast to your victories, making sure to spend some time toasting the young man's heroism, just in case his adoring fans are listening.

Gain +1 ✕. Subtract -2 ⛛. If you want, you may take Demetrios with you on the voyage to Delphi! If you do, one of you notes 'Demetrios: +1 Courage' on their Argonaut Sheet.

0002 *"Is it true?" One of the fawning women asks him. "You really fought alongside the Argonauts?"*

"Yes, well..." The former Spartan hesitates. "I helped them break into the Sluice Gate Fortress and then... and then... well, then I got captured, but I escaped and fought my way out!"

The ladies swoon at his tale before one of them, glancing up, catches sight of you approaching. She gasps, gesturing for your attention.

"Argonauts! Is it really true? Demetrios fought alongside you as an Argonaut?"

The pleading in Demetrios' eyes is almost as loud as the roar of a Titan as one of you opens your mouth to reply.

"Yes. Absolutely." You declare. "Without Demetrios, we never could have broken through

the Sluice Gates."

The women turn back to Demetrios with awed stares, showering him with yet more attention and affection. The gratitude in the young man's eyes burns brightly.

Demetrios shoos his adoring fans away, rushing to welcome you with a strong embrace. The rest of the night is spent in merriment, much wine flowing as you continue to tell ever taller tales of the former Spartan's bravery and the vital role he played in the Nietzschean's downfall.

By dawn, your heads are quite fuzzy from the wine, and you're not entirely sure where Demetrios ran off to. You're pretty sure at one point that you accidentally credited him with landing the killing blow on the monstrous tyrant, but it doesn't worry you too much. Let the town have their brave hero, and let Demetrios have his moment in the sunlight. You leave, a lighter spring in your step.

Gain +1 ⚔. Subtract -2 ▼.

072 *The quiet village tucked away in the heart of an often-overlooked bay is hardly the place you would expect to find a legend of the Symmachy military, and yet your search for Cyrene the Tenacious has taken you here. You find the former Commander of the Themistocles Force sitting in front of a humble home, a small house overlooking the village docks.*

The stern-featured woman looks up at your approach, her grey eyes flashing with recognition. Her golden hair, normally affixed in a tight braid running over her shoulder, now hangs freely, a gentle breeze tugging at it.

"Argonauts." She greets you, although she does not put down the net she is working on.

"Cyrene," Your leader nods back. "I… didn't expect to find you somewhere like this."

"My sentence from the Symmachy was clear- ten years exile. I make what I can of it." She looks up, allowing her eyes to rove across the open sea. "Honestly? This suits me better than I'd thought it would. Space, peace, quiet… Things left behind while I was serving at the Ecclesia's whims."

"It does sound like an idyllic life." You admit.

"More than that. Enlightening." She pauses her work, meeting your gaze with a smile. "I've had time to think over my mistakes, the things that led to my exile. I was rash, forceful, and sometimes I got things wrong. Errors that cost lives. Here it is enough that I provide fish."

"I'm glad you've found a place to belong, Cyrene." The party leader offers warmly.

"I'm glad I didn't kill you when we first met, Argonauts. You brought down the Nietzschean, and you did it without falling for his flawed ideology. That was… that was more than I'd have been able to do."

You spend some time with the former commander, sharing stories from the war and talking of plans for the future. When you mention your voyage onwards, a wistful gleam sparks in her eye, but she looks back to her village, and you see certainty in her expression. This is where she belongs, where she wants to be. You part with some final, warm words, promising to return one of these days, once your journeys have ended.

The Argonaut with least Wisdom gains +1 Wisdom.

006 *The Cyclopes caravan moves across the ridge, its distinctive silhouette casting long shadows. The one-eyed giants haul massive wagons, laden down with rations, firewood that is more accurately described as entire tree trunks, and metal ore traded with the Mortals on the lower plains. Their leader, Argares, guides them onwards.*

The giants are not alone. Moving amongst their gargantuan wagons, a procession of former Spartan soldiers marches. They have abandoned their armor and weapons, now simply carrying what they can, clothing, supplies and tools. Their leader, the man who had once been Commander Anakletos, walks side by side with the Cyclops Elder, the two talking in a casual, almost brotherly fashion.

It is… strange, seeing Mortals and giants coexist like this. The Cyclops people have fully embraced the former Spartans, welcoming them into their midst as equals. You wonder if the soldiers will find a good life among the towering shepherds, but only time will tell. It will be a more peaceful, fulfilling life than one thrown away in the Nietzschean's war makina, anyway.

Gain +1 .

058 *The sea crashes against the foot of the cliff-face, a never-ending roar as the rock is slowly, inevitably worn away. Far above, a lone figure sits, staring out to sea.*

Ajax the Greater, legend of the siege of Troy and Hero of Hellas, the man you knew as the Scarred Veteran, balances his immense cowhide shield across his lap, spear held in one hand as he tightens the leather wrappings around its haft. He glances up as you approach.

"Argonauts." He nods. "I figured I would see you one more time before you left."

"You won't come with us?" One of you asks.

"The younger me might have jumped at the chance." He sighs. "But not this old warhorse. In truth, I was ready to give up when you arrived. Before you came to these shores, I'd given up, consigned myself to serving under the Empire of Man for the rest of my days. But you came to Lakonia, made enough of a splash to get me feeling the power of my youth again, made me remember who I had been… Without you, I'd have stayed a prisoner of the Nietzschean's ideology, too weak to break free, too stubborn to leave."

"And now?"

"Now… now, I think Lakonia needs people like me. Crusty old bastards who can knock a bit of sense into any fools who start trouble, fighters ready to chase off any monsters that might haunt the Empire's remains. There's a lot to be done, and they need people with the will and ability to do it."

"Well, then I guess all we can do is wish you the best, Ajax. Whatever happens, we're glad to have fought at your side."

"And I with you, Argonauts." The old man smiles, clasping each of your wrists in turn. "Who knows, maybe in time our paths will cross again!"

The Argonaut with the lowest Endurance notes 'Ajax's Cowhide Shield: +1 Endurance' on their Argo Sheet.

045 *One night, while the Argo cuts through the midnight-black ocean close to the Lakonian shore, you are awoken by a gentle but insistent knocking on your doors. Emerging from your various sleeping chambers, you find the hesitant Patroclus standing before you, a linen-wrapped package in his hands.*

"I… wanted to thank you, Argonauts." He begins slowly. "Without you, I'd still be His prisoner. Who knows how long he might have kept me in that cell."

"It was the least we could do." One of you assures the warrior, clapping his shoulder. He offers a warn smile.

"Perhaps. It gave me a new chance at freedom, strange as it feels after all these years. And now, thanks to you, Lakonia still stands, a whole land for me to explore, to find my place in."

"You won't be staying with us?"

"There was a time I thought my place was following Achilles, clinging to his heel like a loyal dog. Now… now, I think I'm ready to find a place to put down roots, to make a home of my own. And thanks to you, I have both the freedom to search and a whole land in which to find it."

One of you reaches forward, offering a hand to clasp. The former hero returns the gesture, sharing a heartfelt locking of eyes with each of you, before passing the package to the last of you. With that, he departs.

The Argonaut with the lowest Cunning notes 'Armor of Patroclus: +1 Cunning' on their Argo Sheet.

040 *"Ah, can ya taste that sea air?" You spin at the gruff declaration to find yourself face-to-face with the haggard features of Diomedes, the supposed former Argonaut. You're still unsure what to make of his claims. Is he truly The Diomedes of legend? Was he truly an Argonaut?*

"It still goes over ya heads, figures. Maybe you should ask that ol' 'priest' of yours. Or maybe not. Wadda I know? Pass the wine."

You do as he 'asks'.

"So what will you do now?" You change tack. "If the Argo's your home, will you…"

"Home? Hah! Fat chance. Nah. With the Big Man dead, nothing here for me, time for greener pastures. Plenty of monsters to kill elsewhere, ya? Maybe I go back to Achaea, see what's still left o' it? Maybe gonna look for the Big Bad Daddy or his pups." Seeing your puzzled looks, he just waves a hand dismissively.

With that, the scruffy, curious old man is gone. In his wake, a single item is left behind, his fastidiously polished breastplate, the snarling visage of the boar pristine on the chest.

The Argonaut with the lowest Courage notes 'Cuirass of the Boar: +1 Courage' on their Argo Sheet.

081 *As you move through the marketplace, a figure emerges before you. The stern features, worn by so many traumas, are unmistakable, although the rest has changed dramatically. Hellenos, greets you, pulling her hood back to reveal hair shorn close to the scalp. Her clothing is simple, that of a dockworker.*

In the days following your encounter, she had thought a lot about what you had told her, the way you steered her away from the self-destructive course she was on. Instead, she had found purpose running contraband for the Helot resistance, evacuating refugees where she could, and fighting the Nietzschean by defying his methods. Keeping the name of her brother, they had fought the war on their terms, not the Nietzscheans.

When you ask about their appearance, Hellenos raises a hand to the shorn hair, a pensive look in their eye. All this time, carrying the name of a fallen brother, choosing to avoid being identified as a 'weak' woman, fit only for breeding in the Empire of Man's ideology… it had come to them surprisingly easily. Now, living under this identity felt more right than any other. All of their friends and crew know them by this moniker, and they feel no need to change that anymore.

You nod, understanding. In the Nietzschean's Sparta, such a choice would not have been possible, but now each person in Lakonia is free to live as they wish.

"Thank you," he says.

You reach out to clasp the young man's wrist, wishing him the best of fortunes as he seeks out his future. He returns the gesture, his eyes glimmering with tears of happiness as he thanks you for everything you have done, not just for him, but for all of Lakonia. Then he pulls his hood up again, and disappears into the crowd

The Argonaut with the least Mnemos nodes gains a node (remember the Onwards Odyssey rules!).

084 *The clifftop is far removed from any settlement, a quiet place for a solemn moment. A pyre has been raised, olive wood soaked in ambrosia. Atop the makeshift structure,*

a form wrapped in white linen. Three figures surround the corpse of Achilles, grimly silent as they stare down at their fallen friend.

You don't ask them how they got hold of the body of the tyrant, nor will you chastise them for it. While the people of Lakonia may have wished to see his carcass treated with the same disrespect he showed to their loved ones, their families, their nation, you know that, for the trio before you, the Nietzschean was not necessarily the monster others would see him as.

"He wasn't always this way." Ajax comments, lifting a small clay cup of wine to inspect with a critical eye. "Once, he was a man worth following, somebody I could have considered a king."

"A friend." Patroclus adds, lifting his cup to join Ajax. The words are hoarse, tinted with heavy sorrow.

"A prick." Diomedes grunts, drawing stern glares from the other two. "What? He was, even before he lost his goddamn mind. You don't remember him cheating at petteia, Ajax?"

"He… wasn't perfect." Patroclus admits.

"No, he wasn't." Ajax agrees. "He thought himself a God, but in the end, he was just a Mortal, like the rest of us. Shame he never realized that until it was too late."

The grizzled warrior straightens with a shudder, raising his cup, joined by the others.

"Enough sorrow. This is for the better person he once was." Ajax growls, then downs his wine. The rest of you do the same.

The pyre is lit, and you all turn away, leaving the blazing beacon to burn long into the night. The Nietzschean- no, Achilles, you remind yourselves- is gone, his final rites administered. May his death bring a peace that his life could not.

Gain 1 Echo of Recollection Cycle III divine resource.

036 *The two youngsters, the grim-faced Pasion and the diminutive Efigenia, stand upon the upper deck of the Argo, staring out across the waves. They have travelled far with you, braving many dangers, but the time to part ways has come. Pasion has his duties with the Symmachy, and the Argo will soon head for parts unknown.*

You meet with the pair one final time, embracing each of them in a tight hug. Efi in particular is reluctant to say goodbye, holding tight to the last of you for as long as possible, but soon the time comes for them to leave. They will stick together, both sailing with the Diaspora Fleet. The Symmachy will make sure they are well cared for, and find a future among them.

"Goodbye, Argonauts." Efi sniffles a little, but stands tall, brave. At her side, Pasion squeezes her shoulder comfortingly.

"Thank you." The young lad meets each of your gazes. "You've shown us so much, given us hope. I'm glad we got to meet real live heroes like you."

"Keep up your training." One of you kneels in front of them, a hand on either teenager's shoulders as you lock eyes with them. "Look out for one another, and for those who are in need. Remember the things we've taught you, and be safe."

They nod quietly, flinging their arms around your neck one last time. Then, holding hands, it is time for them to leave, and the Argo turns its prow towards the open waters.

If Efigenia is noted on your Argonaut Sheet, remove her name and gain a permanent +1 to Courage. If Pasion is noted on your Argonaut Sheet, remove his name and gain a permanent +1 to Fury.

Departing Lakonia

The Argo sits at anchor in the bay, the last of the supplies being loaded up. Beyond it, a massive armada of your allies musters. Hundreds of biremes and triremes, crewed by Helots, the Symmachy, Cyclopes, even some Spartiades who have long been at odds with the system that oppressed them. A fleet not even the Nietzschean could field.

When you had first arrived in the Nietzschean's Sparta, you'd found a land locked in an ugly struggle, both martial and ideological. Choking on the fumes of the Black Industry and poisoned by the tenets of the Cult of Man. The mad tyrant had thought to break you, to show you that, deep down, you were just as cruel and ruthless as he was when placed in right environment. That every mortal was a hungry wolf in sheep's skin.

But you stood strong and, piece by piece, you dismantled his regime's touchstones, showed each and every one of his lessons false. And through your example, the people of the land had found the courage, of the civil kind, to reject the poisoned strength, and to strive for something better – a gentle strength of peace and unity.

You leave behind a wounded but recovering land, a nation with a hopeful, brighter future.

You turn your faces to the wind, looking back out to the open waters in the north. To a place robbed of its future. You can feel its pull, on your souls, and the Moirair threads. Delphi calls, with a promise of answers and maybe even a way to undo the calamity that has ravaged Hellas. You have a duty, a responsibility, to answer that call. To unmake your mistakes.

Sparta's people, owing you a debt of gratitude, will join you on your voyage to the time-locked north. The Nietzschean failed there. But he was alone. And you are never alone, and stronger for it.

You order the Argo to cast off, its immense engines growling as they churn the waters below. A few white flakes of snow fall upon the Acropolis Deck as the ship shudders, turning its prow towards the sea. One of you reaches out, catching the icy cold flake on your palm and watching it melt. You feel no trepidation as you glance back to the sky. You've endured the crucible of Sparta, you can handle whatever lies ahead.

Delphi, it's time.

Proceed to Cycle III: Pitiless of the Sun!

AEON TRESPASS

Onwards Odyssey: Broken Patterns

Argo Fate /9

Argo Knowledge

Titan Limit /

Hull 5 4 3 2 1 0

Crew 6 5 4 3 2 1 0

Adventure Track

The Spiral Secret

α ▽ □ ▽ □ ▽ Ω

Angular Truth

α ▽ □ ▽ □ ▽ Ω

Hidden Hold

Divine

Priests □

Sisyphus Tears □

Voyage Timelines

01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25

Boons, Afflictions, Notes

AEON TRESPASS

Onwards Odyssey: Broken Chains

Argo Fate /9

Argo Knowledge

Titan Limit /

Hull 6 5 4 3 2 1 0

Crew 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0

Adventure Track

Sins of the Past

α ▽ □ ▽ □ ▽ Ω

Heirs to the Future

α ▽ □ ▽ □ ▽ Ω

Hidden Hold

Divine

Priests □

Sisyphus Tears □

Pygmalion Stones □

Voyage Timelines

01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25

26 27 28 29 30

Boons, Afflictions, Notes